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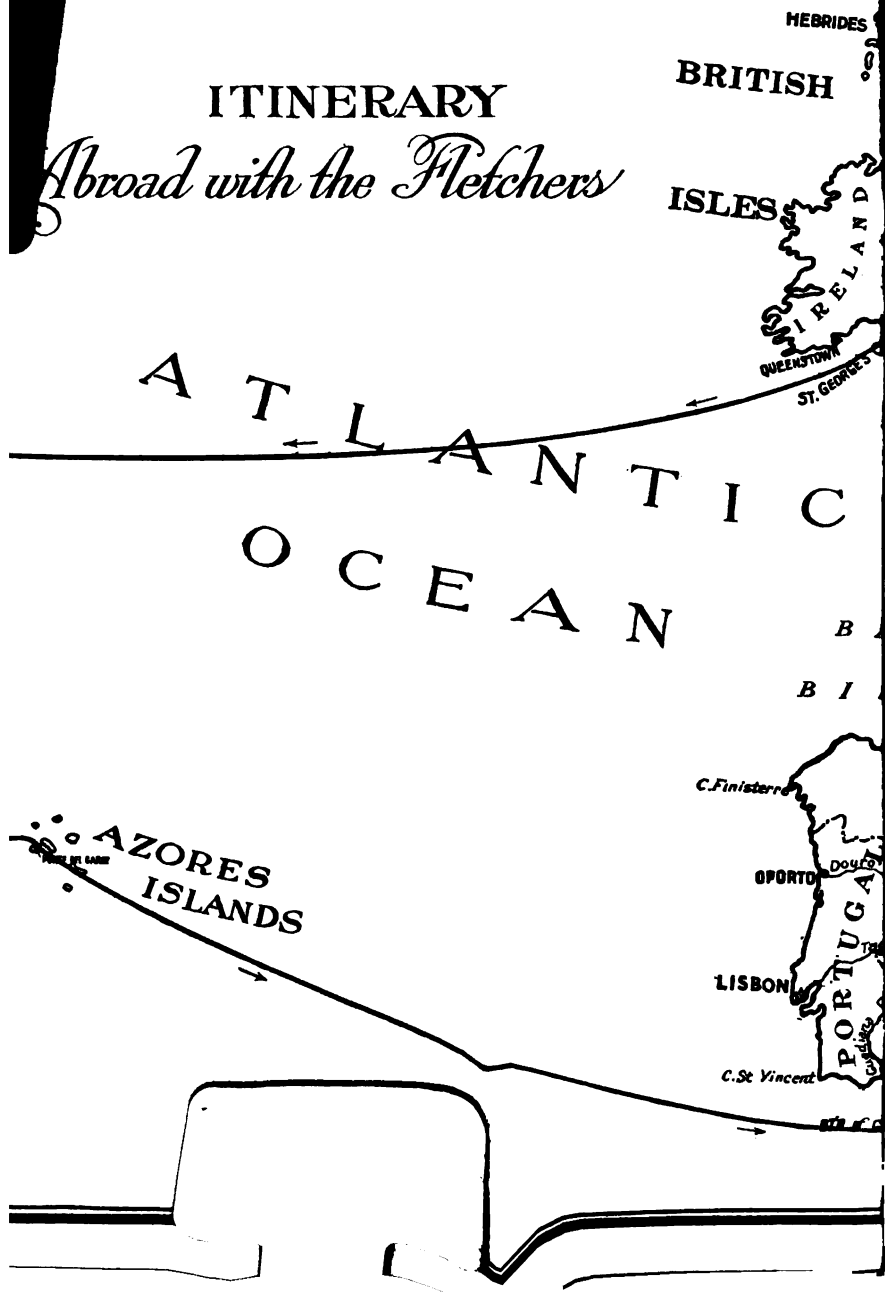
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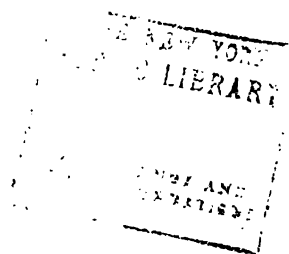
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ROSLIN CHAPEL.

(See page 307)

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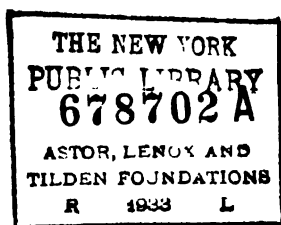
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ABROAD WITH THE FLETCHERS

CHAPTER I

EN ROUTE



HEN about to narrate some of the incidents attending my trip to Europe I was confronted by a quotation from Schopenhauer which says: —

“Everything has been thought; everything has been done; everything has been said and everything has been written.”

Had I not enumerated some of the wonderful inventions that have come into existence since the pessimistic philosopher made this sweeping statement I should have been nonplussed and laid down my pen.

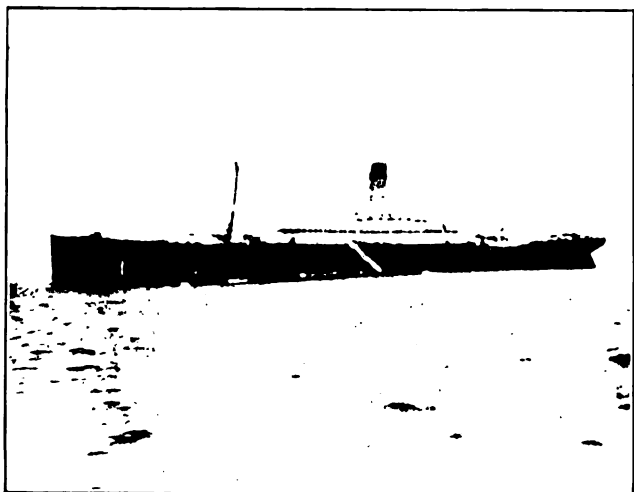
The opportunity to travel was wholly unexpected, and came about in this way. By the will of my Aunt Mehitable Ruth Spencer, my father's maiden sister, for whom I was named, I received

a certain sum of money. It was distinctly set forth in the document that I should use this legacy in making a tour of the Old World. This paid, in part, for having borne the name under which I had always winced. Through my father's dislike for long appellations he dropped the first name and called me Ruth. Yes, plain Ruth Spencer I am, and shall be to the end, despite the fact that a good old farmer once said:

"Yer one thet'll be harnsomer w'en yer git older."

I began at once to consult travelling agencies and to study itineraries. I finally decided to join a small party in charge of Prof. James Walton, who for several years had taken parties abroad during his summer vacation. A dapper little man was the professor; five feet seven inches or so in height and weighing perhaps a hundred and fifty pounds. His brown moustache, waxed to a nicety, protruded from either side of his mouth, and his beard, trimmed in Van Dyke style, well became him. He was an ideal instructor, ever on the alert, and losing no time.

It was about the middle of May when we began our trip, sailing out of Boston harbour amid the cheers of hundreds who waved adieu. Even the dear old city wore her blandest smile. Like a noble priestess she silently watched



THE START.



ON DECK.

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our departure; then retired behind a crimson mantle fringed with gold.

Among the two hundred first-cabin passengers there were many interesting characters. There were nine Roman Catholic priests and several clergymen of other denominations. Two elderly bachelors from Chicago were popular with the young ladies. A party of three women elicited some comment. One, delicate and refined, was admired by all who made her acquaintance; another, an entirely different type of woman, though married, received considerable attention from a gentleman whose home was in a Western town. The third, unlike either of her companions, was very demure and always had a look of anxiety on her face. We met this trio now and again after we landed. I think it was at St. Peter's in Rome where we last saw them. Then the high rate of travelling expenses and the uncertainty about getting passage home seemed to be troubling them. Like "Ships that pass in the night" they went their way, and may still be wandering abroad for aught I know.

A Congressman from some Western state was conspicuous as a politician. He also posed as an art critic, and his business abroad was to select a suitable monument to erect in memory of Abraham Lincoln. Could the martyred President

have listened to the conversation of this gentleman he would have quoted from his favourite poem, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

A lady from Toronto, who had travelled a great deal and who spoke Italian, French and German, proved a delightful companion. I also well remember a sweet little woman, a Mrs. Judge somebody, from a rural town, who usually wore a black satin dress trimmed with choice lace. Her grey pompadour resembled a roll of spun-glass. Though she was fully three score years and ten she would have you think her about forty. From a long gold chain worn about her neck a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses were suspended; she rarely used them, however, with the result that when playing whist she invariably led from the wrong suit or trumped her partner's ace.

It has been said that when a woman starts on an ocean journey she exchanges family secrets with her next neighbour on the first day out. I was reminded of that when, leaning over the railing of the vessel watching the waves one day, I was accosted by an attractive middle-aged woman who immediately began a detailed account of her early marriage and of the brutality of the man from whom she was divorced; then followed a long discourse about her only daughter's wretched-

ness in having an unappreciative husband. The mother was on her way to Europe for the purpose of visiting her daughter, whose home was there.

She stopped in the midst of her story and said: '

"Strange, isn't it! but do you know one of Marie's old sweethearts is on board? I hope they will meet, for he was always such a dear and the man that she really ought to have married!"

The most amusing characters of all were Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, from Snowdon Plains, Bloomsbury County, in the state of, well, truth to say, I have forgotten the name of the state, but that really can't matter so long as I remember the couple.

A man six feet three in his stockings was Mr. Thomas Jeremiah Fletcher, who, with a shock of bright red hair, was conspicuous above all others. His deep blue eyes peered from beneath their heavy brows and the lines at the corners of his mouth were accentuated by a small red spot on either cheek. Though unattractive in personal appearance he was kind-hearted and thoughtful of those about him.

His wife was a buxom woman with dark hair, and cheeks somewhat bronzed by exposure. Short of stature, though rather stout, she looked a pigmy beside her lengthy husband. Mrs. Fletcher usually wore two pairs of glasses, in-

sisting that if she could see more with one pair than she could without any, she surely could see twice as much by wearing two pairs.

Mr. Fletcher had formerly been a farmer. One winter evening, while sitting by his fire, seemingly half asleep, he thought out a simple device by which some part of the farm-work could be done in less time and with less expense. His invention was patented, met with approval, and the sale of the article was beyond all expectation. The inventor soon found himself in the wake of prosperity.

Though Mr. Fletcher had never been more than twenty miles from home he had read books of travel, which had awakened within him a desire to see more of the world. As he and his wife sat at the breakfast table one morning Mr. Fletcher said:

"Naow, Bell," that was what he called her when the wind was in a pleasant corner, "I've been thinkin' 't we hain't seen nothin' aoutside uv the Plains an' twenty miles there-baouts, an' I'm a'goin' t' take yer an' go raound a little even if it does take some cash! We hain't gut nothin' t' save it for naow, bein'st we're 'lone sense — but we mustn't talk 'baout thet; we can't make it no diffunt. Do yer know, Bell, I read in thet book 't I borrow'd uv the parson las' winter thet

Michael somebody or other hew'd a figer uv Moses right aout uv a hull block uv marble! An' w'at did he dew then but paint a picter uv the las' jedgmunt on the plasterin' in the haouse w'ere the pope uv Rome lives! I ain't much on statooery an' I don't b'lieve there's a painter'n Chrisendom 't could make a purtier picter'n we see w'en the sun goes daown over Jake Slocum's hill, but I ain't prejidis'd agin them 't is tryin' t' dew their level best, wh'er it's paintin' picters er hewin' stun er raisin' pertaters.

"I dun'no wh'er we c'n go t' 'Urop' 'thaout crossin' consider'ble water er not," he continued. "But goin' we be if it takes the las' cent in thet ol' weasel-skin there'n the left-hand corner uv the top draw! I'm a'goin' t' see thet Moses if it takes all summer!"

There the matter was broached and there it was settled so far as Mr. Fletcher was concerned. There remained nothing for his better half to do, but make a few additions to her scanty supply of "bunnits" and dresses and prepare to accompany her spouse on the first real holiday of their lives.

The first morning out found Mrs. Fletcher at the breakfast table in a pink Mother-Hubbard wrapper and her hair in curl-papers. Mr. Fletcher, thinking to make himself as much at home as

possible, had on a pair of bright coloured carpet slippers and was in his shirt-sleeves. It was with difficulty that the other passengers controlled their smiles.

After having looked at the menu card for some time Mr. Fletcher passed it to his wife and said:

"Wa'al, if yer c'n read thet durn'd nonsense 'baout pum-de-ter a-la suthin' or other, an' coffee-de-English, yer welcome tew." Turning to the waiter, he said:

"Yer c'n bring me 'baout four er five aigs fried in pork fat with the scraps on top; an' some bil'd pertaters; an' say, young feller, yer needn't mind 'baout takin' their jackets off. I jes' leves dew it myself, for I'm in a liddle bit uv a hurry t' git suthin' int' my stumick."

A gentleman sitting at the left of Mr. Fletcher asked, smiling:

"What place do you hail from, sir?"

"Hail! hail! yes, yes, yer c'n bet yer bottom dollar it hails w'ere I came fr'm; w'y, bless yer soul, it don't only hail but it storms like blue blazes for a week t' time in the winter! 'Twa'n't only last year 't ol' Bright 'n' Star gut stuck in a snow drift 'tween the haouse 'n' barn an' blam'd if I didn't hev t' go 'n' shovel um aout."

"But, my friend, I wish to know where your home is."

" Oh, ho! thet's w'at yer want t' know, is it? Wa'al, I'll tell yer one thing, an' thet ain't tew, there ain't a harnsomer place'n Bloomsb'ry Caounty 'n the Plains. I tell Bell 't I don't expect t' find nothin' like it'n 'Urop'! " As the stranger made no reply he continued, saying:

" You may know aour parson t' the Plains? "

" Well, no, I haven't the honour of his acquaintance."

" It's jes' 's well 't yer hain't. He'd bore yer t' death tellin' 'baout Venuses an' Milos. Durn'd if I know w'at he's talkin' 'baout hăf the time. As for Venuses, guess they don't grow um 'n aour country; an' I never know'd but one Milo an' he was kind uv foolish like. Then the parson prates 'baout the lovely trees on the shore uv some lake over'n 'Urop'; he says, the folio is jest gorge. Then he tells 'baout walkin' fr'm stem t' stern uv the bo't w'en there wa'n't nothin' overhead but the stars an' nothin' on both sides but water. Guess he wouldn't 'a' seen many stars las' night 'less he hit his head agin the bunk w'en the wind was a'playin' hideago with the water 't splash'd threw thet consarn'd pigein hole on the side! As for the stem an' stern I hain't seen nothin' on um, an' I've been up maousin' raound sence four o'clock this mornin'. Wa'al, I'm rabblin' on, as my wife says, 'thaout givin'

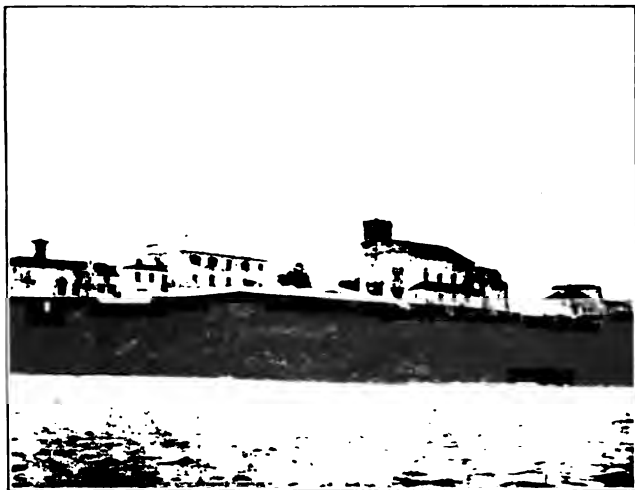
yer no inflammation 'baout nobody but the parson."

"I suppose you people in rural districts are much like members of the same family," said the stranger.

"Wa'al, yes, an' I tell my wife it's a leetle tew much so sence they've all gut them tarnul teller-fomes. W'y! they know everybody's business an' some on um c'n tell yer w'at yer dremp the night b'fore!"

I might go on indefinitely describing different characters that either amused or interested us during the eleven days spent in going from Boston to Naples, but lest I weary my readers with too much of persons and personalities, will resume my account of the pleasant journey.

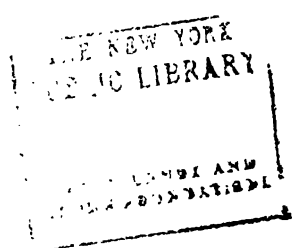
The weather was perfectly fine; day after day we sailed on beneath cloudless skies. Early in the morning of the sixth day we sighted Pico Island, which belongs to the second group of the Azores. It was in the forenoon that we reached St. Michael's Island, where we made our first landing. This belongs to the third group of the Azores and is the first in importance. Our landing was made at Ponte del Garde. Swinging around into the bay, our vessel was anchored, and we went ashore in small boats rowed by stalwart Portuguese. We found it a delight to glide along and



PONTE DEL GARDE.



THE PUBLIC GARDEN.



to watch the mingling of sapphires and diamonds in the water.

The town, with its pale pink, light blue and white buildings, resembles a bouquet of flowers against the bordering hills of green. The coast is protected by a natural sea-wall some thirty feet in height, and this, covered with dark moss, makes a striking contrast to the bright colours of the houses.

We visited the public garden. Here, geraniums, fuchsias and rose-bushes grow more like trees than shrubs; these are interspersed by bananas, pine-apples and date trees. The date tree is perhaps twenty feet in height. About midway between the base and top the dates are suspended on branches that grow out in a circle around the trunk; with their pale green transparent colouring they resemble immense dew-drops. Among the most interesting features of this park are the natural caves and grottoes in rock formation where lichens, maiden-hair ferns and flowering plants grow in profusion. Gold-fish dart about in miniature lakes and the air is filled with the songs of larks, thrushes and orioles.

Returning to the town, we called at the American consul's office, where we were entertained by his genial wife. From the balcony we had an unobstructed view of the natives going to and fro.

One of the passing equipages consisted of a low, two-wheeled cart drawn by a pair of diminutive oxen; two women sat upon the bottom of the vehicle, seemingly as well content as if they had a coach and span of horses.

CHAPTER II

NEW FRIENDS

THE costumes worn by the women of Ponte del Garde are of three distinct styles. The really poor ones have dresses of any plain inexpensive material; shawls are worn upon their heads and their feet are usually bare. The middle-class women wear large dark broadcloth capes that reach nearly to the ground; to these hoods are attached that would hold at least half a bushel. These garments are worn in all kinds of weather and at all seasons of the year. Women of wealth wear Paris gowns.

Many of the natives gather at the wharf; some selling their wares, others asking alms. In spite of the ubiquitous beggars, however, this beautiful town on the southern slope of St. Michael's gives evidence of thrift and industry.

All passengers again on board, the good ship sailed away and the hills that border the quaint old town were soon lost in purpling twilight.

The two following days were pleasant and uneventful. On the morning of the third, Tangiers on the African coast and the white houses that dot the shores of Spain were distinguishable. The town of Tarifa, or English Tariff, was passed just before reaching Gibraltar. On account of threatening weather we were somewhat doubtful about being able to land at this impregnable stronghold. The clouds lifted before noon, however, and we went ashore in steam-launches. There was a stiff breeze; the bay was choppy and we were drenched before reaching the shore.

The peninsula, separated from Spanish territory by a narrow strip of land called the neutral grounds, is a rock formation which on one side rises to a height of fourteen hundred feet. This eminence, completely honeycombed with subterranean passages where cannon are always in readiness to be fired at a moment's notice, resembles, as all travellers say, a couchant lion. Gibraltar is cosmopolitan; all nationalities are in evidence here, from the fair-haired Anglo-Saxon in his tailor-made suit to the swarthy Moor in his sandals and flowing robes. The dwellings along the shore and on the terraces that rise one above the other on the slope of the bold headland are very attractive.

Hundreds of Spanish labourers, who cross the

neutral grounds each morning and return to their homes at night, are there. The English border is patrolled by Tommy Atkins, who looks very trig in his red coat; unlike the Jose's on the opposite side, who wear dark uniforms.

The means of transportation is in variety. To be sure the aristocratic Englishman rides in his landau attended by his footman and driver; tourists are accommodated with two-seated carriages that are a cross between a dog-cart and a carryall; donkeys are used largely for expressing, but of all beasts of burden the diminutive burro appeals to the native. The little creature carries a large pannier on his back; the huge basket on either side may be filled with wood, stone, potatoes, or what not, while the owner sits astride and hurries the poor animal along.

A veil of mist and rain came down over the mountains and the waters of the bay were dancing fantastic measures when we returned to the landing. Upon the arrival of the launch which was to take us back to the vessel we hastened to procure seats on the starboard side that we might avoid another soaking. Once seated, we rocked along delightfully till we neared the steamer, where huge breakers came in from the open sea. Then began a frightful experience. With great difficulty we finally reached our steamer. Imagine

our consternation, however, when told by the sailors that we must embark at the other side. There was no alternative, and though it seemed impossible to go on without capsizing, our little craft set out boldly. We soon found ourselves again ordered back as the stairs had been removed, so the sturdy little skiff set forth once more to be buffeted about by the tempestuous waves. It was some time before we were again able to reach the place where we had been denied admittance. Once there, ropes were flung to us, but they broke like threads. After much parley between the sailors and the pilot of our launch new ropes were brought forth. Perhaps it was well that we were unable to understand the language of the excited boatman, as I have been told that every man does his swearing in his mother tongue.

Fancy, if you can, the sensation of being in a small boat that is one moment three or four feet above the landing and the next the same distance below, when the only means of reaching the landing is to wait till your boat comes on a level with it, then leap into the arms of two stalwart seamen.

I was most alarmed, however, when, going up the stairs, Mrs. Fletcher stopped immediately in front of me and looked around with a strange expression on her face. I thought she was about

to faint, and the question arose in my mind whether I should be able to support her if she fell back upon me, or if we both should be swallowed up by the sea. My fear was dispelled when she called out in a loud voice:

"Thomas Jerry Fletcher! did you see them sassy fellers on thet lower step put their arms right 'raound my waist? W'at d' yer s'pose the fo'ks t' the Plains'll say?"

"Wa'al, wa'al," said her husband, "don't stan' there'n ev'rybody's way'n' worrit 'baout thet. The folks in the Plains ain't a'goin' t' know it! I don't cal'late t' let no cats aout the bag 'baout this trip."

The passengers finally on board, the steamer raised anchor and passed out between the Pillars of Hercules into the straits.

Three charming young American women, who had been spending the winter at Madrid and who joined our party at Gibraltar, proved boon travelling companions. To sit at the table with people three times a day, week in and week out; to ride in the same coach hour after hour, and to see how they meet the annoyances incident to travel in foreign countries, gives one unusual opportunity to study their natural characteristics. Being obliged to reach a railway station an hour or more before train time in order to

procure a ticket and have the baggage checked is not altogether pleasant; nor does one really enjoy going down long flights of stairs and through dark subterranean tunnels to reach the waiting-room, especially when jostled about by American tourists who insist upon carrying their umbrellas strapped to suit-cases. But under even these trying conditions, the good humour of these young ladies was insuperable.

To proceed without giving a description of our new-found friends would be an injustice, as one might be led to suppose them to have been three sedate, unattractive spinsters of uncertain age. One of them seemed a mere child except for her intelligence regarding every subject under discussion. Short in stature, very slight and with fair complexion, she was like a fairy. We soon began to speak of her as "Kindchen." I think she rather liked the appellation as she was fond of the German language and spoke it like a native.

Another of these fair maids was noted for her dignified bearing and self-possession. Tall, and with magnificent proportions, she attracted much attention. Her features were finely cut and the deep olive complexion was set off by rich colour in her cheeks. We were wont to call her the "Duchess."

The third of the trio, tall and erect and having

the presence of a queen, was dubbed the "Princess." Purple-black hair fell loosely about her broad low forehead and the pallor of her cheeks was tinged with a suggestion of rose. Even in her happiest moods the large dark eyes were expressive of a secret sorrow. She rarely joined in playing games and took little interest in the discussions so much enjoyed by the other young people; still there were times when the keen wit of the "Princess" bubbled over, to the amusement of all. Her two loyal companions understood her moods and protected her from unkind remarks thoughtlessly made by other passengers.

With the coming of our last day on shipboard all were busy in making ready to go ashore. As usual on the night before disembarking an entertainment was given in aid of the sailors' fund. This gave the learned Congressman an excellent opportunity for demonstrating his powers of loquacity. He prefaced the artist's productions with a biographical sketch of his own life, telling in detail minor incidents which took place in his childhood. He then proceeded to relate at length his experiences in political circles. From his point of view, to be an American politician was all that could be desired.

Mr. Fletcher, somewhat ashamed of his countryman, nudged his neighbour and said:

"I hope fo'ks won't think we've all gut sech tomfool notions in aour heads as thet feller hes. Lucky for him 't he don't live t' the Plains; he'd git whitewash'd green quicker'n yer could say Jack Roberson." Mrs. Fletcher exclaimed:

"Thomas Jerry, will yer quit yer talkin' till thet woman gits threw with Annie Laurie."

The programme consisted of many songs and jests. The strains of the "Last Rose of Summer" pursued us even to our state-room door, as we stole from the concert to rest for the excitement of the morrow.

All were on deck at an early hour the next morning. In approaching Naples we passed the seductive island of Ischia on the left. This gem of the Mediterranean has been visited by many destructive earthquakes, but still its beauty lures admirers in large numbers who come to enjoy the balmy breath of the ocean.

It has been said: "See Naples, and die." I would say: See Naples, and live long to revel in the memory of that city of music, sunshine and flowers, whose shores are laved by the bluest of seas.

CHAPTER III

NAPLES AND AMALFI

LIKE the young moon that holds the azure of heaven within its slender arms, the bay of Naples caresses the blue of the Mediterranean. This sunny slope that borders the sea has been the dwelling-place of kings and noblemen. The city, terrace upon terrace rising to the highest point of Capodimonte, resembles an amphitheatre. Like a beautiful princess who has captured the world with her charms she complacently receives the homage that is ever her due.

Here we were comfortably ensconced at the Hotel Britannique and the Professor congratulated himself on being able to secure such a delightful place for his party when the town was thronged with visitors. Our three young ladies immediately took station on the balcony in front of their windows to write up their notebooks. I doubt if they were able to concentrate their thoughts upon past events with all this beauty of land and sea before them!

The Fletchers, in the next apartment to mine, had some difficulty in deciding what to pack in the trunk which was to be sent on to Paris, Mr. Fletcher insisting that his travelling suit would be sufficient for all occasions while in Italy, while Mrs. Fletcher was equally sure that his Prince Albert clothes would be necessary to wear down to dinner each night. She carried the day, for what points she failed to manage by scolding could easily be done by wheedling her spouse into the belief that he is infinitely the most fascinating of all men.

The Castle of St. Elmo and the monastery of San Martino are the first points of interest to claim the attention of the tourist. These two crumbling piles have been conspicuous landmarks for more than a thousand years. St. Elmo, once a castle, is now a prison. During the reign of the Bourbons the subterranean passages connected with it resounded with cries of torture from many a prisoner confined within their grimy walls. San Martino, formerly a monastery, is now a museum which is owned by the government. From this dizzy height on the summit of Capodimonte travellers from all parts of the world look out upon the magnificent panorama.

From the lap of the bay to the shores of Africa the rainbow-tinted sea spreads out like a jewelled



HOTEL BRITANNIQUE, NAPLES.



A STREET IN NAPLES.

mantle. At the left Vesuvius, in sombre robes, rises in grandeur. He wears an ever changing crown of fleecy whiteness; now and again it assumes a conical shape and resembles the white hat of a bishop; then it winds itself around his aged head like the cowl on the brow of a monk. Opposite Naples, some nine miles distant, the island of Capri is like a diamond encircled by sapphires. This bit of paradise attracts many visitors. It is famous as having been the home of Tiberius and the favourite resort of Augustus.

Returning to our hotel by way of Posilipo we passed Virgil's tomb. It was in this charming suburb of Naples that he wrote the "Georgics" and the "Ænead."

A day at the National Museum gave us our first glimpse of ancient art in bronze. The "Sleeping Boy," the "Drunken Bacchus" and "Mercury at Rest" are among the most famous. These were taken from the ruins of Pompeii, or "Pompeyi" as Mr. Fletcher insisted upon calling it. We also saw the beautiful Psyche of Capua, a Greek torso undraped. The head is bowed as if in sorrow. Mr. Fletcher stopped in front of it and exclaimed:

"Gee Whittiker! look a' thet head thaout no top! I s'pose thet was the nat'ral shape uv

women's heads 'fore they gut um full uv notions 'baout pro'bition an' women's suffrige an' the higher edication!"

The aquarium was visited one day; shopping consumed another and it was on Saturday morning that we left Naples to explore the ruins of Pompeii and to make a tour along the fascinating Mediterranean shore.

Upon reaching Pompeii an efficient guide was engaged and we proceeded on our way through the ancient city. The ruins, a history in stone, tell of an age of wealth and luxury that existed more than two thousand years ago. Upon some of the walls the colouring, red and blue, in the paintings, is still bright. The wine stores are noted by the large receptacles from which liquor was dealt out. A serpent, the sign of the apothecary, may still be seen on the crumbling walls of one building. The soap shop is distinguished from others by the stone vessels in which the product was kept; these remain in their original settings.

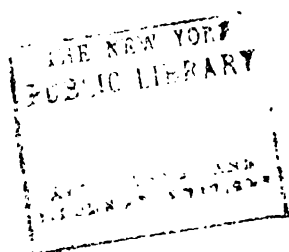
The most notable structure in the residential section is the house of Vetti. The floors are of mosaic; the walls are decorated in beautiful colouring and the court-yard is inclosed by a peristyle of bronze statues and Ionic columns. One familiar with Bulwer's "Last Days of Pom-



THE HOUSE OF VETTI.



A STREET IN POMPEII.



peii " can easily fancy that he sees the lovely Nydia groping her way from place to place seeking Glaucus.

Our guide was an interesting young man; from his accent we thought him German. He was tall and slight, with fair complexion, his eyes were dark blue and his teeth were like pearls. The flush that came to his cheeks when addressed by one of the young ladies was like that of a shy young girl when first she hears the whisperings of love. He paid special attention to the Princess, and I wouldn't vouch for the safety of his heart had he been privileged to meet her again.

We left Pompeii early in the afternoon and reached La Cava toward night. When about to board the train a guard rushed up and forbade us to enter a compartment of which the door was open. He informed us that women and children only could ride there. The Professor, equal to all emergencies, mustered up what little Italian he could and said:

"We are all of the same family. These are our parents," pointing to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. The seemingly credulous guard scratched his head, a smile played about his mouth and he let us pass in without further protest.

We spent the night at La Cava at the Hotel Londres. This, like many of the hotels through-

out Europe, was once a villa, owned and occupied by a wealthy gentleman.

The Princess and I were somewhat despondent after visiting the ruins, so we decided to occupy the same room. This proved much pleasanter than being alone, so we continued to occupy the same apartments. Wherever we were our rooms were called "The Spinsters' Rest."

The way to our chamber at the "Londres" was through a broad hall, up over a winding staircase with mirrors on either side, then on through a suite of apartments that might have been occupied by the former resident. When the door closed behind the silent attendant, who seemed like a disembodied spirit, we looked around the room and then at each other. We were in doubt whether this was one of the king's palaces, or if we had really been transported to fairyland. The floor was of dark red tiling, the ceiling, with a pale green back-ground, was decorated with flowers and cherubs. The massive mahogany furniture was beautifully carved, the bed-steads being covered with pale yellow satin tufted on like the upholstery of chairs. The quilts were of the same dainty material.

In spite of the rain that came down copiously the next morning we went by carriage to Amalfi. From La Cava to Salerno Bay the road lies beside

luxuriant gardens and fruitful vineyards. The drive from Salerno to Amalfi gives an ever-changing picture. First the road lies near the shore, then it spans deep ravines. Tufts of yellow broom interspersed with blue-bells and dainty spikenard blossoms border the way, with now and again an orchard where orange, lemon, and nespole trees are laden with yellow fruit. One delight gives place to another till Amalfi is reached.

From the first, the Professor evinced great admiration for the young ladies who joined us at Gibraltar. He played shuffle-board with them every afternoon and the evenings were spent in playing whist. When once ashore it soon became evident that Kindchen was the favourite. She sat beside him at table, she had the seat next to him when out driving and at the art galleries she had his undivided attention in giving explanations about the real gems. It was obvious that beneath this chivalry a deeper sentiment was rapidly developing. Wherever Kindchen went, his eye followed; he was loath to say good-night when the time for retiring came, and the absurd things he did, which no one but a man of forty would do who had suddenly been brought from his pinnacle of self-sufficiency, would make a youth of twenty blush. He insisted upon looking over in the book with her when he had a copy

of the same; and was ever on the alert to remind her of the straying of any lock of her pretty flaxen hair that fell from beneath her jaunty sailor cap. To those looking on this was exceedingly amusing, but Kindchen accepted his little attentions as a matter of course, as she used to take the petting of her brothers and of her doting father.

Every one knows about the famous pergola of the Cappuccini Hotel, which is five hundred feet in length and a maze of flowers. It was at the farther end of this that the Professor and Kindchen sat "holding hands" throughout the twilight that lingers so long in the golden west. No one heard their conversation but the following morning found the Professor paler than usual and Kindchen looked serious. You may judge for yourself with what ruthlessness Cupid flings his darts about when I tell you that even Mr. Fletcher embraced his wife in the shadow of a rose bush and was heard to say:

"W'y, Bell! I'm kind uv sorry 't we're married! 'Pears t' me 't a feller could think uv a pesky lot uv nice things t' say t' a gal in a purty place like this w'ere ther's posies growin' ev'ry w'ere an' the maountings all look so harnsome like!"

On journeying from Amalfi to Sorrento we were



AMALFI.



POSITANO.



greeted on every hand by over-hanging rocks and rugged mountains that, having absorbed the glory of all the sunsets since the first morning of time, resemble castles of malachite and jasper. The verdant slopes are dappled with diminutive houses that are like bits of eider-down wafted upward by the ocean wind.

It was in the middle of the forenoon that we stopped at a government station where two burly officers appeared in long blue coats and with swords suspended from their belts. After a good deal of parley and many gesticulations between them and our driver we were allowed to proceed.

At Positano the horses rested for half an hour; meanwhile we refreshed ourselves with lemonade made from freshly picked fruit. Upon leaving Positano the road turns from the shore and winds its circuitous way over hills and down dales bright with the yellow of the broom, the crimson of the primroses and the pink of the azaleas. Finally we came to a steep incline that zigzags down toward Sorrento. First on one side and then on the other we saw orchards laden with luscious fruit. Delicate ferns mingled with blue and white violets clung to the walls which inclose the roadway. After a series of intricate windings through the narrow streets of the old town we reached the "Tasso Tramontana."

This hotel is situated on the site once occupied by the house in which Tasso was born. We were reminded of the great poet at every turn and even the lump of butter beside my plate had his initial stamped upon it. No wonder that we all took to rhyming. Mr. Fletcher no less than the others caught the spirit. Sitting by himself, he was heard to quote the following:

“Palatiah Shattuck he did go
To fight the Injuns in Mexico.
While he was there makin’ a speck
He fell out of the winder and broke his neck.”

Then looking very thoughtful, as if trying to recall another verse, he burst out with:

“If he’d a cum here
It’s safe t’ say
He’d a been livin’
T’ this day.”

Americans who have never visited the old world have no conception of the usefulness and beauty of the court-yards around which some of the buildings are constructed. It is here that people gather in groups or in couples to enjoy a tête-à-tête, a game of cards or a smoke, with an occasional glass of wine or beer. It was in the

Tramontana court-yard that beneath the clear skies of a June evening we saw the tarantella dancers. Ten or a dozen musicians played for the merry-makers who were young men and women in fancy costumes.

The girls wore skirts of red, blue or green. Their waists simulated Eton jackets and were elaborately trimmed with tinsel while broad bands of glistening white beads encircled their throats. They wore white stockings and high-heeled shoes.

The young men were clad in equally striking costumes, which consisted of bright velvet jackets and knee-breeches with white shirts, white hose and tan coloured sandals. Roman striped caps were worn upon their heads and Roman sashes were loosely tied about their waists.

The Fletchers took seats in a remote corner lest the abandon of the dancers or the hilarity of a Spanish woman who had evidently imbibed too freely should shock their Puritanical ideas. As the merry couples whirled through a maze of gyrations that represented a many coloured ribbon Mr. Fletcher rose and would have started forward, had not his wife held him firmly by the skirts of his Prince Albert coat. Turning to the gentleman next, he exclaimed:

“Gerushi Spaviner! If them fellers an’ gals don’t beat the Dutch then I wouldn’t say so!

If I hed the dollars I'd take um home with me an' set up a show on my own hook!"

The musicians began playing once more and the dancers were soon off in another figure.

The rosy tints from candelabra gave a touch of beauty all their own to the scene, and the breath of a summer's night sweet with the aroma of flowers, the rapturous strains of music and the rhythmic movements of the dancers, — each lent a charm of its own. The Professor and Kindchen, having risen from the Slough of Despond, were quite themselves again; the Duchess had met a friend from England with whom she was visiting and the Princess and I, perfectly intoxicated by the subtle influence of our surroundings, were content to remain in a secluded alcove by ourselves.

The delightful situation of this charming old town has been graphically described by Mrs. Stowe in the fascinating romance "Agnes of Sorrento." She tells of the old Roman bridge; of the Capuchin Convent and the father confessor who was no less a personage than Fra Angelico. She describes the dove-cot where Agnes lived when a child, and the deep gorge near by where a crystal stream ripples over its rocky bed.

Upon reaching Capri we found both men and

women waiting with cabs, coaches and mule-teams ready to transfer passengers to hotel or pension. The women are strange types of humanity; with their sharp features, seared and brown from exposure, they might each be a model for one of Michael Angelo's Fates. These poor creatures, who have nothing but toil and deprivation in their lives, stand side by side with men, ready to load baggage, shovel coal, or hoist a sail if need be.

We had luncheon at Hotel Schweitzerhof. From the broad veranda where we were served and where a fine orchestra dispensed sweet music we had a magnificent view. The mountains at the right which border Sorrento were wrapped in a violet mist; further on Vesuvius, formidable as ever, belched forth his angry breath, and before us, beyond the iridescent water, Naples, like a crescent of pearls, adorned the shore.


Upon arriving at Naples we had an amusing experience. One of the boatmen, who plies his little skiff between the large boats and the strand, refused to land us unless the Professor would pay him for two passengers more than were in our party. From his vituperous lingo, Greek to us, we were not sure but we should all be thrown overboard. Knowing well the tricks of these foreigners, the Professor was equal to the emer-

gency and we were safely landed. The crafty fellow smiled and bowed gracefully to the girls as he deftly dipped his oars and was off in a trice.

Shall I ever forget the last night spent in this city by the sea? It was about midnight when I was called to see Vesuvius in an unusual state of activity. Red-hot cinders which rose with the smoke could be plainly seen against the impending gloom and two broad streams of molten lava that resembled serpents crept slowly down the mountainside and threatened the inhabitants of the valleys with destruction. In retrospect this strange and thrilling sight seems like the memory of a dream or that of some weird fairy-tale.

CHAPTER IV

ROME

LL roads lead to Rome" and the one between Naples and the ancient city is a delight to the traveller. It lies through a valley bordered on either side by hills. Mrs. Stowe says that it was through this picturesque country that Agnes of Sorrento passed on her pilgrimage to Rome, where by a strange coincidence she was taken to a beautiful home that proved to be hers by right of inheritance. Agnes tells of the crimson gillyflowers that grew by the wayside, and that still greet the passer-by, and of the silver-white oxen that grazed in the fields. The ruins of the castle where Agnes and old Elsie, her grandmother, were detained by brigands of the cavalier lover may still be seen on the brow of a rugged mountain.

The morning that we left Naples was as perfect as an Italian June could make it. The fair face of Nature, laved by a shower the night before, smiled in the sunlight. Every tree and

shrub seemed to be grateful for life, and even the tender blades of grass nodded their heads to one another as if whispering of a secret joy.

For a long distance vineyards were on either hand, and the vines festooned from one tree to another resembled draperies of rare old lace. Then fields of golden grain flecked with scarlet poppies spread out on the left; on the right meadows, green with waving flax, reached out toward the mountains dotted with hill-towns. The broad-brimmed hats and bright gowns, blue and red, of the women at work in the fields gave another bit of colour to the landscape.

When within ten or fifteen miles of Rome we came to the Campagna. This is a level tract of land given over to farming. Though natives live here in perfect health the miasma that rises from the soil proves a menace to the stranger; a "Grendel of the marshes," it seeks whom it may destroy.

As we approached the city the ruins of the old aqueduct stood out in bold relief and in the distance the dome of St. Peter's rose in grandeur above the surrounding structures.

Once within the gates, we felt like exclaiming with Cassius, "Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough!"

This world-famed metropolis, a mingling of the

romantic history of the noble ruins of the past with the utility and beauty of the magnificent structures of the present, is awe-inspiring to him who first sets foot upon its ancient soil. The broad, well-paved streets are intersected by parks and squares where beautiful fountains play constantly, statuary calls to memory both martyrs and statesmen, and obelisks pierce the ethereal blue of heaven.

Trevi is the most famous of the fountains, both for its architectural beauty and for the story of the spring which supplies it. It is said that this spring was pointed out to the soldiers of Marcus Agrippa by a young girl. The façade with large columns and fine reliefs, resembles a palace. A youthful maiden pointing to a stream is the subject of one relief; another portrays the soldiers. Following the custom centuries old, we tossed our pennies into Trevi, sure that the ancient prophecy, which declares all givers to the waters of the fountain shall return some future day, was true.

When the train pulled into the station the Professor touched Mr. Fletcher on the shoulder and said:

"Here we are in Rome."

"In Rome!" exclaimed Mr. Fletcher. "W'y, yer don't say! I thought goin' t' Rome was

kneelin' t' the wittiest an' kissin' the purtiest an' then choosin' the one yer like the best!" Then in an undertone he added:

"Wa'al, I dunno's I care if 'tain't the same for these gals seem t' find plenty uv young chaps; an' arter all my Bell's wuth the hull on um. Yer can't tell nothin' 'baout gals more'n yer c'n 'baout colts; yer hev t' summer'n' winter um fore yer c'n tell w'ere or no they're goin' t' kick over the traces!"

When Mr. Fletcher heard the Professor tell the cabman to drive to the Eden, he stepped up, and, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, said:

"Noaw holt on! holt on! Mr. Perfesser, yer c'n stop jes' w'ere yer be for I ain't a'go'in' there! Hain't I heer'd all 'baout the gard'n uv Eden ever sence I was knee-high t' a grasshopper? 'Baout haow Adam gut 'imself int' a box by eatin' a big red apple 't Eve pick'd off uv a tree 't she was told not t' go nigh? An' hain't I heer'd 'baout the serpent thet's allus sneakin' 'raound under the grape-vines waitin' f'r a chance t' ketch a feller onawares an' drag 'im daown t' the pit 'thaout no bottom?"

The Eden Hotel is charmingly situated on an elevation some distance from the business portion of the city and near the broad stairs of the Trinitá del Monte. These stairs are noted as

the place where artists find many of their models and also for the wealth of flowers displayed upon them. These messengers of spring are tastefully arranged in baskets, the pale pink roses having petals so soft and delicate that it would seem a breath of wind might carry them broadcast, and the rich Jacqueminots mingled with their yellow sisters make a garland of beauty that would well adorn a queen. Immense clusters of sweet peas are a glory in themselves, while green ferns and smilax interwoven with carnations make a fitting background.

The women who hold these fragrant blossoms up to the passer-by are typical peasants in their native costumes. A skirt of red or green with a white waist over which an embroidered bodice is worn; the shoes have narrow toes and high heels, and a kerchief of some bright colour always adorns the head. The articles for further decoration consist of long gold ear-rings, several strings of beads, either of coral or coloured glass, and large rings worn upon the fingers.

The Professor and Kindchen by this time were getting on swimmingly except for a tiff now and again about her right to accept the least attention from any other gentleman. These differences of opinion were soon adjusted and the atmosphere of dissension disappeared for the time. It

was quite evident that the Duchess and Mr. Carlton, her English friend, were becoming indispensable to each other, but the reserve of the Briton would lead one to suppose otherwise. Though against his principles to carry parcels on the street, he invariably loaded himself down with her rain-coat, her sweater, her umbrella, the souvenirs she bought and her camera, which had gone out of use with the waning of her interest in old castles and "ghostly walls," as she called the ruins. She now took a French novel with her on her trips and read while her companion filled his note-book with names of illustrious people, famous places and dates in connection with great events.

The Princess, becoming interested in seeing the treasures of the ancient city, had already begun collecting souvenirs; among them being a seven-branched candle-stick which she bought near the Forum one Sunday afternoon. This was patterned after the golden one taken from Solomon's temple, the original of which is said to have been lost in the Tiber when the despoiling soldiers of Titus were returning with their booty. The candle-stick proved an ungainly thing to pack and the Princess spent one whole forenoon changing her choice laces from place to place lest they be injured by the little sockets that seemed

bound to protrude. When at luncheon she spoke of her annoyance, Mr. Fletcher said:

"Le' me see it! I'll fix it in 'baout tew shakes uv a lamb's tail!"

She gladly brought the candle-stick down and was surprised that with just the turn of a little nut at the base, the whole thing came apart and could be put into a small space.

"There!" said Mr. Fletcher. "Tew heads is better'n one if one on um is a sheep's head!"

On the same Sunday afternoon we went to the Forum. I was deeply impressed as I walked upon the pavements once trod by Roman Emperors. Here, mammoth pillars, remnants of palaces and temples erected in the days of the Roman Empire, may be seen on every hand. Here the body of Cæsar was burned after he had been murdered by the fellow-conspirators of Brutus. In fancy I heard the cries of the assassins; also Mark Antony's appeal to the populace, which was like a sword from a velvet scabbard. A place was pointed out where, it is said, Virginus took the knife with which he killed his daughter to save her from the vile Appius Claudius.

From the Forum we passed on to the Colosseum. Here, one familiar with "Quo Vadis" can easily imagine the scene where the beautiful Christian maiden was rescued from the horns of the in-

furiated auroch by her servant, the giant Ursus.

One morning we attended a grand ceremony at St. Peter's. To the strains of impressive music the richly arrayed company advanced from one of the transepts. First came six stalwart soldiers with glittering halberds above their heads; these were followed by a company of soldiers in red coats with gold decorations, after whom came several priests. Then the Pope, beneath a baldachino, was carried by four men. The Holy Father wore a magnificent white robe elaborately decorated with gold. A tiara, sparkling with precious stones, sat upon his head. The canopy above him was of drab velvet trimmed with gold fringe, and large golden tassels were suspended at either corner. Immediately after the Pope came two men with large white plumes above their heads, followed by archbishops, some in purple, others in white, all wearing tall white caps. Then came the cardinals in crimson robes richly embroidered, and these were followed by other priests. The pomp and grandeur of that procession will linger long in the memories of those privileged to see it. The Professor compared it to the pageantry of an ancient Roman triumph.

The Sistine Chapel, connected with St. Peter's, contains many gems from different artists.



THE COLOSSEUM.



ST. PETER'S.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Michael Angelo's representation of the "Last Judgment" seems most wonderful. Like Dante, he represented some of his enemies undergoing the tortures of the damned.

We found St. Paul's, outside the gates, more attractive than St. Peter's, with all its crimson hangings and tinsel decorations.

In driving to St. Paul's we passed the house of Rienzi and the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, near where lies the Protestant Cemetery, the burial-place of Keats and Shelley.

At the Maria Sopra Minerva Church we saw the tomb of Fra Angelico, which is a recumbent figure in the habit of the order of St. Dominic. The chains with which St. Peter was bound are at the church of San Pietro in Vincula (St. Peter in chains).

Santa Maria Coela is held in great veneration by the Romans on account of its miracle-working figure of the infant Saviour. This figure, the size of a small child, is completely covered with costly jewels given by those who have been brought back to health through its healing power. A crown of precious stones adorns the head.

The Pantheon, though called a temple, was consecrated as a church in the seventh century. It is sacred in art as the burial-place of Raphael, and dear to all modern Italy as the last resting-

place of King Victor Emmanuel and of their beloved sovereign, King Humbert.

Leaving the dimly lighted churches we turned to the art galleries. I find this in my note-book; "Who that has ever visited San Luca can forget the sweet face of 'Baby Stuart,' by Van Dyck, or 'Fortuna' by Guido Reni? Who does not recall with pleasure Guido Reni's 'Aurora'? This portrays the goddess of dawn borne on a crimson cloud, her hands filled with flowers which she scatters as she goes. The chariot of Phoebus closely follows, drawn by prancing horses and attended by beautiful women who represent the Hours. Above them flies Love holding a lighted torch within his hand.

"Then who can forget the beautiful face of 'Beatrice Cenci' at the Barberini gallery? The Roman maiden looks down upon her admirers very benignly. It is with a feeling of pity that one looks at poor 'Daphne' at the Borghese Palace; roots like those of a tree are growing from her feet and bark is appearing upon her shoulders. Pain gives way to pleasure however when we come to Titian's fine portrayal of 'Sacred and Profane Love.' The woman elaborately garbed looks very thoughtful, while her companion, scantily draped with a crimson scarf which partially conceals her graceful figure, has a buoyant

expression upon her face. Cupid's face is wreathed with smiles as he leans over the receptacle filled with water into which he dips his chubby fingers."

Upon reaching the landing of the stairs at the National Museum the "Dying Gladiator" is to be seen. Near this stands Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" with his unshapely ears concealed by his flowing locks. A little turn and "Antinous," whose face wears an expression of sad foreboding, appears. It would be impossible to mention all of the art treasures that we saw, and even if I could it would prove uninteresting to those who had not seen them.

One Sunday morning the Roman soldiers were reviewed by the King and Queen. Among other incidents of good fortune that awaited us on every hand, our party was presented with tickets of admission to the parade grounds. The King, attended by his body-guard mounted on noble black horses, came a short time before the Queen arrived. At precisely eight o'clock a blast from the bugle announced the coming of her Majesty. Her carriage was preceded by several horsemen in dark uniforms, followed by the royal equipage with four spirited bays, the postillions in red coats and white trousers being very conspicuous.

When the Professor told us one day at lunch-

eon that we were to visit the Catacombs that afternoon Mr. Fletcher was delighted. He said:

“Catacombs! Catacombs! thet saounds suthin’ like. I’m tired an’ sick uv Colis’ums an’ Forearms an’ Pantherons an’ picter places! Naow ther’ ain’t nothin’ t’ brag on t’ the Rospigly gall’ry but the ‘Aurory,’ an’ thet’s overhead w’ere a feller’d git a crick’n his neck lookin’ at it. They make a gre’t todew ’baout ‘Be’trice Sensige’ an’ she ain’t häf so good-lookin’ as some uv the gals t’ the Plains. My wife said she sh’d think the girl’d be tired lookin’ over her shoulder so long. The ‘Marble Faun’ does very well but if I was in his place I sh’d ’nough sight ruther be aout’n the woods w’ere I b’long’d than stan’in’ there like an idjot year arter year! I notic’d ’t ‘Antinius’ ’pear’d kind uv sorry like as though he was plannin’ t’ make way with himself. But thet ‘Moses’ takes the cake! Ther ain’t no daoubt in my mind but Mr. Angerlo know’d his business fr’m A to Z!”

A ride of some distance out on the Appian Way and we came to the Catacombs. I was loath to enter the gruesome place at first, but a party of tourists are much like a flock of sheep; one leads and the others follow. Before starting down the long flight of steps a small candle was given to each of us and by their feeble rays we groped

along from one dark corridor to another. The guide took the lead, stopping now and again to relate incidents of family history of some noted personage whose raiment of flesh had long since turned to dust. The dome-shaped skull, the grinning jaws, the ribs of the torso and the slender bones of the limbs were where the hand of decay left them.

While standing in front of one of these sepulchres a bone chanced to fall to the pavement. The Duchess nearly fainted and only by the strong arm of Mr. Carleton was she saved from falling. Kindchen gave a scream and clung to the Professor. The Princess, less robust than the others, lost consciousness and was borne out to the fresh air by the guide.

We were unusually hungry after our return that night and hurried down to dinner as soon as the gong sounded. How it happened I never knew, but a stranger was seated at our table. Every new acquaintance is interesting till he has exhausted one's store of knowledge in keeping up with his superior intelligence or till his superficial pretensions become a bore. At first sight, one experienced in the ways of the world would have set Herr Von Bergstein down as a braggart or a libertine. To the Duchess and Kindchen he was a wonder; a different type of gentleman

than any they had met before. What would have been the feelings of the Professor and Mr. Carlton had they known that these two seemingly docile girls had before they went to sleep planned for a little amusement with Mein Herr in the morning?

The gentlemen of our party took a trip to the Alban hills the next forenoon. This gave the girls an admirable opportunity to begin their parts in what proved quite a drama before they were through with it. The dashing young German, having had wide experience in *les affaires d'amour*, was, as a trout-fisherman would say, gamey. When they spoke to him in his language he answered in broken English. This was exasperating, but his marked attention to the Princess, who as usual was modest and retiring, annoyed them most. Before the luncheon hour came he had, under promise of secrecy, told her that he was a count travelling incognito. He said:

"The fact is well known that at my marriage I shall inherit a large fortune and for that reason I have taken this means to find a woman who will give her hand in marriage not for my possessions, but for myself."

The German paragon, as the Professor insisted upon calling Von Bergstein, stayed on day after day. When the pretentious Deutscher was present

neither Kindchen nor the Duchess had eyes or ears for any one else.

His dress was immaculate; his moustache, twisted to a turn, always took the correct angle; his hands, as fair as those of any woman, were always in evidence. He quoted poetry and discussed the latest operas, and the graceful bow he made as his heels clicked together would be beyond the power of an American to copy. It was really no wonder that the girls lost their heads.

It was amusing to see the Professor and Mr. Carlton writhe under the torture of trying to talk with the Duchess and Kindchen when Mein Herr was present. He usually had a wonderful story of some hair-breadth escape; it might be from the storms of war, or from robbers who entered his father's house in the dead hours of night, and they accepted this braggadocio with the credulity of children. He flirted with them to their hearts' content and at the same time he tried to make love to the Princess, telling her that he had already written his mother about a charming young woman whose heart he hoped to win, but the Princess was disgusted with his boldness and afterwards studiously avoided him.

The morning before we left Rome we were starting out to purchase a few articles, when an officer appeared and inquired if a man answering

to Von Bergstein's description had apartments there. Being answered in the affirmative, he waited in the vestibule till Mein Herr, in his natty cream-coloured suit, came out. When accosted by the officer he began, in his courteous manner, to assure him that it was a case of mistaken identity. The servant of the law had met his man before under similar circumstances and parley availed nothing, the would-be count being hurried off to the nearest police station.

It goes without saying that our American girls deferred their shopping till Florentine stores were reached and spent the morning talking over the disgraceful episode.

The Duchess was loath to believe anything wrong about her beau ideal. Kindchen had little to say except that she hoped her family would never hear of her escapade. The Princess was thankful to be rid of one who had proved so obnoxious. Mr. Carlton and the Professor were delighted to have the coast clear again and one of them bought theatre tickets for that evening and sent home pink roses enough to decorate a procession for a floral parade. The Fletchers were not surprised at the turn of events. Mr. Fletcher said:

"Nope! nope! I ain't s'prised. I told my wife 't a new broom sweeps clean an' 't a short hoss is

soon curri'd is jes' trew naow's ever 't was. Nope! I hain't no use for fellers with their hair parted in the middle an' their mustashes stickin' aout like a wax'd-end, an' goin' raound as if they was walkin' on aigs an' settin' daown as if a chair was a hornit's nest! Fr'm w'at I heer'd daown t' the orfice I guess this chap'll git all thet's comin' tew him! They say 't he's gut three livin' wives already."

After this unpleasant experience we were thankful enough that it was our last day in Rome and that on the morrow we should hie away to Florence.

CHAPTER V

FLORENCE

FLORENCE (city of flowers) is the crowning glory of Italy. Endowed with the spirit of perpetual youth she greets the stranger with a cordiality like that of a radiant bride welcoming her guests. Naples is picturesque, Rome is grand, Venice is enchanting, but Florence is lovable, restful and homelike; and the breath of summer whispers of her rare beauty even now.

The situation of the "Villa Trollope," at which we stopped, is ideal. Some distance from the busy thoroughfares, it is a delightful rendezvous for strangers from many lands.

The Duchess, looking over the names of former guests, exclaimed:

"Margaret Fuller, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Harriet Beecher Stowe I find among the names of Americans who have sought this quiet retreat; among the names of English people who have sojourned here are those of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, David Hume, Mrs.

Jameson, Walter Savage Landor and George Eliot!"

Through the courtesy of the landlord we were allowed to visit room thirty-five, where George Eliot wrote her famous novel "Romola."

The Professor said:

"Though I have read it over and over again, I still peruse its pages with deep interest. The portrayal of the piazza where Tito, the young and handsome Greek, met Tessa, the peasant girl, whom he inveigled into a mock marriage; of Bardo, the blind scholar; of his devoted daughter, Romola; of the coming of Tito into the home and hearts of these pure and honest people only to bring sorrow and disgrace; and of Tito's foster-father whom he denied and called a madman, — what striking illustrations of the genius of this remarkable woman!"

The Santa Maria del Fiore church is the first object to greet the eye when coming into the city and is the last to be seen when leaving. The Professor said:

"It is the pride of Florence and a joy to the visitor within her gates. When Michael Angelo was leaving Tuscany to begin his plans for St. Peter's he looked wistfully back to the crown of Florence and exclaimed, 'I will make her sister larger, indeed, but not more beautiful!'"

As we stood in front of the façade we were awed with its immensity and magnificence. The panels of variegated marble; the fruit and flowers in bas-relief; the apostles in white marble in niches near the top; the figure of Christ above it, are all exceedingly beautiful. The interior is less attractive however. Here one sees a fresco in which Dante is portrayed. The Professor asked:

“ Who can look upon the clear-cut features of this remarkable character without a feeling of pity for him, who, with all his genius and high purpose in life, was misunderstood? ” He then told us that in a narrow street not far from the church an old door-way marks the place where Dante once lived. He said:

“ The portal of marble is still *in situ*. The same iron door with its massive knocker swings back on its rusty hinges, as when, more than six hundred years ago, the divine poet passed out to attend that memorable May festival where he first met his “ Beatrice ” of whom it was afterwards said, ‘ This is not a woman, but one of the most beautiful angels of heaven. ’ ”

While the Professor was lost in contemplation of Dante’s life, we stood beside the Duomo before the Campanile (Giotto’s Tower) said to be the most beautiful tower in the world. The Baptistery where Dante worshipped when a child

is across the street from these notable structures. It is here that one sees the famous bronze doors made by Lorenzo Ghiberti. When the Professor said that forty years were consumed in making the wonderfully wrought portals, Mr. Fletcher exclaimed:

"W'y, man alive! I'll bate fifty cents agin a paound uv spruce gum thet Tim Slocum, as old as he is, could ha' made them doors inside uv a week an' hed Sat'dy arternoon t' gone t' the vil-lige t' git his jug fill'd with ol' Medford! An' he wouldn't 'a cover'd um with figers 't look as if they was sick uv stan'in' 'raound nuther!"

From the Baptistery we went to the rooms of the Misericordia Association. This charitable society was founded in the thirteenth century by St. Antonio, archbishop of San Marco. The members are men from every walk in life, even the King being numbered among them. Some of these noble, self-sacrificing men are on duty both day and night ready to respond to those in need of assistance. There is a branch of this association in every large city in the country. When out upon their errands of mercy, each man wears a long black garment that reaches nearly to his feet; the face is concealed by a black head covering through which the eyes and mouth only are

visible. This proves that their deeds of charity are done through brotherly love and not for approbation.

At dinner that night Mr. Fletcher was unusually quiet. Mrs. Fletcher, eying him closely, asked:

“W’at on airth makes yer s’ glum, Thomas Jerry?”

Before he had time to reply she turned to the Duchess, who sat at her right, and said:

“It jes’ worrits me t’ death w’en he’s so daown in the maouth, for, say w’at he will, I know he’s likely t’ hev hurality in his chist any minit, ’specially if he’s been trapesin’ ’raound. Yer may not know it, but twins ain’t never strong, ’specially w’en there’s three on um; for all the other tew didn’t live no time scarcely Thomas Jerry, poor thing, hes allus been kind uv weakly like! Many’s the time his mother’s told me, with tears in her eyes, w’at a time she hed a’raisin’ him.”

Mr. Fletcher paid no attention to his wife’s remarks, but waking from his reverie, he said:

“Wa’al, I’ll tell yer w’at I’ve been tryin’ t’ make aout, an’ thet is, w’y in the name of all possess’d dew they call the place w’ere we went this arternoon, the Miser’ble Acordian ’Ciety? I didn’t see nobody but them ’Merican travellers

't look'd very miser'ble, an' I didn't hear no music 'cept a hand-organ 't was playin' on the corner as we come aout."

Just then the waiter came in with Welsh rare-bit for Mr. Carlton. The delicious odour was so appetizing that each of the young ladies hastened to order some, thus ending the conversation.

The next morning found us wandering through churches and art galleries. The Spanish Chapel at Santa Maria Novella was first to be visited. The walls here were decorated by Taddeo Gaddi and Memmi. In these paintings the portraits of many illustrious Florentines are conspicuous. The church, with its agglomeration of monastic buildings and cloisters, is one of the most interesting in the city.

The Rucelli Chapel contains the celebrated "Madonna," by Cimabue, which was attended by a grand procession when carried through the streets to the church.

The Gallery of Fine Arts was the next point of interest. There, though Botticelli's "Spring" attracted much attention, I must confess that I was not especially charmed with the clinging robes of March, the tearful April, or serious May, with her flower-bedecked golden tresses; and the dancing figures are a sorry looking trio for Cupid to waste his darts upon. One apartment is deco-

rated with frescos by Andrea del Sarto. I again quote from my friend the note-book.

"The 'Visit of the Magi,' by Fabriano; a 'Madonna,' by Cimabue and another with angels, by Giotto, were among the gems; in another room the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Ghirlandajo was most impressive. In the foreground the Madonna is represented in a kneeling posture with the child in front of her. The shepherds are gathered about and with an air of solemnity are addressing one another, while an ox and an ass are reaching forward as if to drink from the receptacle which is before them. Beautifully carved columns, remains of some old ruin, are at each side. A procession is portrayed as going to a festival, and the red house-tops in contrast to the bordering green hills complete the picture. The costumes are unusually rich in colour."

How well I remember the morning spent at San Marco! The three characters mentioned in history as having been connected with this notable edifice are Fra Angelico, the gentle artist, St. Antonio, archbishop and founder of charitable societies, and Savonarola, prophet and leader of the people. The Professor said:

"These cells and corridors are dumb witnesses of the artistic genius and sweet spirit of Fra Angelico. The 'Madonna of the Star' is one of

his most exquisite productions. Much is told of the good St. Antonio, who led his people with a firm though gentle hand, and of his noble charitable work, evidence of which is still seen in the Misericordia and similar associations."

Our red-letter day was passed at Settignano, one of the hill-towns. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley, friends of Mr. Carlton, kindly invited our party out for the afternoon to their Villa, which is more than six hundred years old. We took carriages to Piazza Duomo and from there electric trams afforded us passage through scenes of rural beauty. Leaving the car at a broad entrance, we walked beneath orange, lemon and olive trees till at the farther end of the long avenue we came to a ponderous iron gate. In response to a ring of the bell we were admitted by a pretty French maid in a black dress, white muslin apron and dainty lace cap.

For a time we wandered about the grounds, where on every hand flowers grew in profusion. Large tea-rose bushes were drooping with their weight of fragrant blossoms; damask roses, sweetest of all flowers, scattered their delicate petals broadcast and fuchsias, bending beneath their burden of crimson and purple, mingled with white azaleas.

Fruit in variety also grew abundantly here;

lemons suspended among the green leaves were like fruit of gold, nespoles, with a paler tint of colouring, resembled small quinces, the olives were just tinged with brown and the trellises were covered with purple and white grapes.

We found the old Villa a most interesting structure. Some of the floors are of stone, and others are tiled. The reception-room has furnishings of gilt upholstered in crimson brocade, while fine old paintings and mirrors in gold frames adorn the walls. Though the dining-room is furnished in modern style the rich tiling and large bronze chandelier, with pendants of cut glass, suggest the fashion of other days. Passing through a long hall we came to the drawing-room. This is two stories in height with a dome-shaped ceiling. The plans for decoration were by Michael Angelo. Two Cupids, artistically placed, look down from above each of the four doors. A tablet in the wall dates back to the thirteenth century and there is also a bronze coat of arms of the original owner.

Our hostess, a handsome young woman with soft brown eyes and dark hair, was endowed with a magnificent soprano voice with which she graciously entertained us, singing many sweet songs and several selections from operas. I can see her now as she stood by the piano in her graceful

white dress and large picture hat trimmed with rich red roses.

Though Mr. Fletcher seemed to enjoy the music he actually fell asleep while she was singing. Mrs. Fletcher was seen to pull at his coat sleeve, but lest he wake too suddenly and come out with some of his original comments she desisted from further disturbance of his slumber.

The singing over, we proceeded to the upper rooms, which, if possible, are more attractive than the lower ones. The view from this eminence is superb. Florence, in the distance, surrounded by hills of green, is like a cluster of diamonds in an emerald setting. The Duomo stands out conspicuous and beside it the Campanile, which the Professor says has been compared to a lily in the hands of the Madonna.

Upon our leaving the whole family accompanied us out to the place where we took the tram. The group that we saw as the car whirled down the hillside is, in retrospect, like some beautiful painting. The father in light grey; the mother in her dainty white muslin and wearing the rose-trimmed hat, together with the children in their snowy dresses against the green shrubbery for a background, made a picture for painter old or new.

The Uffizi Gallery claimed our attention the

next forenoon. Here we saw Titian's "Flora." The features are of the material type. The face and figure are well rounded; the eyes are brown and the hair, like shining gold, falls gracefully at either side and partially conceals the shoulders. When Mr. Fletcher saw this famous painting he exclaimed:

"By Jimmy Nuddy! ain't she a-corker though? But durn'd if it don't seem like 'posin' on good nater t' cum raound fore she gits her hair comb'd! "

When we came to Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" Mrs. Fletcher took her husband by the arm and tried to pass on without looking at it. Though somewhat embarrassed and pretending to wipe his eyes with his bandanna, Mr. Fletcher stopped immediately in front of the painting. Standing some time as if in contemplation he remarked:

"This must be one uv the Venuses 't the parson prates 'baout. As I told the man on the bo't, I guess we don't raise um t' home. We don't hev no use for sech creters, stan'in' 'raound on the sharp age uv nothin' 'thaout no clo'es on! "

Though Mr. Fletcher's remarks did not savour of appreciation he was seen to glance over his shoulder at the Venus as he reluctantly left the apartment.

Santa Croce Church, like Santa Maria del Fiora, was constructed after the plans drawn

by Arnolfo. This is the burial place of Michael Angelo and of Galileo and the place where Dante's tenantless tomb may be seen. In fact Santa Croce is the last resting-place for so many famous personages that it has been called the Westminster Abbey of Florence.

We seemed to have found another lover's paradise, for after our arrival at Florence there had been no dissension among our young people. Whether the atmosphere is conducive to harmony or if the absence of rivals in the field made the difference I am unable to say. The Professor spent the greater part of the day in taking us from place to place, but in the evening he found some remote corner with Kindchen. Sometimes Mr. Carlton and the Duchess were with them. Dinner over, the Fletchers retired to their room. The Princess and I were usually so worn out by that time that we were thankful nothing further was required of us.

The Professor, becoming tired of art galleries which he has seen a dozen times or more, suggested taking a trip to Fiesole. His proposition met with hearty approval and we were soon off for another little jaunt.

The ride out through the country and along the hillsides was a delight, with at every turn new bits of colour bursting upon our view. Red

rose bushes, white clematis and purple wistaria cling to the terraces that rise one above the other. The road in its serpentine windings along the precipitous incline resembles a thread of gold when seen from the summit and the city spreads out before like a grand panorama. The hill-towns in the distance are like bits of eider-down on a carpet of green. The Pension where we were served with fresh sponge cake, ice-cold lemonade and cherries, the size of which I dare not mention lest the truthfulness of my statement be doubted, is situated on the brow of a rugged cliff.

In returning we passed the home of Salvini and there Mr. Carlton exclaimed:

"Who can forget his wonderful conception of Othello? The balcony scene in which the swarthy Moor relates his tales of danger and warfare to the sweet Desdemona and her aged father who sits beside her; the one where he says, 'She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd, and I lov'd her that she did pity them.' And then the last scene in which the Moor, insane with jealousy through the treachery of Iago, murders Desdemona; all are thrilling illustrations of his genius."

The trip to Pisa gave us another respite from from picture galleries. The Professor said:

"The date of founding this ancient city is

unknown, but under the first Roman Emperors it rose to great prosperity. This declined somewhat by the warfare against Sardinia. Since then deposits from the Arno have caused the Ligurian waters to recede till the shore is now seven miles away. Thus Pisa has been robbed of her wealth and prestige."

The marble staircase in the Baptistery is an interesting feature. A word picture would fail to give an adequate description of the intricate carving upon the figures represented.

Of all things seen in Pisa, however, the leaning tower calls forth most comment. This structure, one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height, inclines nearly fourteen feet from the perpendicular. When ascending the spiral staircase we had a dizzy sensation as if we were climbing the mast of a vessel when rocked by the waves. Whether this edifice was constructed in its present position or if it has settled on one side is the first question asked by visitors. There seems to be no one who can give a definite answer. As the walls are still intact it may be supposed that its present outlines were assumed with its construction. Looking at it, first from one side and then from another, Mr. Fletcher said:

"The feller 't hed the buildin' uv thet thing must 'a' been as cock-ey'd 's ol' Clary Bunker!

She could skim the pot an' look up the chimblly both t' oncel "

The University at Pisa has been the *Alma Mater* of many famous Italians, among them Galileo, who, after completing his studies, became one of its professors.

The marble work done at Pisa is exceptionally fine. I purchased a bust of the Florentine poet which I brought all the way in my hand-basket with other breakable "household gods," as we were wont to call many of our souvenirs.

The Protestant Cemetery at Florence, in its simplicity, appeals to all American hearts even more than the magnificent shrines of Santa Croce or those of the Medici. Among the famous personages who lie here the Duchess found the names of Mrs. Trollope, Theodore Parker and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The tomb of this sweet singer is a sarcophagus of pure white marble, at the base of which violets and roses mingle their fragrant breath. When the grim messenger calls the great Salvini to higher life his remains will repose in a costly tomb at San Miniato. His gifted son, Alessandro, who was so early cut off from his promising career, is already a tenant of this sepulchre.

While returning from San Miniato we passed the house of Galileo. This long, narrow stone struc-



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ture is three stories in height and has an embattled tower, within the walls of which the great astronomer read the secrets of the midnight sky.

One of the oldest and most interesting structures in Florence is the Ponte Vecchio (Old Bridge). The Professor drew on his inexhaustible memory to say:

"This, the oldest of the six bridges that span the Arno, was built in the fourteenth century, by Taddeo Gaddi."

Unlike the other bridges, it has two thoroughfares, one above the other. The upper one connects the Uffizi Palace on one side of the river with the Pitti Palace on the other side. The lower part is enclosed except in the centre where a portico affords a charming view up and down the stream. Jewelry-shops cling to either side of this structure like barnacles to a rock and it was in one of these that Benvenuto Cellini was employed more than three hundred years ago. From the arch of this bridge Tito, the faithless husband of Romola, leaped to the river, thus to escape the mob that pursued him. I told the Princess that his body must have been as grimy as his soul after plunging into that murky stream.

That the rarest gems of art should leave a lasting impression, the Pitti Palace was held in

reserve till the day before leaving Florence. The Professor said:

“ This edifice of unhewn stone, once occupied by the Medici family, was erected more than four hundred years ago, by Brunelleschi, the builder of the cathedral dome. This was the home of the King and Queen when Florence was the capital of Italy.”

Kindchen, ever ready with her learned lore, told the following story of what one of the princes said when about to die. “ The priest told him of the beautiful mansions in heaven and in reply the prince replied: ‘ My father, however glorious they may be, I would be perfectly satisfied could I but remain in the Pitti.’ ”

The living-rooms are still elegantly furnished, in each being costly articles which were owned by the Medici. Tapestries and rare old paintings adorn the walls, while cabinets inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and exquisite pottery from the far East add to the collection of priceless treasures. The King’s chamber is furnished in old rose and gold. The Queen’s sleeping-room is furnished in blue; her dressing-room is hung with rich tapestries and the furniture has frames of silver upholstered with embroidery done by the court ladies. A life-size picture of Queen Margherita, mother of the present King, is one of the treasures.

It was in the art gallery connected with this palace that we saw the "Assumption of the Virgin," the "Holy Family" and the "Annunciation," by Andrea del Sarto. Here we saw that maternal, and, to me, most beautiful of all Madonnas, Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair." The exquisite combination of colouring in this picture is unusual; the blue robe of the mother contrasting with the yellow wrappings of the child, while the crimson of the sleeves blends perfectly with the green mantle which is carelessly thrown over her shoulders. The symmetrical proportions of the head are set off by the Roman scarf thrown loosely about it.

The "Concert Champetre," by Giorgione, is, as the title indicates, a rural scene. It represents a company of strolling minstrels who, seated on the ground beneath the shade of overhanging trees, are playing upon musical instruments. One is partially nude as if just from the bath; another, a beautiful woman, leans against a rude column while she arranges a cluster of water-lilies in a glass vase. Near by a shepherd, with his pipes of Pan, joins in the merrymaking. As we approached this painting Mrs. Fletcher, a little in advance of her husband, turned and taking him by the arm hurried on to the next room; she was heard to say:

“ Thomas Jerry, we must be goin', for there's them trunks t' pack an' we've gut t' start the fust thing in the mornin'.”

If one saw only the halls in which these masterpieces are displayed he might feel repaid for a visit to Florence. The floors are inlaid with mosaics, the cornices are richly ornamented with gold and the ceilings, embellished by great artists, are a joy in themselves. We entered room after room furnished with costly tables of jasper, malachite and lapis lazuli and chairs upholstered in rich brocade and satin. We would gladly have returned again and again to this temple of art, but alas! Time, so ruthless to travellers, with rapid wings hurried us away from the city of flowers to picturesque Venice, pride of the Adriatic.

CHAPTER VI

VENETIAN DAYS

"Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best, on Summer.eves?"

THUS mused the poet while his gondola drifted along in the glory of a Venetian sunset. The picturesque splendour of the Adriatic Queen is old in story, still her charm is ever new. The tales of pillage and warfare by the barbarian Attila, and of the refugees who, in the early part of the fifth century, found safety on these marshy islands, have been told again and again by historians and other writers. In the "Makers of Venice" Mrs. Oliphant has given a graphic description of the vicissitudes of this unique city that was once Queen of the World. In "Venetian Life" William Dean Howells has told a most interesting story of the real life of the people; and F. Hopkinson Smith,

in "Gondola Days" has given to the world a charming portrayal of Venice as seen from an artist's point of view.

It was the last of June that we left Florence to visit the Bride of the Sea. The luxuriant foliage, and the fields, bright with scarlet poppies, through which we passed, were refreshing after many days spent in art galleries. Hills and valleys were on either hand till we came to the Apennine Mountains, where we passed through several tunnels before reaching the level country that stretches away to the shore. Upon entering the first of these subterranean passages Mr. Fletcher bounded from his seat like a rocket; turning to the Professor he said, with bated breath:

"W'at's this mean, comin' fr'm broad daylight int' a hole 'n the graound thet's darker'n Tophet? I didn't make no 'rangemunts t' go t' the infarnul regins an' I don't cal'late t' go nuther! I'll git aout t' the next pull up an' huff it the rest uv the way 'fore I'll be snaked 'raound corners like a streak o' lightnin' daown here'n the baowels uv the airth!"

The Professor assured him that we were absolutely safe, and told him that this was only one of many such underground passages through which the train would go before reaching our destination.

Mrs. Fletcher was speechless, but with a firm hold upon her Boston bag she managed to maintain her equilibrium. The little excitement over, Mr. Fletcher was unusually complacent throughout the rest of the journey.

At the station we were met by a porter from the Britannia Hotel. Whether he was "Joseph" of whom Hopkinson Smith speaks I am unable to say, but he was very courteous and well attended by *fichini* to carry our hand baggage. From the confusion among the porters and gondoliers it seemed doubtful about being safe from abduction by these excitable boatmen. Once seated in our gondola, however, it glided along with the grace of a swan.

Across the Grand Canal, which resembles a broad river, stands the world-famed city. The site from which its palatial structures rise consists of more than a hundred islands connected by artistic bridges. In going through the lagoons we passed beneath these structures, where mothers with babes in arms leaned over the railings to gossip with their neighbours, and pretty dark-eyed girls lingered for a tête-à-tête with their sweethearts.

On reaching the Britannia our little craft rocked about like a feather on the restless tide. The boat careened from side to side, but finally made a

bold dash and came to the landing. The agile gondolier steadied the stern with his single oar while a porter held the bow.

Mr. Fletcher, as usual, was on the *qui vive*. After several futile attempts he finally got one foot upon the landing, but as the other was on the edge of the boat he nearly lost his balance. The two umbrellas, the straw basket and his rain-coat fell upon the floor with a thud, but Mrs. Fletcher's Boston bag went to the bottom. This was too much for Mr. Fletcher, and he roundly scolded the Professor for bringing him to a place where, as he said, " 'There ain't nothin' t' land on but the narrer age of now'eres."

Poor Mrs. Fletcher, less erratic than usual, was inconsolable at the loss of her bag and its contents. She exclaimed:

" Oh! Thomas Jerry, haow sh'll I ever live t' git home 'thaout them pills for my heart spells? "

The Professor, however, evidently familiar with the foibles of women, hastened to assure her that he could easily procure necessary articles in place of those which she lost.

Once inside the spacious reception-room we felt quite at home. Our chamber was large and airy and the dainty white beds, screened with soft lace draperies suspended from the ceiling,

looked very inviting. In spite of my fatigue, however, sleep eluded me at first. Finally I lost myself while thinking of Scheherezade's fairy stories, and wondering if she, too, had visited this magic city and given its portrayal in her "Tales of the Arabian Nights."

It is needless to say that San Marco was the first attraction the next morning. This magnificent structure with its many turreted domes is in the Byzantine style of architecture. The façade is of jasper, verd, antique and bronze. The four bronze horses that the Professor said were brought from Constantinople and afterwards seized by Napoleon and carried to Paris, are again above the entrance.

The Piazza of San Marco is world-famed both for its wealth in architectural beauty and for its historical associations. Beneath its shelter hundreds of people saunter up and down or drink their coffee at small tables. Throughout the day, this piazza is alive with pigeons, which are much beloved by the Venetians and which hover around to be fed by those who pass. One side of the piazza is bordered by water, along the shore of which gondoliers sit and chaff with their companions or fall asleep in their boats till some visitor wishes to engage one for a trip. They all jump at once when the old *fichino* shouts to them.

Each has his turn; after the fortunate one is well on his way the others return to their chaffing or to sweet dreams of some rosy-cheeked contadina.

Near the water's edge stands the Doge's Palace, the interior of which is richly decorated with paintings by famous artists. It is here that one sees "Fidelity," "Vigilance," "Industry" and "Fortune" on a ceiling done by Paul Veronese.

When the Professor concluded his explanation regarding these masterpieces Mr. Fletcher spoke up with considerable assurance, and said:

"It sure wasn't very easy for a feller t' git up there 'n' make them women as big as life 'n twice as nat'rul! I'll bate it wa'n't no small job whoever done it!"

Well I remember the first morning that we spent in visiting churches. Our gondolier was waiting at the landing before nine o'clock. All being ready, we stepped into the little craft and were off in a trice. To say nothing of this boatman who so faithfully served us during our stay in the city by the sea would be an injustice.

Tall, lithe and handsome was Andrea. A broad-brimmed hat, with a band of red ribbon around it, covered a wealth of dark wavy hair that fell over his forehead, his large lustrous eyes, and cheeks bronzed by the breath of summer,



SAN MARCO.



THE DOGE'S PALACE.



were set off by teeth like deep-sea pearls. A snow-white shirt, turned away at the neck, and a pair of white trousers, held in place by a crimson silk scarf tied at the waist, completed his costume, except for the sandals that covered his feet. The slight dip of his oar and the swaying movement of his body gave still another charm to this graceful oarsman.

We passed from the Grand Canal into a narrow channel, thence to another, and so on till we reached the church of St. John and St. Paul. Here we saw the "Adoration of the Shepherds" in marble, by Giovanni Bonazza.

Our next stop was at the Jesuit church, which is famous for its decorations in marble.

The beautiful "Santa Barbara," by Palma Vecchio, graces the Santa Formosa Church. One of Bellini's Madonnas with Santa Lucia beside her is the attraction at the St. Zacharin.

There, too, we witnessed a marriage ceremony. The bride, dressed in white, wore a long white veil and carried a bouquet of white flowers. The couple were unattended by friends but were followed by many curious strangers. Naturally they both looked rather bashful.

One of the characters in "The Guest of Quesney" mentions that a little serpent troubles him at night when he would fain sleep. He says:

"There are many names for snakes of his breed, but to deal charitably with myself, I call mine Interest-in-Other-People's-Affairs."

Is it not equally true that certain people, with whom we meet in business, in social life, in travel, and even among our acquaintances, leave the sting of a serpent wherever they go? Continual criticism fosters cynicism, that putrefier of souls. If, as Prentice Mulford says, "Thoughts are things," should we not avoid such characters as we would a pestilence? Unfortunately we met one of this type at the Britannia.

I would that I could pass on without making mention of this woman. However I am unable to retract the promise of giving a truthful account of the happenings of my journey and therefore I will proceed with the undesirable part of my task. Had she been at a less beautiful place I should not have minded so much, but to meet her in such a fairyland was like finding a vulture occupying the nest of a dove.

It was the morning after our arrival that we first saw the "Woman in Black," as I shall call her. She appeared in the dining-room after we were seated for breakfast.

She was tall and slight to the last degree. Her black hair was in a frowsy coil at the back of her head, her nose protruded from between deep-set,

piercing black eyes, and the mouth, with a scornful smirk at the corners, evinced her arrogance. Though a full-fledged Yankee she desired people to think her a native of some French metropolis and her admixture of overdone English and the language of romance was indeed amusing. At luncheon time she took it upon herself to inspect our party, one by one, with the aid of her lorgnette.

After a day or two it came to the somewhat dormant mind of Mr. Fletcher that this "Woman in Black" was the granddaughter of a man whom he had known years before.

The few rules of etiquette taught him while learning his a, b, c's at the district school never penetrated far enough beneath the skin to injure his health and his curiosity got the better of his good manners. So one night after dinner he stepped into the salon where the "Woman in Black" was sitting with some other ladies and spoke to her, saying:

"Hope yer'll excuse me, Miss, but blam'd if yer don't look so kind uv nat'ral 't I couldn't help speakin' tew yer."

She turned to him with a look of surprise mingled with scorn and said:

"Sir! how dare you thus address a lady whom you do not know? And I may add,

one who does not care to make your acquaintance!"

A smile played about the corners of Mr. Fletcher's mouth as he said:

"Thet's right, Miss, I don't blame yer for holdin' yer head as high as yer c'n w'en the' ain't nobody 'raound t' blow on yer, but if yer take arter yer ol' grandad thet use t' keep store to Buxton's Corner I moughtent be hankerin' t' know you."

Retreating toward the door he said, in an undertone,

"I sartin hope she'll excuse me for trespassin' on privit graounds, but the minit I seen the look uv ol' Bronson in her face it took me back t' the time w'en I work'd for 'im. Land! seems so it wa'n't only yisterd'y thet I use t' go daown t' the store ev'ry night 'fore I went t' bed an' wet the cod-fish an' mix starch with the sugar!"

The eagle eyes of My Lady flashed fire as she turned to those near her and said:

"Really, that horrid character should be in charge of an attendant, for he must be labouring under some strange hallucination!"

Then in a milder tone she continued:

"I hope I was not unduly rude to him, but such common people exasperate me beyond endurance. To think of his speaking of my grandfather so

slightingly! Could the dear old man hear his name thus slandered he would rise from his grave!

"It seems to be natural for people who descend from the most ordinary ancestors to scoff at those of superior birth. It is only justice to myself that I tell you, who have witnessed this disgraceful episode, that my forebears were of the English nobility; that as a child I had remarkable intellect and that money was not spared in my education.

"With the advantage of wealth and culture I had my choice of many suitors, but like too many young women I soon found that the man I chose was not my affinity. With all due respect to him, it seemed a wise dispensation of Providence that after a year of infelicity he was called to higher life.

"Unlike the common herd, so to speak, I rarely find people who are congenial to me and I sometimes wonder why I was born to be so badgered by common people. One simply cannot get away from them! Why, when coming over on the steamer, two women at one side of me spent most of their time in comparing notes about making jellies, puddings, salads and even went into details regarding the frying of doughnuts.

"At the other side sat two men, I will not call them gentlemen, garbed in the cloth of the clergy,

who constantly smoked cigarettes and exchanged questionable stories.

"Many years ago my Aunt Maria made an extended visit at Oshkosh and upon her return she gave glowing descriptions of the country, of the beautiful pictures that she saw, and of the people and their gentle manners. With each day I am more fully convinced that I have made a mistake in coming to Europe instead of going there."

It may seem strange that no remarks from the rest of the company are recorded, but truth to say, there was no opportunity for any when the "Woman in Black" had the floor. One by one the guests quietly withdrew and when the monologue came to a close I found, to my surprise, that I was the only listener.

A day or two after the unceremonious meeting of Mr. Fletcher and "My Lady" she became quite friendly with the younger members of our party, even deigning to nod to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher if they chanced to be present. Finally she asked permission of the Professor to accompany us in our sightseeing, and when this came to the ears of Mr. Fletcher he said:

"She's the old man over agin! She's gut sum kind uv an ax t' grind if it ain't nothin' more'n a hatchit. I've heern say 't a widder is three t'

one agin a gal in the martrimonial race. This one's up t' snuff an' she's gut her eye on the Perfesser or neighbour Carltin! She may amble 'raound an' make a good showin' at fust, but I'll bate Kindchen an' aour Duchess'll worst her an' come in ahead on the home stretch!"

Thus far our journey had been exceedingly pleasant, so none of us were really happy to have a stranger break in upon our little company. However, we acquiesced as gracefully as possible. The Professor, seeing only the good in every one, told "My Lady" that she was perfectly welcome to go with us. Kindchen and the Duchess exchanged glances, and Mr. Fletcher, thrusting his thumbs into his suspenders, said:

"Gee whiz! Sha'n't we hev a circus! A whole show with a 'Merican eagle t' head the bill!"

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, having become accustomed to a gondola, could embark or step ashore without difficulty, but when we set sail with the "Widder," as Mr. Fletcher was wont to call her, it required the combined efforts of the Professor and Mr. Carlton to get her on board, and that she might feel perfectly secure Mr. Carlton sat at one side of her and the Professor at the other.

Our first stop was at the Rialto. "My Lady" gave her nose an unusual turn upward as the

shops and markets of the bridge came into view and exclaimed:

"Oh my! This odour is so nauseating that I shall be unable to remain here! Just look at the common people with whom we are surrounded! I shall be absolutely compelled to retrace my steps and remain in the boat till the others are ready to go on!"

Giving the Professor a furtive glance, she said:

"Perhaps one of you gentlemen will be kind enough to assist me down this precipitous incline."

There was no alternative and the Professor acceded to her request. The look of annoyance upon Kindchen's face attracted Mr. Fletcher's notice and turning to her he said:

"Never yer mind, little gal! for as some old feller said, 'Them läfs best thet läfs last!'"

We found the Rialto an interesting place. The fish-markets abounded in sea-food of all kinds, from swimmers of the deep waters to the delicate sole. At the fruit stalls a variety of berries, golden nespoles, fresh figs, and delicious cherries looked very tempting. The fresh vegetables were rich in colour. Radishes in their red jackets, string-beans, the greenest of green peas, lettuce with long slender leaves that grow in soft clusters, instead of in heads as seen here, and onions tied together with their own pale

green tops, are all attractive when arranged by the artistic Italian.

Then the women, themselves, the vendors of the farm produce, are charming. These rural dames, with large families at home, are not bedecked in bright colours and bespangled with jewelry like the maids who serve coffee at the Piazza, or like the girls that jingle their tambourines at twilight for the amusement of pleasure seekers on the Grand Canal, yet even in their homely lives they have a love for ornament. They each wear some bit of finery, a lace scarf thrown loosely over the head, a pair of long gold ear-rings, perhaps the only remaining articles of their marriage dower, or a bright kerchief worn about the neck.

We found the lace factory one of the most interesting places in Venice. The delicate fabric is commenced by a girl who does a certain part, then it is passed to another for further development, and finally, after going through many hands, it receives the finishing touches by an adept in the art.

Some of the young women employed in the factory are habitants of the outlying islands and having acquired sufficient skill they return to their homes and begin their life-work which with the closest application brings only a paltry sum.

For a day's labour of twelve or thirteen hours they receive a lira or a lira and a half, the equivalent of twenty or thirty cents in American money. Also by too constant use of the eyes some of them become blind. Ladies of wealth and fashion who enjoy the wearing of this delicate product of the Old World, little know the cost to their less fortunate sisters.

Even now I am unable to account for it, but the "Woman in Black" became exceptionally gracious to me. She came down considerably from her perch of conceit, thinking, perhaps, that her superior airs and language would be lost on one so ordinary as I. As I tried to be courteous she evidently understood me to be friendly and at every opportunity she made unpleasant remarks about first one, and then another of our party. Of Kindchen and the Duchess she said:

"Their jealousy of me is amusing! Such young women should be reprimanded in one way or another for their boldness and self-assurance."

The next day we were off for a trip to Lido, which seashore resort, at some distance from Venice, is reached by means of a steamer that leaves the Piazza of San Marco at certain hours. Here again, Kindchen quoted from Howells, telling amusing stories which were related to him by Padre Giacomo, of the Armenian Brother-

hood on the island of San Lazzaro. The good Padre told the noted author that Lord Byron spent several months at this monastery studying the language. Apropos of the fact an English visitor once asked if Byron was an Armenian. The story that amused us most, however, was of a bustling Yankee who rushed in and said:

"Show me all you can in just five minutes."

To the lovers of art the Academy at Venice is a casket of gems and the three great paintings by Titian would alone repay one for a journey across. The perfection of design and richness of colouring in his "Assumption" can hardly be described. The figures in the lower part of the large canvas are portrayed in loose robes. The colouring of these garments is so arranged that a sea-green has a background of golden brown, then a robe of terra-cotta is set off by a mantle of Oriental blue. The Virgin is represented as being borne through the air on fleecy clouds supported by angels, a cherub holding a golden crown above her head. She is clad in a crimson vestment over which a blue mantle gracefully falls.

While we sat enraptured before this masterpiece of the great artist the "Woman in Black" perused the pages of a French novel, giving only an occasional glance at the picture. Finally she

turned to the Princess and with a look of ennui said:

"I don't just like the forefinger on the left hand of the angel that holds the crown. It seems a little out of proportion."

The Princess made no reply. After a moment's silence "My Lady" continued:

"Ugh! why do I trouble with criticizing such an ordinary production? I don't suppose it is to be mentioned with the painting that Aunt Maria saw in Oshkosh that one of the business men of the town paid five hundred dollars for!"

In returning to the hotel we passed Desdemona's palace and the home of Robert Browning. The sun was slowly sinking beneath the horizon and palatial structures that seemed to float on a sea of bronze were transformed into castles of malachite and jasper. Imperceptibly, their changing hues became a delicate heliotrope while the clouds that flecked the summer sky were fringed with pale rose and gold.

A tear stole down Mr. Fletcher's bronzed cheek as he drew his wife's hand within his own and said, in a subdued voice:

"Mother, this would be heaven enough if little Tommy was only here."

When the lingering twilight gently folds her purple mantle about this bride of the sea, musi-

cians breathe forth their native melodies, so rich, so sweet, and with such pathos as only Italians can give their folk-songs. Listening, one becomes forgetful of his real existence and, fancy-free, is wafted away from earth and its scenes. He hears the choiring of angels; he communes with those who long since sang of the night. One whispers to him —

“Night is the time to weep:
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of Memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died, when young, like things of earth.”

And another sings —

“How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening’s ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene.”

The hour of midnight tolls out, the dreamer wakes from his reverie as the prow of his boat passes between the tall striped piles that seem to nod and say, “This is your porte-cochère!”

The fickle goddess that turns Fortune’s wheel was unusually benign during our sojourn in the fair Italian land. While at Naples Vesuvius played many pranks. At Rome the festival witnessed at St. Peter’s and the review of the

soldiers were unexpected pleasures, and the end was not yet. The good goddess still turned the wheel felicitously. A musical *fest*, given in honour of the Queen Mother's coming to the palace, was in store for us.

The night was perfect and hundreds of gondolas filled with merry passengers drifted along the shore. The signal given, dulcet strains of music poured forth their notes of welcome.

A craft came slowly up the stream laden with other musicians who joined in the chorus of greeting.

The canopy over one boat resembled a pagoda, and it was decorated with thousands of small crimson and white globes, each of which was illuminated. These toy-like ornaments were attached to streamers which were suspended from the canopy and attached to what seemed to be trees at equal distances apart. Similar decorations were festooned around the border of the boat. The effect was that of a crystal palace.

When Queen Margherita appeared on the balcony the canal and surrounding structures were immediately flooded with crimson light which was followed by green and so on, one bright colour giving place to another.

The carnival lasted until midnight, then our Andrea turned the prow of his gondola away to

the open sea whose waves were kissed by the
mellow light of a full moon.

“ In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.”

CHAPTER VII

MILAN AND THE ITALIAN LAKES



WHEN we bade adieu to the Queen of the Adriatic, clad in her vestments of purple and gold, she resembled an Oriental princess and the opalescent carpet at her feet surpassed the splendour of San Marco's mosaics. Like a lover, despondent at leaving his sweetheart and soon consoled by another, we were charmed by Milan and quickly under the spell of the Italian lakes, crown jewels of Italy.

From the modern aspect of Milan one can hardly imagine that its wealth in art and noble structures tempted the ancient Romans to an invasion nearly three hundred years before the birth of Christ. It would still be the leading art centre of the world had its treasures been saved from the ruthless hands of barbarians. At least, so said the Professor.

The convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie is one of the interesting places toward which every visitor wends his way. The famous fresco, by Leonardo

da Vinci, which represents the "Last Supper," is the attraction. Though dimmed by age and changed by retouching it still retains a certain style peculiar to the great artist. This sacred painting is irreparably injured by a piece having been cut from the lower part of it. The Professor told us that this act of vandalism was done by order of Napoleon, who stabled his horses in this refectory; since then, however, I have heard another version of the story.

The "Head of Christ" at the Brera Gallery is one of Leonardo da Vinci's productions. The "Marriage of the Virgin," by Raphael, is another of the treasures. Luini's "Madonna," seen here, has a sweet maternal face and the child is portrayed as putting its hand out for a lily near by.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were especially interested in this picture. Mr. Fletcher was heard to say:

"Ain't thet hair jes' like little Tommy's though? It may be a trifle darker but it's in the same little curls, jes' like shavin's!"

The "Dancing Fairies," by Albano, is a delight after seeing so many pictures of religious subjects. In the foreground stands a broad spreading tree beneath whose shade fairies, hand in hand, dance fantastic measures. Upon the branches other nymph-like figures disport themselves, and cherubic faces are revealed from behind the clouds of

a summer sky. This portrayal of youth and its happy abandon reminded one of Corot's "Une Matinee."

At Milan, as at Florence, the Duomo is the central figure. After St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville this is the largest church in Europe. The external decorations consist of turrets and pinnacles and two thousand marble statues. The interior of the structure impressed me as more beautiful, both in design and in colouring, than any other church that I had seen.

Upon entering we were first attracted by a large golden cross suspended above the altar. On either side a gallery with gilt inclosure, was occupied by a choir of boys. First one choir sang, and then the other in response to the reading by different priests. The magnificent decorations, the sacred music, the sincerity of the worshippers and the roseate light streaming through the wonderful coloured windows — each lent another charm to the service.

I can readily understand how poor wretches, whose only heritage is poverty and crime, can find refreshment for their souls amid that splendour filled with religious significance. I, too, was deeply impressed by the sanctity that pervaded that temple of the Most High.

Our brief stay in Milan ended with a rainy day,

but despite the inclement weather we went out in the evening and wandered through the arcade. Here we found articles, in silk, at such ridiculously low prices that every woman in the party came near spending her last lira. The Duchess said:

“Never mind! we may as well get rid of our Italian money for it will be of no earthly use when we reach Switzerland, where francs and centimes take the place of liras and centesimos!”

The neckties and stocking-caps with Roman stripes struck Mr. Fletcher’s fancy. He said to the clerk:

“I’ll take jest an even tew dozen uv them terbarker-paouches with rims ’raound um.”

Turning to Mr. Carleton, he remarked:

“I ain’t a’goin’ home ’thaout takin’ suthin t’ the youngsters t’ the Plains, an’ them’ll make a good showin’ on the Cris’mus tree!”

Upon our return from the shopping expedition we all gathered around the open fire in the Professor’s room and discussed our bargains. Mr. Fletcher spread his purchases out on the table and looked at them with evident pride. Leaning back in his chair he pointed to them and said to Mr. Carleton:

“Them’ll tickle the boys!” After a moment’s thought he continued, saying:

" Strange, ain't it though, haow all the little things 't happen'd w'en we was boys comes back tew us? Gee whiz! seems so 't wa'n't only yisterd'y 't Sal Brimmer cheated me aout uv a cent an' I was thet cut up 'baout it 't I don't s'pose I sh'll ever forgit it! It was this way; I was drivin' the caows t' parster daown by Deakin Brimmer's blueb'ry-patch w'en I heern somebody say, ' Look a' here, sonnie! ' I looked up an' there stool Sal leanin' agin the bars talkin' with one uv her beaux. I say one on um 'cause for all she was a lantern-jaw'd creter, homlier'n a hedge-fence, the fellers flock'd 'raound her like flies 'raound a m'lasses jug, 'count of her dad's money. Nat'rally she thought she was terribly fetchin'.

" Wa'al, Sal said: ' Look a here, Tommy, I'll give yer a cent if yer'll run over t' Uncle Peter's an' git me one uv them beans 't he brought from Brazil.' Yer c'n bate the' didn't no grass grow under my feet till I was a' rattlin' the brass knocker on the front door o' Uncle Peter's house. I waited an' waited, stanin' fust on one foot an' then on t'other for 'twa'n't a very warm mornin' an' I was bare-foot. Arter a w'ile the hired girl open'd the door an' said: ' W'at on airth be you here t' this fore-door for? Aint yer gut marners 'nough to go 'raound t' the back side w'ere yer b'long? '

" Jes' then I heern a winder go up an' Uncle

Peter, as all the kids call'd him, put his head aout. I wa'n't long in dewin' my arrent an' he said: 'Yer c'n go back 's quick 's yer come an' tell Miss "Doozenberry" 't she can't hev nothin' uv mine t' en'tain none uv the chaps w'at's galivantin' raound with her. An' fu'th'rmore if she takes up with thet blue-nose daown t' the tarvern she'll prob'ly hev all the beans she'll want for the rest uv her nat'ral life!'

"That said, I didn't stop for stone walls, jest leaped right over um. W'en I gut back t' the parster-bars I was thet beat aout 't I didn't hev hardly breath 'nough t' tell Sal w'at her uncle said; an' if I hed ever s' much I shouldn't 'a told 'baout the feller t' the tarvern for there stood Jock Bean right side uv her lookin' daown int' her face so sappy like 't I felt like gittin' aout uv the way as soon as I could.

"Sal said, 'Yer a nice little boy, Tommy, an' sometime w'en yer come over I'll give yer an apple!' I stood raound a spell lookin' daown 's if I was caountin' the yaller flaowers 't grow'd in the ditch, then I said:

"'If it's all the same t' you, Miss, I'll take my cent an' be goin'.'

"At thet she blustered up an' said, 'W'y, Tom Fletcher, yer sassy thing! I didn't promise t' give yer no money 'less yer gut the bean!'

"Natchelly the' wa'n't nothin' for me t' dew but give in 't I was beat."

"That certainly was rough on you," said Mr. Carlton.

"The ol' sayin' 'Chickens come home t' roost,'" Mr. Fletcher continued, "is as true naow 's ever it was an' I'll bate ten t' one thet Sal Brimmer has thought uv her tarnul meanness of'ener 'n I hev, for she hain't hed no chance t' forgit beans sence she married Jock. She's gut six of um, all ol' maids! There's Trypheny an' Tryphosy an' Chestiny an' Roxanny an' Saphrony, an' t' cap the sheaf they named the last one Rhododendrum. For short they call her Rhody. They're all fair t' middlin' lookin' but blam'd if I don't b'lieve the name orter be kind uv fetchin' as well as the gal in order to set the boys on their taps arter her."

During the telling of this story Mrs. Fletcher had withdrawn to her room. Just as it was finished she put her head in at the door and exclaimed:

"Thomas Jerry! will yer quit spinnin' yarns an' come in here? I've gut t' sew a button ont' yer trousers an' take a stitch or tew in yer galluses' 'fore I go t' bed. An' yer know, or yer orter by this time, 't we've gut to start 'fore daylight to-morrer mornin'."

Cradled in the Italian northland, Lake Como is like some rare gem hidden away. Its sapphire bosom is bordered by green mountains that lose themselves in higher peaks, white with eternal snows. Thrifty hamlets, villas and ancient castles that stud the shores give another charm to its natural beauty. Bellaggio, where we passed many delightful days, is situated on the promontory where Como bifurcates southward to Lake Lecco.

There we were in another bit of paradise, more lovely, if possible, than any place that we had found in that Land Beautiful. Amalfi has a charm peculiar to itself, Naples is picturesque, Rome is rich in her noble structures, Venice revels in her former glory, but among them Bellaggio is unique.

Nothing more can be desired of comfort for the traveller at the "Grand Bretagne," and its situation is superb. Flowers grow in profusion throughout the park which extends from the broad piazza down to the street. White roses and red mingle and completely cover the arbour above the entrance of this enclosure. There too, a fountain sprinkles its limpid waters over the flowers about it and over the marble figures in the centre. From this picturesque spot a narrow path, bordered by blossoming shrubs, winds its serpentine way along

the terraces to the mountainside adjacent to the hotel.

The sycamore, the bamboo and the ivy interlace their branches in this veritable garden of the gods. Sitting beneath overhanging boughs, listening to melodies of the oriole, the linnet, the song-sparrow, and breathing the air laden with fragrance from rose and jasmine, one is transported to realms of bliss unknown elsewhere. One is awed by the grandeur of towering mountains, charmed by the iridescent water spread from shore to shore of the lake, protected from the midday sun by silvery clouds lazily traversing the blue of heaven and soothed to forgetfulness by the murmuring trees.

Under certain conditions we are all led to unbosom our souls; to reveal secrets which seemed buried for all time. Even the murderer confesses his guilt. So, here in the purpling twilight the Princess revealed the secret which she had hitherto safely guarded.

We had wandered away to the heights to watch the changing hues of the sunset. When the last golden shimmer kissed the snowy peaks in the distance we rose and retraced our steps. Neither of us were in the mood to join in card-playing or even to chat with the others about the little nothings that usually make up the conversation of

a mixed company, so on coming to a rustic seat, beneath a tree, we sat down. The crickets had already begun their chorus when a nightingale lent her sweet song to the fragrant breath of evening.

"Oh! that happy bird," said the Princess. "I would that I were as care-free!" Then turning to me, she continued:

"It seems wrong, even to think of sorrow amid all this serenity and beauty, but in spite of the enchantment my heart yearns for human sympathy. I have been tempted several times to confide the cause of my grief to you, but lest a shadow fall upon your happy journey I have refrained from doing so."

"My dear Princess," I said, "tell me what you will, that I may help to bear your burden."

| She hesitated at first, then she went on to say:

"Three years ago last December I was passing the Christmas holidays in New York with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Winchell, when I chanced to meet Mr. Howard Garland. Little was known of his early life, but Mr. Winchell, having been associated with him in business, had found him an exemplary young man.

"It is needless to say that our friendship,

which from the first was mutual, soon developed into an attachment of a deeper nature. My father was at once prejudiced in Mr. Garland's favour, and in due time our engagement was announced.

"The marriage was to have taken place the tenth of last October, my twenty-first birthday. Our house was furnished ready for occupancy, my wedding trousseau was completed, and even the bridal veil had been draped and was caught with a pearl brooch, a gift from my betrothed. Arrangements for a church wedding were nearing completion and cards had already been sent out.

"One night, a week before the ceremony was to have taken place, Howard came unusually late. The pallor of his face gave evidence of suffering. He was inattentive to my conversation and made no inquiries regarding the preparations for the event, seemingly so near at hand. When the family retired from the sitting-room and we were alone I begged him to tell me if he were ill, or if any business difficulty had arisen.

" 'I am perfectly well,' he said, 'but circumstances over which I have no control make it impossible for me to keep my promise of marriage. I am the most wretched of men in having to part with the woman I adore, but what more deeply

pains me is that I have brought this great disappointment into the life of one worthy of all happiness.'

" 'Why, Howard Garland!' I exclaimed, 'what can you mean? You must be ill!'

" 'Margaret, my dear,' he continued, 'listen to what I have to say that you may better judge of my motives for breaking my engagement. As you already know, my father was a clergyman in a New England village. Perhaps you have noticed that I have said but little about my parents, or of my childhood. By remaining silent regarding the disgrace that came upon me through a crime committed by my father, the penalty of which he expiated by death, I hoped to forget it.'

" 'How can you go on like this?' I cried. 'I will call my father and let his better judgment come to our aid.'

" Howard detained me, however.

" 'In my great love for you,' he continued, 'I hoped to forget the horrible tragedy that has haunted me ever since my sweet mother was laid in her untimely grave. But now, with each day that brings our marriage nearer, I am more and more convinced that it would be a criminal act to pass the sins of my father down to my children, and to disgrace the most beautiful woman in all the world would be still more wicked. Though I

deeply regret having brought you sorrow and disappointment yet I cannot wish our words of love unspoken, for they will be to my unhappy soul like drops of dew upon the desert.'

"I was so overcome by this revelation that his good-bye fell upon my ear like a whisper. The door closed and he was gone out into the night."

I was too deeply touched by this pathetic story to offer sympathy. How could I, who had never known a real sorrow, give consolation? There are times when a patient listener gives most comfort.

Unpleasant dreams haunted my sleep that night, and I rose with the lark in the morning, and went out alone to refresh my disquieted spirit.

As I wandered along the shore I recalled a tragedy of which my father had told me. This was of a clergyman in a neighbouring town who, to possess himself of a young woman in his parish, had murdered his wife. I remembered what my father said of the rain coming down in torrents from morning till night on the day of the clergyman's execution, which, to the inhabitants, evinced the wrath of God. Then I thought of the old drum still hanging in our attic, from which the death-knell sounded as the criminal went to the scaffold.

Stopping short in my walk, I said:

"Can it be possible that this clergyman and the father of Howard Garland were the same?"

In retrospect, our visit to the Villa Carlotta seems like a pleasant dream.

The reception-hall is elaborately decorated with marble wrought in different designs. In a broad frieze of this inflexible material the victory of Alexander is portrayed, the work being done by the artistic hand of Thorwaldsen. Canova's masterpiece, the "Amore e Psyche," stands in the centre of the apartment.

From the hall we proceeded to the garden, constructed, terrace upon terrace, along the mountainside. Broad walks are bordered by sycamore trees, ivy trees, purple birches, larches and many another giant of the forest. Beneath them sparkling cascades and rippling streams mingle their melodies with those of the linnet, the lark and the oriole. Rose bushes, that twine themselves about the branches of trees, are laden with sweet yellow blossoms.

We returned to Bellaggio just in time to see the passing of a unique procession. Being *fest* day all shops were closed and all work suspended. First, in the carnival of colour, which made up the procession, were many women and children. First two women would come with a large banner

of bright red elaborately trimmed with tinsel and on either side of them a young girl carried a gilded lamp. Then would come a hundred or more women and girls wearing white veils and holding lighted candles. Next, a company of men and boys in long white garments over which scarlet capes were worn, and finally a company in scarlet robes with white belts appeared. A priest, in his festal garb of white exquisitely embroidered with gold, held a large magnifying glass in his hand as he walked beneath a canopy, borne along by four men.

A brass band, in trappings of bright colours and gilt, paced immediately after the holy father, the music continuing till the church was reached and the bell pealed forth its doleful notes. This spectacle gave us another glimpse into the lives of these bucolic people.

The peasant women of the country may be seen in the early morning carrying the farm produce to market. They chatter away, seemingly as happy as if they possessed every luxury. Though many of them have no shoes upon their feet they all wear some ornament. One has long gold ear-rings, another a string of glass beads around her neck, and another wears rings upon her fingers.

In the small stores it is the mother of the

children who manages the business. As soon as the eldest daughter is able to measure off a yard of tape, do up a pair of shoe-strings or to use the little cushion upon which the torchon lace is woven, she is kept busy in the shop, where she soon learns to parley and traffic as dexterously as her mother. Another and still another of the girls learn the art of trade until finally the mother retires to private life, where she may prune the shrubs in her little garden plot, drink her wine, and count her beads at leisure.

One morning while the gentlemen were having a smoke on the veranda Mr. Fletcher turned to Mr. Carlton and exclaimed:

"Blam'd if I don't think this beats all the places thet we've struck yet! There's them maountings over yender thet look 's if they was covered with green velvet; an' them up a notch higher, don't they look 's though a veil was spread over um? "

"They certainly do have that appearance," Mr. Carlton replied, "and as my eyes are somewhat younger than yours I can see what looks like silver spangles on the veil."

"There now," interrupted Mr. Fletcher. "Don't thet lake 'pear t' be the dumpin' graound for all the di'monds in the world? I can't see no sense in these Italians leavin' sech a place as this

t' go over'n' dig ditches an' play hand-orgins in 'Meriky."

"But you forget," said Mr. Carlton, "that the wages here are so low that many of the inhabitants are driven to seek employment elsewhere in order to support their families. Here, you see, the labourer has absolutely no say in regard to the price of his work while in your country the labour organizations give the employee an advantage over his employer."

"Jes' so! jes' so! but the dagoes ain't no better off in the end! Course they git more pay but I've heer'd 't they live like rats in a hole in cities, an' it costs all creation for their grub an' clo'es! If one on um does git 'nough ahead t' pay a few dollars on a little home an' then loses his job or gits sick an' can't make the paymunts, w'y, the man w'at holds the morgige grabs it up an' eases his conscience by givin' a few dollars t' the church or by readin' a paper on brotherly love to the Sunday-school children."

"Come! come!" urged the Professor, "no more moralizing, for we are off for the silk factories."

The looms in these factories are primitive affairs, still they produce most delicate articles. Filmy *crêpe-de-chine* scarfs, hosiery in different colours, bright striped Roman sashes and stocking-caps in the same beautiful colouring, are among

the attractive products. In some establishments where window draperies, bed-spreads, couch-covers and the like are made, the weaving is done by girls from twelve to fifteen years of age. Their pale, emaciated faces, prematurely old and expressive of little intelligence, brings pity to the heart of lovers of children.

Our evenings at Bellaggio were spent on the lake. The twilight that lingers long and so reluctantly merges into darkness in southern Italy, is of shorter duration here among the shadows of mountain peaks. Its richness is enhanced, however, by the gorgeous sunset colourings that tinge the bordering heights.

The boatmen, in red jackets with caps trimmed with bands of tinsel, are always at hand to take parties out into Lecco. The traveller is equally glad to improve the opportunity, that is, if he knows the charm of this inland sea when twilight creeps into dusk.

Turning around the promontory where Como loses itself in the waters of Lecco, we passed formidable cliffs, hundreds of feet in height, their surfaces as smooth as though hewn by human skill. The deep caves and grottos near the water's edge must have been safe retreats for the banditti of ancient times. Now and again a flash-light came across our faces from the opposite shore.

At the first flash Mr. Fletcher jumped from his seat and exclaimed:

"Gee whiz! Perfesser, see them Northern Lights!"

When the Professor explained that it was a search-light used by the government for detecting smugglers of wine, tobacco and salt, Mr. Fletcher replied:

"They better save their am'nition. We Yankees ain't quite s' fresh as t' be over here stealin' salt!"

The night before leaving Bellaggio our boatman turned the prow of his craft northward into Como. At the left mountains rose like sentinels while here and there some villa or ancient castle nestled down in the gloom. The mountains at the right were a royal purple. A golden lustre fretted their peaks and crimsoned the snow-clad heights above them. The descending sun left us in darkness except for the flickering lights from hamlets along the shore, and the twinkling stars that, like fire-flies, peered out from their hiding-places.

In leaving this gem of the north-land we took a steamer that crossed the lake to Menaggio and from there we went by train to Porlezza. This ride of some two hours was most exciting. From one precipitous incline we came to another while Como and Lecco were lost in the distance. We



BELLAGGIO.



LAKE LUGANO.

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passed over deep ravines and through dark gorges. After the height of land was reached it was like coasting down through the fertile country till we came to Lake Lugano. This lake and its environs are similar to Como and her bordering mountains. The line which separates Italian territory from the cantons of Switzerland is just about as definite as that of the Equinox. When we reached this supposed demarkation a government official came on board; out of all our luggage one package only was opened. After this arduous task he placed a sticker upon each package about the size of a postage stamp. So much for custom-house regulations.

We reached Lugano at sunset. This city with its streets, terrace upon terrace, is a miniature Naples. We passed the night at Hotel Bristol, a magnificently appointed house charmingly situated on an elevation overlooking the lake and Mt. San Salvatore. This bold headland, two thousand feet in height, looks lion-like down on the waters of the lake.

Fleecy clouds, rising from beyond its dusky figure, simulated chariots of fire bearing colossal monarchs in glittering armour. While we were wistfully viewing this ethereal procession, "Evening drew her curtain down and pinned it with a star."

CHAPTER VIII

SWITZERLAND

THE truth of the prosaic expression, "When it rains it pours," was fully verified the morning that we left Lugano. Mr. Fletcher remarked:

"I've heern tell uv it rainin' pitchforks tines daown'ards but I call this a shaower uv hoss-rakes an' hay-spreaders!"

Despite the fact that many friendly drops clung to our skirts as we stepped from the veranda to the carriage that conveyed us to the station our ardour for sight-seeing was not in the least dampened. The ride to Lucerne, which consumed four or five hours, was on the St. Gotthard Railway.

This journey over Alpine heights, down fertile valleys and through the famous St. Gotthard Tunnel is not to be spent in napping, card-playing or in reading yellow-covered literature. From first to last it is a gorgeous picture with exquisite colouring by Dame Nature's artistic fingers. Here

mountains, vying with one another in height and verdure, are fringed with peaks clad in eternal snow. Every cascade is a bridal veil, and green fields are dotted with red Alpine roses upon whose petals each drop of dew dangles bright with rainbow tints.

“ ‘Thanks to the noble Swiss who in the year 1231 sealed a treaty which saved this primeval forest from passing into the rapacious hands of the Hapsburgs,’ ” quoted the Professor. “Then,” said he, “only blazed trails marked the path that lay between Lugano and Lucerne. Think of the fatigue of journeying on foot through this mountain defile! Each traveller carried his belongings in a cloth of some home-made stuff, which was tied together by the corners and strung on his staff.”

“No doubt frequent cries of wild animals pierced the shades of night and chilled the heart of him who, belated, fell asleep by the wayside, his head pillowed upon his improvised knapsack,” rejoined the Princess.

“Perhaps the silver trappings for a promised bride found place in his precious package, or better still, frocks for the little ones,” added the Duchess.

By this time the storm-king had gathered up his bedraggled skirts and departed from the mountain-

tops leaving them aglow with sunlight. Thence to Lucerne our way was through an agricultural district, where peasant women at work in the fields, in their coloured costumes, brightened the landscape. Some were weeding, others were gathering the products for market. One, with a large basket of cherries upon her back, wore a blue skirt, a green waist and a hat with a red band around the crown.

Why should these women not love the picturesque since so much of their lives are passed in vineyards fresh with verdure and purple with ripening fruit? They are up to see the first faint gleaming of the "meek-eyed morn" and their days are spent in gardens bright with flowers, pink, red and blue. Such influences must reflect a touch of colour into the souls of these primitive people.

What a charming situation Lucerne has, lying, as it does, beside the Vierwaldstättersee (lake of Four Forest Cantons). The streets are broad and clean, the buildings modern, the stores attractive and the fascinating lake, with its beautiful environs, is a constant delight.

One Sunday morning the Professor suggested taking a trip to Rigi. Mr. Fletcher had acquired sufficient tolerance for Sabbath-breaking to purchase a souvenir or two on Sunday when in Rome,

and at Venice he was prevailed upon to take a row on the Grand Canal one Sunday afternoon, but to deliberately start out for an excursion was rather too much for his New England conscience. When asked if he would accompany us he said:

“Naow, Perfesser, yer needn’t mind ’baout me’n’ my wife. The rest on yer c’n go jes’ same an’ we’ll stay ’raound an’ keep the carsle w’ile you’re gone. I hain’t no daoubt but any on yer are better’n I, but it’s hard gittin’ aout uv the flesh w’at is bred in the bone.”

Mrs. Fletcher’s religious scruples were less strained than those of her husband and when she found that he had declined to accompany the others she exclaimed:

“W’at on airth be yer thinkin’ on, Thomas Jerry, t’ miss sech a trip as thet? Land sakes! Yer better make the most uv this chance for yer may never git so nigh heaven ag’in! An’ if the Lord is ev’ryw’eres I’d ’nough sight ruther he’d find me up ’mongst his maountings thet he’s been millions uv years a’makin’ than daown here mumpin’ ’raound!”

It is needless to say that Mr. Fletcher decided to go and we were soon off for another delightful day. It must have been a *fest* day, for a party of fully a hundred rustic lads and lasses took the steamer for Vitznau and Flüelen.

We left the boat at Vitznau and took the mountain train. This consisted of an observation-car and an engine similar to those at Mt. Washington. The locomotive puffed and panted like some living creature as it slowly crept over deep ravines, along the mountainside and over pastoral heights gorgeous with wild flowers. Mr. Fletcher could scarcely realize that it was not some living creature. He said:

"I sh'd think the critter'd gut the heaves the way it wheezes. I've a good mind to git aout an' walk up these hills."

"Oh! if you do," said the Duchess, "please get me some of those double buttercups. They really look like Scotch roses!"

"I'd rather have the orchids," said the Princess. "Just look at them in purple, pink and lavender! Who knows but Gray was thinking of this very place when he wrote of the flowers that are 'born to blush unseen?'"

Mr. Carlton and the Professor filled our lap with cherries, tied together by their stems, strawberries in small baskets made of green leaves, and bunches of Alpine roses and edelweiss.

Passing through a veritable cloud-land we finally reached the summit. The sun was shining, and shall I ever forget that view? Fleecy clouds covered the landscape below. Sparkling lakes

peered through the mist and the horizon was fretted with snowy peaks; crystal stalagmites against the depth of blue.

No one was more enthusiastic than Mr. Fletcher. He sat, first in one place and then in another trying to get the best view possible. He had become quite proficient in the art of taking pictures. Here at Rigi he photographed two cows that chanced to come along. He looked at the creatures with admiration and said:

"Land sakes! I hain't seen nothin' s' kind uv nat'ral sence I left home! Course they don't neither on um holt a candle t' ol' Doll an' W'ite-face for real harnsomeniss, but they ain't t' blame for their looks more'n we be."

As Mr. Fletcher edged away from the animals, who seemed intent upon having a share of his luncheon he came near falling over an embankment into a deep ravine. Mrs. Fletcher jumped and screamed at the top of her voice:

"Thomas Jerry! will yer ever hev sense 'nough t' keep w'ere yer b'long? A body'd think yer'd been takin' suthin' besides picters the way yer rant raound!"

Returning to Vitznau, we had our first luncheon in a beer-garden. Parties both large and small, were seated at tables spread beneath trees that border the lake. Fathers and mothers with their

children, tourists with their couriers and rustic lovers, — all listening to the music.

Lucerne is rich in the possession of a glacier garden a never ending source of interest to the thoughtful visitor. This garden that, no doubt, was frequented by the ancient god Thor, lay undiscovered till the year 1872. It was by mere chance that Professor Hein of Zurich came upon this volume of geological history written in stone. Deep holes, within which large boulders revolved round and round for centuries, are called glacier mills. It was by the water from melting snow and ice that these boulders were kept in motion, thus wearing away the enclosure and becoming polished themselves. From fossil remains of sea-shells and leaves of tropical plants here it is supposed that at some remote period this north land was submerged by the sea and later covered with tropical vegetation. Here one also sees relics of the lake-dwellers on exhibition.

At the entrance of this park we came to the famous "Lion of Lucerne," a memorial to the Swiss guards who fell in defence of the Tuileries in Paris, August tenth, 1792. The model from the master hand of Thorwaldsen was executed by Ahorn, being chiselled from a perpendicular ledge. In a deep recess a huge lion reclines, a broken spear protruding from his side, one paw falling



GENERAL VIEW OF LUCERNE.



THE MÜHLBRÜCKE.

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limp over the boulder, while the other, coming from beneath his shaggy head, lies on a shield upon which a Bourbon lily is engraved. Beyond this lies a battle-axe. The expression of despair depicted on the face of this creature in stone moves the heart to pity.

The Mühlbrücke (Mill-Bridge), which has spanned the Reuss River for more than four hundred years, is an interesting structure. The interior is elaborately decorated with paintings that represent the "Dance of Death," which was a favourite subject with mediæval artists of Germany and Switzerland. In one of these pictures a wedding scene is portrayed and here, too, the grim figure is in evidence, crouching in a corner. Mr. Fletcher turned to me and exclaimed:

"The Perfesser says thet is a picter uv Death. I hain't no daoubt but somebody told him so but durn'd if I b'lieve the yarn! I'll bate ten t' one thet critter was partern'd arter one uv them thet 's allus ready t' make trouble 'tween new married fo'ks! W'y, bless yer soul, Miss Spencer, there's them thet pride themselves on breakin' the commandmunt thet says, 'W'at God jines t'gether no man sha'n't break int' sundries!'"

In the centre of the bridge there is a shrine profusely decorated with freshly cut flowers. When we came to this figure, so sacred to

the inhabitants of the country, Mr. Fletcher said:

" I don't see no sense in leavin' these posies here dewin' nobody no good. I may be a back number, prob'ly I be, but seems t' me 't would be better t' take um t' some pore sick critter thet is shet in aout uv God's sunshine. Jes' look uv thet red rose! Hain't it gut the love uv the Lord-a-mighty in its heart? "

At Naples, tortoise shells and cameos are in abundance, at Rome gun-metal, silver, antiques and pictures are in plenty, at Florence the traveller is fascinated by the marble work, the silver, gold and precious stones, at Venice, he may feast his eyes upon choice laces and delicate glass-ware, in Bellaggio the beautiful articles in silk are a delight, but here at Lucerne the exquisite hand embroidery tempts the American woman to part with her last franc.

Beautiful dress-patterns, dainty underwear, sheer muslin kerchiefs, chemisettes of the same material, neckwear, table-linen, and many other choice articles are wrought by the deft fingers of industrious women and girls whose homes are in the rural districts. At the door of every shop where these attractive products are for sale a pretty peasant girl, in her native costume, sews the livelong day. The piece upon which she is

employed is tightly drawn over a hoop held at a convenient height by means of a device for the purpose. Through and through, back and forth, the needle plies and with every stitch some leaf or flower is brought nearer to completion.

On the wings of inexorable time came the morning and we were hurried away to Interlaken. Passing near the base of Pilatus we took a lingering glance at the lake and the peaceful town on the shore.

Our way lay through the Brünig Pass and the train crawled along the mountainsides like a huge dragon, now and again belching forth his fiery breath. We passed over deep gorges through which sparkling cascades leaped to the plains below. The overhanging cliffs frowned upon us like fierce Grendels.

By the sublimity of the scene I was awed into silence. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher sat hand in hand, as if some awful calamity was about to take place. Mr. Carlton and the Professor were noting different mineralogical specimens in the projecting ledges. The Princess was in a contemplative mood, and the Duchess and Kindchen were in a state of unusual excitement.

The Professor broke in on our reveries, saying, in his usual school-masterly way:

"It was through this mountain defile that, in

the year 1315, the Austrians attempted to pass on their way to capture Unterwalden. They were repulsed by the sturdy natives, however, and fled in hot haste. These valleys below are tilled by peasants whose world is bordered by the mountains. If they chance to hear of other countries beyond it is to them only a fairy tale."

The train from Meiringen to Brienz, where we took the steamer for Interlaken, runs beside a river that lazily creeps through the vale. Lake Brienz, replenished by silvery streams that course down the bordering mountains, is like an emerald suspended by strings of pearls. First we came to a landing where some wayfarer went ashore, then we passed the Giessbach Falls. A church spire, in the distance, outlined against the summer sky, seemed like a slender thread. The castle towers finally hove in sight, and there we were.

"All ashore for Interlaken!" shouted the captain.

"What," said Mr. Carlton as we came to the hotel. "Is this the Victoria? Well, I should say there had been some changes since Paul Flemming was here fifty years ago, if we can depend upon what he said of it then! He tells us that he arrived here and found the hotels full, thus making it necessary for him to seek shelter in a private house. Despite the unpleasant situation, so

graphically described in 'Hyperion,' however, the sweet presence of Mary Ashburton seems to have reconciled him to his lot."

The river that connects the lakes, Thun and Brienz, is like a strip of green ribbon with a brooch of diamonds suspended at either end. The beautiful vale of Interlaken is bordered on one side by this watercourse and its appended lakes, while the other side is protected by the Jungfrau and her fair companions.

Like Flemming and his English friend, we improved the first opportunity to visit Lauterbrunnen. Lauterbrunnen is in a valley about two hours' drive from Interlaken and the name, translated, means Clear Springs. The Staubach, one thousand feet in height, is the highest fall in Switzerland and dissolving into mist, it spreads out over the green herbage like a transparent veil. Trummelbach, at the farther end of the village, is a roaring cataract that leaps from crag to crag through a deep gorge, whirling round and round in a basin worn into a ledge before it makes another plunge and is lost in the river below.

A severe thunder storm came upon us before we reached our carriage and we gladly sought shelter at the nearest restaurant. Of course we had refreshments, for with travellers abroad eating is a kind of pastime. The Swiss honey was

delicious and the blackberry jam excellent. Mr. Fletcher thought it more appetizing for having been served by a handsome rustic maid. Her native costume gave another charm to her beauty, the dark skirt, white waist and black bodice, the silver trappings and her long red apron certainly being a pleasure to see.

The sun came out unusually bright after the rain, and the drive to Interlaken was delightful. The Wetterhorn and peaks called "the fingers" were conspicuous above the other mountains. Dainty flowers smiled and nodded their bejewelled heads as we passed.

The trip to Scheidegg and Eiger afforded us a day of pleasure and profit.

It might have been ten o'clock when we changed cars, taking the mountain train. This consisted of two or three observation cars and an engine, so constructed that it easily adjusted itself to the precipitous slopes as it zig-zagged up over the hillsides, which are nearly perpendicular. Now and again we passed a shepherd tending his flock, or a farmer with his herd of cows. It was a question how the animals were kept from rolling over and over down the steep incline, but we finally decided that they must have a coating of glue on their hoofs or that they were tethered to the ground by some unseen device.

"Haow'd yer s'pose ol' Doll 'd act 'f she hed t' go daown thet hill t' drink?" inquired Mr. Fletcher of his wife. "She shakes her head an' snorts so she didn't like it w'en I drive her over the knoll daown t' the spring."

"Wa'al," said Mrs. Fletcher, "I s'pose she remembers haow the brindle caow slipp'd there'n' broke 'er neck!"

"Yer great on s'posin' things. I don't b'lieve nothin' uv the kind. She is a good deal like some women fo'ks 't I know on, allus lookin' arter suthin' t' be 'fraid of, or as I might say, lookin' arter suthin' 't they don't want t' find!"

Our first stop was at Wengern, a small settlement with three or four summer hotels. More panting and puffing of our locomotive and we finally reached Scheidegg. There we took an electric tram which carried us up to the base of Eiger and through the tunnel to Eigerwand station where, from an aperture in the side of the mountain, one has an unobstructed view of the surrounding country and of the glaciers near at hand. He may thrust his foot between the iron bars of the enclosure into drifts of snow centuries old, but glaciers are like the people to whom distance lends enchantment. A half-hour spent there and the train was ready to make the return trip. The passengers gladly left this tomb-like cavern whose

chilling dampness had already penetrated their heavy wraps.

Two o'clock found us back at Scheidegg, where we had luncheon, and after partaking of the not too savoury repast we gathered wild flowers. That dainty lupines bloom profusely within ten or fifteen feet of snowdrifts seems incredible to those who have never visited this capricious country.

These harbingers of spring proved too alluring to Mr. Fletcher who, led by their tempting beauty, wandered farther away than he intended. The result was that when the whistle blew, five minutes before the last train was to leave the mountain, he was nowhere to be seen. The Professor offered the engineer a handsome sum if he would hold the train a few moments, but no, such an act on the part of an employee of the road would mean dismissal and imprisonment. Mrs. Fletcher was inconsolable.

"W'at shall I dew!" she exclaimed, "if Thomas Jerry is lost up here in these maountings? Haow dew I know but he's bein' murdered this very minit? Seems so I c'n hear him callin' for help!"

She walked up and down the platform wringing her hands, and no endearing word was left unspoken. In her soliloquy she said:

"Thomas Jerry is the dearest an' harnsomist

man in the world. Haow c'n I ever live 'thaout him w'en he's been all mine for nigh ont' forty year? Then haow c'n I ever go back t' the farm 'thaout Jerry t' milk the caows an' t' bring in the wood an' build the fire? " Then with renewed distress she added: " An' who on airth would wind the clock? "

At that juncture of the scene, when the rest of the party had decided to stay till Mr. Fletcher was found, the belated husband appeared. What a transformation! The sympathies of the company were at once on the side of the poor man who tried in vain to make an explanation to his wife. It was of no use. He simply could not be heard. No sooner did she see her spouse alive and well than her grief changed to vituperation. She exclaimed:


" Thomas Jerry Fletcher! w'ere on airth hev yer been tew? It'd serve yer right if yer hed t' stay here a month uv Sundays alone. P'raps yer'd come t' yer senses, thet is if yer've gut any t' come tew! Guess the ol' lady know'd w'at she was a' talkin' 'baout w'en she said yer was like a goslin' hatch'd in a May rain storm! Yer ain't no goslin' naow, not by a long chalk! but yer a tarnul ol' goose, chasin' 'raound arter butterflies an' posies and ev'rythin' else 't don't maount t' nothin'! "

At the last stroke of the signal the Professor swung on to the train. The return trip was by way of Grindelwald, which route is down the mountains and through a beautiful valley. The well cultivated farms and pretty chalets, with artistic windows and piazzas, met special favour with the Fletchers and the others were not silent concerning their beauty.

The day was done and on the next we birds of passage were up and off for Heidelberg.

CHAPTER IX

SOUTHERN GERMANY

“ PLEASANT day when it stops raining.” So says an old song of Heidelberg, and thus we found it. This city in the garden of Germany, is at the base of the Königsstuhl (King’s Chair), on the banks of the Neckar, that peacefully courses through green meadows on its way to the Rhine.

A fiery breath like that of mid-summer scorched the last day of June when we went from Interlaken to the famous old city. Though our way was through a pleasant country, fresh with verdure, the ride would have been almost unbearable without the good cheer of Kindchen, the Duchess, and our Princess. Then the Professor whiled away the time by relating German legends, also telling us the names of the rivers as we crossed them. Free with his *geld* as with his learned lore, he supplied us plentifully *mit das bier und das brötchen* at the stations along the way.

The compartment adjoining ours was vacated

about noon so Mr. Carlton and the Professor thought it no harm to ensconce themselves therein for a little chat upon scientific subjects, which they well knew were uninteresting to the rest of us.

The Fletchers, overcome by fatigue, soon fell asleep. The Duchess, with her dark hair closely veiled from dust and cinders by a long strip of brown gauze, settled down for a nap. I can see her face now, with the beautiful olive complexion set off by the flush in her cheeks. Kindchen added a few stitches to her needle-work while the Princess looked wistfully out at the passing landscape, apparently lost in day-dreams.

A prosperous looking German and his wife occupied the compartment with us for several hours. The gentleman spoke English somewhat and he expressed regret that much of the language had slipped from his memory by neglect, of its frequent use. His wife, though not possessed of beauty, had a kindly face. She wore a dark skirt of some rich material, a blue waist and a very pretty white hat trimmed with a soft, fluffy stuff. Three or four expensive diamond rings ornamented her fingers, but with all her finery she was the willing slave of her husband. It seemed rather odd to us to see this well-dressed woman reaching up to the rack and taking down a heavy

valise whenever he expressed a wish for any article that it contained. It might be a bottle of wine, a few drops of cordial from a vial, or a light lunch to tide him over till dinner time. It was evidently a case of genuine devotion. At least, it seemed so on the part of the woman. Now and again she pressed his hand within her own and her face revealed the unspoken love.

Our destination reached, we were hurried into a bus and off to the Hotel de l'Europe.

It was amusing to see the burly station agent strutting around like a cock-turkey and bearing a strong resemblance to one when, with red and inflated visage, he lustily blew a diminutive trumpet which signals the train to proceed.

Mr. Fletcher stopped short as he saw the man, and with arms akimbo exclaimed:

" If thet chap ain't fust cousin t' my old gobbler then I ain't no jedger uv them kind uv birds! "

We found the hotel delightfully situated in the centre of a large garden where shade trees and flowering shrubs were in abundance. Beside it is a miniature lake, fringed with forget-me-nots and mignonette. In a neighbouring park a concert was given every evening, and the strains of music crept through the soft draperies at our windows soon causing us to fall asleep to dream of green fields and flowery vales.

A drive through the town, across the river and returning over the "Tower Brücke" (Tower Bridge) gives a comprehensive view of the city, the Castle and the Alsatian hills, which fret the horizon with peaks of blue.

A visit to the University proved interesting. This famous seat of learning, the oldest in Germany, was founded by Rupert the First. At his request the charter was granted by Urban the Sixth, in 1385. The present structure was erected in 1693. The Carcer, or prison, where disorderly students are confined sometimes for several days, consists of three rooms, each of which is furnished with one hard bottomed chair, an old table, and a cot-bed with a mattress of gunny-cloth filled with straw. The walls and ceilings are covered with pictures and inscriptions done by the students during incarceration. Near the door of one room a large inscription, in red letters, says, "Beware of the dog." From this one may draw his own inference.

As we came to the Castle the Professor said:

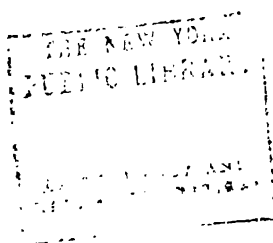
"This is the oldest and most noteworthy ruin in Germany, tangible history of many centuries. Its charming site is on the Jettenbuhl, a spur of the Königsstuhl. These crumbling walls and beleaguered towers are bewildering at first, but



TOWER BRIDGE.



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.



as we pass from one to another we shall find them less intricate.

“The one which guards the drawbridge is called the Giant Tower. Then there is the Octagon Tower, the great Watch Tower of Ruprechtbau, the Rent Tower, and this one, covered with ivy that tenderly shields it from the summer’s heat and the winter’s blast, is the Geprenge Thurm, or Blown-up Tower. Then there is the Rittersaal (Hall of the Knights) of Otho-Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine and Grand Seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. Now we come to the kitchen and here is the oven in which a whole ox was cooked at the time of great festivals. You will readily see by this tun, with capacity for three hundred thousand bottles of wine, that those in the seats of the mighty did not go athirst.”

Mr. Fletcher was unusually attentive to the Professor’s remarks. Turning to his wife he said:

“Blam’d if I want t’ forgit ’baout thet, muther, so yer better write it daown.”

He dictated while Mrs. Fletcher did the writing.

“The fust thing is thet Heidlebug Cars’le is on the Juttinbull! Arter thet comes the taowers. Be sure an’ put in all the jimcracks ’baout the ivry keepin’ the blow’d up one fr’m the hot summer an’ the blasted winter. I’m a leetle mix’d

'baout the ox businiss. I ain't dead sure weth'r the fo'ks et the ox or the ox et the fo'ks."

" W'y, Thomas Jerry, be yer a fool or don't yer know nothin'? Jes' so the ox et the fo'ks! W'at yer talkin' 'baout? "

" W'at be I talkin' 'baout? Wa'al, haow'd Jonah git intew the whale's belly if the whale didn't eat him? An' maoughtent any other critter hev the same hankerin' arter a change uv diet? There's one thing sure, they hed wine 'nough here t' corn the hull uv Germany! "

When we came to the Rupert Tower, Mr. Carlton said to the Professor:

" Then this is the place made famous by the ghost story connected with its history which, though centuries old, is ever new? "

" Yes," said the Professor, " and as the details of the legend have slipped my memory I shall ask you to relate it to the young ladies. I am sure it will prove doubly interesting when heard where the incidents are said to have taken place."

Though rather modest about making a display of his knowledge Mr. Carlton consented to comply with the Professor's request. He began by saying:

" ' There is a skeleton in every closet ' is an old adage, but this tower seems to have two. The story runs something like this:

" It was at the time of Louis le Debonnaire

that the tragedy occurred. Frederick, brother of Louis, lived at the Castle with him. There was a court lady, Leonore Von Luzenstein, with whom Frederick fell in love and whom he afterwards learned to despise. For some political reason he was hated by petty German tyrants who accused him of heresy. His brother protected him from these conspirators, but through stratagem they attempted to capture and take him from the Castle. Leonore Von Luzenstein, disguised as the Virgin Mary, and the father confessor of Louis, in the costume of Satan, made their appearance in the chamber of the Elector and frightened him so horribly that he promised to deliver his brother into the hands of two Black Knights. The four entered Frederick's chamber but as the monk, in his Satanic garb, bent over the sleeping form, an old soldier on guard behind the draperies drew his sword and felled the wretch, causing the others to take to their heels and flee. Now, it is believed by the credulous, that the spirits of Leonore and the monk nightly visit the scene of the tragedy. However much of truth there may be in this tale it matters not, but we must agree with our informant that, next to the Alhambra, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages."

During the telling of this weird tale Mrs.

Fletcher edged up toward her husband as if she feared that any moment some spectral form might descend from the ruined walls. The Princess looked paler than usual and kept a watchful eye on the arch through which we came. Kindchen and the Duchess showed a spirit of bravado and said, when the story ended, that they would have liked to live in those days when one was constantly having hair-breadth escapes of one kind or another. They even asked the Professor if he thought it would be proper for them to come out some night and watch for the ghosts.

We would gladly have tarried in this interesting old city, but we were migratory birds and soon on the wing for other sights and scenes. A ride of two hours and a half, with a change of cars at Darmstadt, capital of the grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, and we were at Mayence.

The picturesque beauty of the landscape is marred by the varied vegetation of the fields. These broad acres that hold the mountains intact, are entailed estates that have passed from one generation to another. They are divided into strips, some wide, some narrow. A strip of yellow grain may be bordered on one side by waving green flax and on the other by flowering buckwheat; so on, one colour giving place to another.

Kindchen remarked that it looked like a patchwork quilt and "crazy" patchwork at that.

The farming is largely done by women, whose lives are no flowery beds of ease, but one constant task, which will be continued by their daughters. These women make butter and cheese for market, they toil beneath the scorching sun, planting, weeding and harvesting vegetables, they gather the purple grapes for the wine press, and withal, they rear large families. Like other creatures living in the open air they are physically well, but the expression upon their faces is perfectly stolid.

We reached Mayence on a fête day and the streets were thronged with visitors from the rural districts who had come in to see the athletic sports.

At luncheon a typical German woman sat at Kindchen's left. She was delighted to find an American who evinced a desire to speak German, and Kindchen was equally pleased with having an opportunity to test her knowledge of the language. This woman told her, confidentially, that her son was to take part in the sports of the day and that she had come a long distance to see him win the honours.

It was Sunday morning that we took the

steamer which traverses the Rhine between Mayence and Cologne. If I mistake not, it was the Fourth of July.

Standing on the bank of this river dotted with innumerable small craft and large steamers, one can scarcely realize that its source is away in the Alpine heights. On the southern slope of St. Gotthard, Lake Toma, nearly eight thousand feet above the sea, is the source of the *Vorder* Rhine; on an equally high altitude the *Hinter* Rhine is cradled in the St. Bernardino Pass. These cascades, leaping from crag to crag, are fed by melting glaciers and when they reach Reichenbau their waters commingle and flow onward in the German Rhine. But why the German Rhine? It courses through two hundred and fifty miles of Swiss territory and follows its path one hundred miles through the meadows of Holland.

From Mayence to Cologne the stream is bordered by luxuriant vineyards interspersed with well-cultivated farms situated along the mountainsides that are crested with forest trees. The river broadens to a width of twelve or fifteen hundred feet in some places, while again it flows through a narrow pass. Just beyond Bingen we came to the most romantic scenery. Here the river is walled on either side by crags and peaks, where ruined castles give evidence of the massive

proportions of the ancient strongholds. In the middle of the stream near Bingen stands the Mouse Tower, a mediæval watchtower notable for its mysterious connection with Archbishop Hatto's fate. It is said that he was thoroughly hated by his subjects and that the devil took his corpse from the tower and cast it into the crater of Mt. Etna. This tower is immortalized in Longfellow's verse.

When we came to the bold headland called the Lorelei the Professor said:

"We have Schiller to thank for the beautiful song which takes its name from this towering cliff. He likens this formidable mountain, with variegated colouring, to a maiden with matchless beauty, combing her golden hair with a golden comb, and at the same time singing a seductive lay. A sailor fascinated by her charms and entranced by her singing, becomes unmindful of his craft and drifting upon the rocks, is lost, —

" 'Und das hat mit ihren singen
Die Lorelei getan.' "

(And that with her charms and singing has the beautiful maiden done.)

"Jest like a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher. "They never know 'nough t' keep their eyes w'ere they b'long!"

“ W’at do yer know ’baout it anyway? ” said her husband. “ A feller ain’t allus ’caountable for w’at he does w’en he sees a harnsome woman ’raound.”

“ He ain’t, is he? Then I’d holt my tongue ’baout it if I was your age! ”

When we reached the ruins of Liebenstein Kindchen exclaimed:

“ Oh! here is a Castle that has a romantic legend connected with its history. It was in ‘Hyperion’ that I read the tale. It says that many, many years ago two young gentlemen lived in this Castle with their father and a young girl, an orphan. Both sons fell in love with their father’s protégée. She favoured the younger one and was betrothed to him. Soon after, both sons were forced into the wars in the Holy Land. The young girl sat in her tower and wept and waited for the return of her lover. During his absence the father built another Castle, for the couple to live in when they were married, and which he called *Sternenfels*. When it was nearly completed the old man died and the elder brother came home and took care of his brother’s promised bride. One day news came that the false lover had taken unto himself a Greek wife. Heart-broken at the sad ending of her betrothal Lady Geraldine retired into a convent and became a nun. The young lord of

Sternenfels returned and lived in great splendour with the Greek woman.

"The elder brother, incensed at the cruel treatment of the pure young girl, challenged the lord of Sternenfels in single combat. It is said that while the glittering swords of the brothers were clashing in deadly strife the bells of the convent began to ring and Lady Geraldine came forth with her train of nuns, all in white, and made the brothers friends. She told them that she was the bride of Heaven, and happier in the convent than she could have been in Liebenstein or Sternenfels. When the brothers returned to the Castle they found that the Greek interloper had gone away with another knight."

Now we arrived at Coblenz. The Professor called attention to Ehrenbreitstein Castle on the opposite shore and said:

"This is one of the strongest fortifications that protect the Rhine."

On our coming to Andernach the Princess said:

"I suppose you have all heard of the Christ of Andernach who took himself down from the cross, went through the town at midnight and shingled houses, hung the gates of the church-yard, calked holes in leaky boats and then nailed himself to the cross again!"

"Naow, Miss Princess," said Mr. Fletcher,

"I've allus heer'd thet still water runs deep but yer the last one 't I'd 'a' thought uv springin' sech a tom-fool yarn 's thet on us!"

"Why, Mr. Fletcher, you didn't suppose I expected any one of our party to believe that story, did you? But really, they say that the rustic inhabitants of this region would think it sacrilege to question the truth of it."

The Professor spoke up and said:

"That is no more absurd than the ghost stories and tales about witches that my grandmother used to tell me when I was a youngster. One, which I never tired of hearing, was about a lot of pigs that were bewitched. The farmer who owned them tried to keep them in a certain plot, but no matter how high he built the fence around it they climbed to the top rail and ran around, one after the other, like so many monkeys. The farmer was nearly distracted with the trouble this swine-herd gave him. Finally a neighbour told him to sprinkle salt all around the pen. He did so and that broke the spell, and the old woman who, out of spite, had bewitched them, lost her power over them.

"It was a great treat for me and for my brother, two years older than myself, to be allowed to sit up an hour later than usual to hear the strange tales that my grandmother delighted in telling.

One night, after a series of revival meetings, she told us about the lake of fire and brimstone into which we should be cast if we committed any sinful act. I may as well confess that I was not as decorous in my behaviour as the 'good little boy from Newburyport' that my Sunday-school teacher often quoted. That very day I had climbed to the topmost bough of a neighbouring apple tree, that did not belong to my father, and had filled my pockets with Pumpkin-Sweets. This special misdemeanour came vividly to mind and I went to bed with fear and trembling. You may doubt the truthfulness of my statement, but I actually dreamed of seeing the evil one coming after me in hot haste. I shall never forget those fiery eyes, that livid face and the bristling hair standing on end like the quills of a porcupine. I awoke with a start, and imagine my feelings when, upon opening my eyes, I saw a ghostly figure, all in white, standing at the foot of my bed. I gave a shriek that brought my mother to the room. When she came with the lighted candle the apparition disappeared and it was found that my supposed visitant was only the white curtain through which the moon was shining."

Just then the Duchess exclaimed:

"Now we are coming to the Ledge of Pfalz. Longfellow refers to it in his 'Golden Legend.'"

The story goes that it was after Lent when Friar Clause entered the wine cellar of the Hirshau Convent. He soliloquizes about the different kinds of wine, saying:

“ ‘ At Bacherach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Wursburg on the Stein
Grow the three best kinds of wine! ’

With glass in hand he continues: —

“ ‘ I should deem it wrong to let this pass
Without first touching my lips to the glass,
For here, midst the current I stand,
Like the stone of Pfalz in the midst of the river,
Taking toll upon either hand,
And much more grateful to the giver. ’ ”

At the close of the memorable day on the Rhine we found ourselves “ dished ” at Cologne. Don’t take me too seriously; we stopped at a delightfully quiet, comfortable house, the Hotel Disch. The old saying “ one may have too many good things ” was verified here in the superabundance of furniture in our chamber. As we called for a double room there were, as a matter of course, two beds. A large table occupied the centre of the room and at one side a long sofa and three or four huge stuffed chairs found place.

When bed-time came it was a question where we should find room for ourselves and our belongings.

These consisted of two telescope baskets, one square package which contained the bust of Dante brought from Pisa, a picture of the "Aurora" in a Florentine frame, a marble figure, the "Thorn Extractor," brought from Rome, and several other articles too fragile to be handled by careless baggage-men. Then came the two umbrellas, strapped together, and a brown grip nearly covered with hotel stickers. This contained no end of toilet articles and several bottles of sweet spirits, of one kind or another.

I am sure those who have never visited Germany will be interested to hear what our beds were like. My bedstead, of mahogany, was richly carved. A spring supported the soft mattress and a wedge-shaped bolster about two inches thick at one edge while at the other it was at least a foot and a half in thickness. This was surmounted by two huge pillows, the top one used for decoration only, being encased with a slip of crimson satin covered with lace, which matched the covering of the feather-bed beneath which we were supposed to sleep.

The Fletchers had the room adjoining the one occupied by the Princess and myself. When it came bed time we thought they were having a discussion about something and finally a tap came at our door. I was half undressed, but I

slipped on my blue kimona, pugged up my hair and opened the door. There stood Mrs. Fletcher in a similar state of *négligée*. She said:

"Miss Spencer, I hope I ain't disturbin' yer, but my man an' I can't make aout haow we're ever goin' t' sleep in aour bed."

I changed my wrapper for a dress and went to the room with her. The scene that greeted me would take the premium if it graced the pages of an illustrated paper. Their bags and baskets were unpacked and the contents were in a state of confusion. The centre table was covered with wearing apparel and the bureau with toilet articles, to which Mrs. Fletcher's new false-front gave the finishing touch. The long red plush sofa was piled high with the satin bedecked feather-bed, show pillows and the unique bolster. Mr. Fletcher was in a long yellow bathrobe; his gold-bowed spectacles rode safely upon his bald head and his feet were thrust into his carpet slippers. He said:

"I'm proper glad yer came in, Miss Spencer, for I sh'd like t' git a few pints 'baout this durn'd trump'ry. I told my wife 't I'd strip the critter an' make it up my own way, but she's so tarnul 'fraid thet somebody'll know she hain't travel'd thet she wanted me t' pile right int' the 'hole shootin'-match an' sweat it aout till mornin'. I may be a leetle upstrop'lus', prob'ly I be, but I

told her 't I'd set up all night fust. So I jes' took the thing t' pieces an' looked a' thet feather-bed, an' show pillers in satin an' lace as if they was on dress parade. Then w'at did I come tew but thet consarn'd wage-shaped contrivunce; dunno w'at they call it but it looks so it was made t' trig a cart-wheel with! I tried t' lay daown on it but the more I laid daown the more I sot up."

This was too much for Mrs. Fletcher, who said:

"Naow, Miss Spencer, 'tain't no sech a thing 't I wanted him t' spile them harnsome satins an' laces! I wanted him t' sleep on the under pillers but he said they'd been used sence they was washed an' he wa'n't a'goin' t' sleep in linen arter nobody! Then he declar'd he'd send daown t' the office an' see w'at could be done 'baout it; so naow!"

I poured oil upon the troubled waters by telling them that our beds were of the same kind and that after having a good laugh over their constituents we arranged them to suit ourselves.

We were up and out early the next morning. The stores were very attractive. The dainty articles in leather and the chatelaine-bags in gold, silver and bead-work were finer than any that we had seen elsewhere. This was our last opportunity for shopping in Germany and we all invested in

more or less of the fascinating wares, either for ourselves or for our friends at home.

The cathedral, one of the monuments of Gothic architecture, is the principal structure and chief object of interest in Cologne. This church is especially rich in coloured glass windows. With its flying buttresses, gargoyles and graceful twin towers that pierce the blue of heaven, it is more beautiful than any other church that I have ever seen.

The St. Ursula Church is of interest to visitors. St. Ursula was an English nobleman's daughter who, with a band of virgins, made a pilgrimage to Rome. On their homeward way they stopped at Cologne, where they were murdered by Huns returning from the Battle of Catalaunian Fields where the decisive conflict took place between the Romans and these blood-thirsty Northmen. Cologne was taken by storm, the men were killed and the younger women and maidens were taken to the camp and distributed as booty among the soldiers. Rather than submit to this ignominious fate St. Ursula and her followers met their death at the hands of the infamous brutes. A life-size figure of the martyred saint, in alabaster, reclines upon a sarcophagus of marble, and a white dove, emblem of purity, sits at the foot.

A large and beautiful chapel in the southwest

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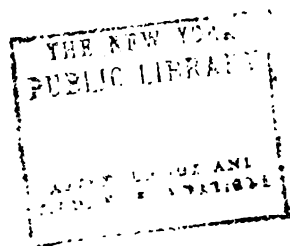
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COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.



corner of the sanctuary is called the "Golden Chamber." In this room there are hundreds of busts surmounted by skulls of the virgins who met their death with their sainted leader. Different bones, said to be those of St. Ursula, are in cabinets of gold and silver. The skull is in a glass case and her finger ring of gold set with a large ruby is in the same receptacle.

The most interesting article to be seen here is one of the six water-pots which were used at the marriage of Cana. It is of alabaster and is said to have been brought from the Holy Land by a knight who presented it to the city.

As we passed out from this chamber Mr. Fletcher turned to Mr. Carlton and said:

"Blam'd if I shouldn't like to know haow they could tell one woman's bones fr'm another w'en there was thaousands on um kill'd all t' once! W'y man alive! they look so they was turn'd aout by machin'ry an' all arter the same partern. Wa'al," he soliloquized. "Virgins is virgins, I s'pose, but I'll take mine a leetle more material like, fore they put off the mortal for immortality, if thet's w'at yer call it!"

It was at the Museum that we saw the life-size portrait of the beautiful Queen Louise, done by Richter. The outlines of her graceful figure are exquisitely drawn and the rich colouring of the

costume is in perfect harmony with her fair face.

Just opposite this embodiment of grace and beauty a large painting by Bendemann, "Die Trauernden Juden," attracts many admirers. It represents a family sitting upon the banks of the river Jordan. The father is in chains, one daughter stands beside him weeping and another has her head upon his knee as if to conceal her tears. The wife, with a babe in her arms, sits at one side. The crimson and Oriental blue of the garments are a joy to see.

In another apartment we came to a picture of real life in modern times which deeply impressed us. It represents a small room which serves both as the home and the work-shop. In the centre a shoemaker, frowning and apparently busy at his task, sits upon his bench. Near him his son, whose shock of golden hair falls carelessly over his forehead, is also at work. The old wife, in her gown of grey homespun and snow-white cap, is just behind her husband with one hand upon his shoulder, while with the other one she wipes away the silent tears that trickle down her wrinkled cheek. In the doorway, trembling like a frightened faun, stands the prodigal daughter whose pale, emaciated face wears an expression of anxiety lest she be turned away and disowned by those to

whom she has brought sorrow and disgrace. This is entitled "Vergieb uns unser Schuld" (forgive us our sins).

We spent a profitable afternoon at the Zoological Garden. Though the confinement of wild animals is necessary for the study of zoology it depresses me to see them in their imprisonment.

The large family of monkeys sported about like so many children at play and Mr. Fletcher was very much amused by their pranks. One, older and wiser than the others, snatched food from them and made good his escape to the topmost round of the cage. If they followed him he turned and cuffed their ears till they gladly retreated and left him to enjoy his tid-bit.

"There 'tis agin," remarked Mr. Fletcher. "A body hain't gut t' go fur t' see w'ere the present generation of grabbers git their nat'ral dispositions."

When we came to the lake where flamingoes were standing about in the shallows upon one foot, he said to the Professor:

"W'at did yer say them things be, flamingoes? Wa'al, I sh'd say flamingoes by the look uv them feathers. If they ain't sky-blue-pink then I dunno nothin' 'baout colour!" Turning to Mrs. Fletcher he continued: "Jes' look a' there, mother.

Don't thet beat yer di'mon dyes all t' smither-eens?"

The most charming of all places in Cologne, and where we spent our last evening in the city, is the "Flora." This is a magnificent horticultural garden abounding in graceful shade trees, fountains bordered by flowering shrubs and interspersed by marble nymphs and goddesses, and walks fringed with mignonette and sweet-breathed pinks.

Here, beneath the sheltering arms of mammoth trees, a large pavilion, with a canopy roof, accommodates the hundreds who gather at small tables; some to partake of a meal, others to drink their beer and listen to the music of a fine orchestra. Whole families come to spend an afternoon or an evening. It seems like one large family, yet each party has its own table and its own company.

CHAPTER X

HOLLAND

BETWEEN Cologne and Amsterdam we had a delightful ride of five hours. First we came to farms, spreading away to the hills on either hand, and as we neared the fens the uplands paled in the distance. Then we came to acres of heather dotted by small pines. We passed through broad fields where bucolic natives were hay-making, and hundreds of Holstein cattle, wearing their girdles of white, were grazing in the pastures hard by. It was just at sunset that we neared the famous city which stands as a monument to the stalwart Dutch people, whose genius and courage brought to completion its magnificent proportions.

Holland, like the shifting sands of the desert, is subject to perpetual diminution and to continual increase. On the one hand it is encroached upon by the sea; on the other it acquires new territory by "impoldering" and drainage. To all English-speaking people Holland must be of interest, for

in the history of its struggles for independence are found a partial record of the Anglo-Saxon race.

When we entered the hotel Mr. Fletcher exclaimed:

"Gee Whittiker! 'Nother Victory? She'n' her fo'ks must ha' been a good deal sot by over here for it's nothin' but Brittannis an' Victorys, fust one then t'other t' 'baout ev'ry place we've come tew! Care? No, I don't care as long as I git plenty uv grub an' a bed 't hain't gut t' be dress'd an' ondress'd ev'ry night an' mornin' same's a doll."

When a porter offered to relieve him of his hand-luggage he said:

"No yer don't! Yer make 'baout the ninety-ninth chap that's tried t' git away with my bags an' things sence I gut over here! They hain't done it an' I don't cal'late they will; not if I know myself!"

Upon reaching the lift it was with some reluctance that Mr. Fletcher stepped into it. The shaky affair no more than started before it stopped; again it started, again it came to a standstill. It was doubtful whether we should reach the second floor, to say nothing of going to the height of three stories, where our rooms were located. Mr. Fletcher remarked:

"I've heer'd uv beatin' the Dutch, but any

green-horn Yankee 't couldn't beat this bejiggered thing 'd better put his head t' soak! W'en we git t' the next floor, thet is, if we ever dew, I'll git aout. I'd ruther take my chances on shank's mare than on this infarnul thing thet's more likely t' drop a feller 'n 'tis t' lift him."

We found Amsterdam in the form of a circle which projects into the Zuyder Zee. The Professor said:

"The name signifies the 'dam or dyke of Amstel,' from a river so called which flows through the city. The site upon which the magnificent structures are erected, is the alluvial soil brought from the neighbouring country by inflowing streams. The beautiful heather took root therein and for centuries wasted the fragrance of its delicate blossoms on the desert air, but weary of this thankless task it finally died, leaving in place of its beauty a bed of peat that furnished fuel for the islanders. At the advent of prosperity this morass was pierced by millions of pines brought from neighbouring forests. Erasmus said, 'The Hollanders, like the crows, live on the tree-tops.'"

The places of worship throughout the city are in variety and with creeds many. The New Church, formerly called St. Katharine's, is the most famous one among them. It is here that all coronation ceremonies take place. The pulpit, the finest

in Holland, is the masterpiece of the celebrated Albert Vinkenbrink. When the Professor informed us of the fact Kindchen said:

"Oh! yes, it was completed in the year 1649, just a hundred years before Goethe was born."

As to the art in Amsterdam; who that has visited Ryksmuseum can forget the "Night Watch," by Rembrandt, or the "Banquet of Civic Guards," by Van der Helst? It was here that we saw a painting by Rubens which represents "Simon in Prison" taking nourishment from the breast of his daughter. A copy of this famous picture graced the walls of the old Boston Museum.

Every city, both at home and abroad, has a style peculiar to itself in manners, customs and fashions. Amsterdam is no exception to the rule. Here, many of the women still wear the ancient head-gear of silver and gilt. These ornaments have broad bands across the forehead and narrower ones that fit around the sides of the head. Mr. Fletcher commented:

"I should think they'd make good muzzles for dogs an' they wouldn't be bad to bile aigs in."

The Duchess called our attention to the mirrors attached to the outside of some of the windows that we passed; she said that they were for the

purpose of letting people see what goes on outside while they remain indoors. Then she said:

"If you see a pin-cushion hung on the door-knob of a house you may know that a new baby has just arrived. If the little stranger is a girl the cushion is either blue or white; if a boy a red one is displayed. At homes where the income does not admit of buying a cushion, a string, either of red or white, is tied to the knob. Mrs. Fletcher thought this a piece of extravagance on the part of the Dutch people and said:

"Jes' so fo'ks wouldn't know they'd gut 'nother young un whe'er they hung out a sign or not!"

To this her husband replied:

"They prob'ly don't know ev'rybody's businiss here the same 's they dew t' the Plains. There a feller can't go t' the village an' back 'thaout ev'rybody on the ro'd knowin' whe'er he bought m'llasses or t'backer, an' whe'er he paid cash or gut it on 'caount. Naow I don't s'pose these fo'ks over here know me fr'm a hole'n the graound, an' blam'd if I ain't glad they don't. It's kind uv refreshin' t' hev an idee come int' my head once in a while 'thaout somebody bobbin' up an sayin', 'Naow thet's jes' like yer father or jes' like yer Uncle Josh or some other relation thet yer never seen nor heer'd on!' Yes, I like travellin'

w'ere yer don't know nobody. Yer don't hev t' hear the women talkin' the parson's wife over, jes' haow many aigs she puts in a squash pie an' whe'er or no she scrapes the shells aout clean, or w'at time she gits her washin' aout uv a Monday mornin'!"

After Mr. Fletcher's remarks there was a lull in conversation. Finally the Princess said, in her unassuming way:

"I wonder how many ladies who make their New Year's calls are aware that they are following an old custom which originated with the Dutch? How many New Yorkers know that Hell Gate, where the Goddess of Liberty stands, was originally called Helle Gat, meaning Beautiful Pass? And how many lovers of the tulip's beautiful cup know that it received its name from its close resemblance to a Turkish turban, and that in Holland there are more than eighteen hundred varieties of that bright messenger of spring?"

It was a dull morning but we had faith to believe that the sun would break through and shine. So we were up and off for the isle of Marken. The procrastination of Amsterdamers is on a par with that of other foreigners and we had a full half-hour to wait at the boat landing. We whiled the time away by eating cherries and watching the ponderous arms of neighbouring

wind-mills as they slowly turned in mid-air. Kindchen, always ready with some bit of poetry apropos of the occasion, remarked:

“ If electricity, with its subtle force, continues to displace the wind-mills they will soon be inactive like the larks of which the poet says:

“ ‘ No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list’ning in mid-air suspend their wings.’ ”

This was our first sail on a canal and we found it a delight to wind in and out through green meadows where the handsome Holstein cattle were grazing. Some were looking wistfully into space, and others dreamily ruminated their freshly nipped cuds. We stopped now and again at some small landing, either to leave a passenger or to take packages to be carried to the next stopping place. Broek was finally reached and a quaint place, indeed, it is.

The streets are very narrow and immaculately clean. It is only a few years since horses and carriages have been allowed to pass through them. The dwellings, painted in bright colours, are very small, yet each one has its flower garden.

The Model Farm was our prospective point. Here, we were shown through a long stable with stalls and stanchions sufficient for a large herd of cattle. Everything was the perfection of neatness;

even the floor, covered with a sprinkling of white sand, was as clean as possible. We could hardly realize that a cow had ever looked into this building, still a member of the family told us that the cattle were kept there through the winter; another one informed us to the contrary. Mr. Fletcher said:

"I guess it's 'baout time for us t' dew as the woman done thet put more jedgment than lard int' her pie-crust. A leetle common sense, 'the rarest uv all sense,' as Ben Jonson or Thompson or w'atever his name was, call'd it, is a mighty convenient article for a Yankee t' hev 'long with him w'en he's travellin' in these furrin parts w'ere the bigger yarn fo'ks c'n tell the better it suits um." We all quite agreed with him.

Visitors from the New World, whose homes consist of large and well ventilated rooms, are surprised to see the small apartment in which a whole family live at the Model Farm. This room, not more than fifteen or sixteen feet square, adjoins the dairy. In the centre stands a round table with an old family Bible and several family portraits upon it. Three or four chairs and a long sofa complete the furnishings. You ask:

"Where do they sleep?"

To say truth, you could never imagine unless you have read of these homes or some one has

told you about them! At one side of the room two doors open into what seem to be closets and there the beds, one above the other, are built into the side of the house. Kindchen said:

"Let us hope the germ theory will never find its way out here!"

"Wa'al," adds Mr. Fletcher. "Yer may hope so but I cal'late t' put the young doctor t' the Plains on track uv this place. W'y, child alive, don't yer see this would be a great field for scientifics? They'd find more ge'ms an' bacteery'n yer could shake a stick at. Land! We hain't got nothin' like it in 'Meriky. It takes jes' sech dark corners as these for the propergander uv the infarnul plagues an' no daoubt they fust faound their way tew aour country by some uv the fo'ks thet's been over here pryin' raound same as we be. The' ain't no way uv tellin' w'ere they come fr'm, for ge'ms is ge'ms w'erever yer find um."

"Oh, no!" replied the Duchess. "You are mistaken about that, Mr. Fletcher. Why, did you never hear that each country has a germ peculiar to itself? Never did? Well, that is a fact which has been proven beyond a doubt." Trying to look very serious she continued: "In Germany they have Germs; in France they have Parasites and in the emerald isle they have Mikrobes!"

"Wa'al, wa'al," said Mr. Fletcher. "If thet don't beat all then I wouldn't say so!"

Upon returning to the boat luncheon was served. I don't remember what it consisted of but it goes without saying that it was fully appreciated. The anchor raised, we sailed on to the quaint town of Monnickendam. This was at one time among the most important places in Holland. The houses, though small, were very tidy and were of the same dark brown so much in favour at Amsterdam.

The Town Hall, surmounted by a campanile in the Spanish style, where a cavalcade of puppets come forth when the clock strikes, is the most noteworthy remnant of former prosperity.

The boat followed the canal around to the opposite side of the island where we again embarked and continued on our way to Marken. There the eye of the visitor is greeted with a novel sight. The inhabitants of the island, situated in the Zuyder Zee not more than twenty miles from Amsterdam, are typical of the fisher-folk who more than three centuries ago cast their nets along the shores of the great metropolis. They retain the same manners, customs and style of dress peculiar to their ancestors. The children, clad in gaudy colours, reminded me of so many butterflies. The costumes of the women and of

the little girls are in the same fashion; even their head-dress is the same.

The skirt, of a dark woollen material, is bound around the bottom with some bright colour, the waist, of light figured stuff, is partially covered by a garment which is neither bodice nor jacket, but similar to both. This is of figured material wrought either in gay coloured silk or worsted. A large roll stuffed with a heavy substance is attached to the waist-line of this sleeveless garment and gives unusual size to the hips.

As to the hair-dressing. The front is banged even with the eyebrows, while a long curl is allowed to hang at either side of the face. The back hair is closely cropped and covered by a variety of caps. First in order is a white muslin cap, next comes a bright one over which a lace one is worn, thus furnishing a border to the figured one and completing the regulation number.

The foot-wear consists of sabots (wooden shoes) which, upon entering the house, are left on the door-steps.

Some of the houses are open to visitors who gladly remunerate the occupants for the privilege of seeing the homes in which these people live.

The dwelling that we visited consisted of one room about fifteen or sixteen feet square. A table, two long benches, a chair or two and a

small stove about the size of a gas-stove were the only articles of furniture. The dark blue plates were arranged, side by side, around the walls, the cups, saucers and other articles for table use being kept in a small cupboard. The beds, constructed in the side of the room like those at Broek, were enclosed by doors hung on leather hinges and fastened by means of large wooden buttons. There were two beds in one of those compartments and one in the other. The buxom dame, mother of nine children, said:

“Tree uv de younguns sleeps in one bet an’ four in t’other one. The two little fellers sleeps wid me an’ the ol’ man.”

The inhabitants of Marken are fisher-folk and while the father of the family plies his trade the mother does the gardening, cares for the children and “ keeps the pot boiling.”

Those who have passed through the Netherlands without seeing these people have missed a memorable sight.

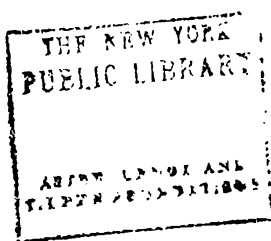
While travelling one finds at every hotel some feature that he especially notices. At the “ Victoria ” we were amused by the number of attendants who lined up in the corridor when we were about to leave. Every department was represented. There were porters, chambermaids, parlour-maids, wielders of the carving-knife, the



AMSTERDAM.



THE HAGUE.



diminutive lift boy and last, but not least in importance, "Boots," a burly Dutch youth with a wealth of flaxen hair. Each face wore an expression of anxiety lest we should depart without contributing the usual fee to their purses. "Boots," with a scathing look, caught up Mr. Fletcher's grip when his back was turned and placed upon the front of it a sticker that nearly covered the whole side. His wrath was appeased, however, when the Professor crossed the palm of each with a small coin.

"Strange, isn't it," said the Princess, "what magic there is in a bit of silver."

The ride from Amsterdam to The Hague consumes about an hour. When the conductor called out "Haarlem" Mr. Fletcher was instantly upon his feet.

"Hallum! Hallum!" he commented. "Why, ain't this the place w'ere the posey-seeds comes fr'm? Bate yer a quarter 'tis! I wish I could git aout an' look 'raound a leetle; p'raps I sh'd come 'cross the fellers thet send us the best seed in the market."

"No doubt you would," replied Kindchen. "You know it was here in Holland that people lost their heads over raising tulips, and some of them spent fortunes in the attempt to propagate a variety superior to those belonging to their

neighbours. If I remember correctly there was a law passed forbidding this rivalry which brought many a wealthy man to poverty."

When we came to Rotterdam Mr. Fletcher soliloquized:

"Lord deliver me fr'm a country with so many dam places. I sh'd think fo'ks would git so used to dammin' thet they'd be swearin' in their sleep."

"It was here that the author of 'Hans Pfaals' found his hero," said the Princess.

"Indeed, it was," said the Professor. "And what school-boy has not delighted in Hans' adventures in a balloon so vividly portrayed by Edgar Allan Poe? I see no remnant of the balloon, however, nor of the kittens that are said to have fallen from it. Perhaps some of these eccentric characters standing on the corners are Pfaals' creditors, who were remunerated by listening to his hair-breadth escapes."

Those sturdy men were evidently descendants of the early knights of the trawl who cast their nets along the shores when the coast was bordered by scrubby pines and fields of heather. Next we came to Leyden, the birthplace of Rembrandt, Jan Steen and Gerard Dou.

"Here," said the Professor, "is where the Pilgrims took refuge and the town from whence they sailed on the *Mayflower*."

Our next stop was at The Hague, the political capital of the Netherlands. The Professor said that at one time that part of the country was a hunting-seat for the counts of Holland; hence its name, The Hague, or in Dutch, der Haag, signifying hedge or enclosure.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, as we drove up to the Hotel des Indes. "Are we to stop at this famous hostelry?"

"Certainly," replied the Professor, and with an air of pride continued, "the best is none too good for my party!"

At the time of our visit the house was undergoing repairs and a large addition was nearing completion, therefore many of the rooms were not ready for use. This proved to the advantage of the Princess and myself, for the magnificent chamber occupied for a long time by President Kruger was assigned to us. We had slept in many handsomely furnished apartments during our travels, but this surpassed in elegance all others that we had seen.

Our feet sank into the soft texture of the carpet as if it were a bed of moss on a spongy morass, large chairs, divans, and ottomans with gilt frames were upholstered in rich brocade with delicate flowers on a groundwork of cream white. The writing-table, furnished with every necessary

article in pearl mounted with gold, stood in the centre of the room. The two brass beds, covered with exquisite lace lined with yellow satin, were luxuriously comfortable. The large chandelier, from which sparkling pendants were hanging, was like a mass of diamonds. Upon the mantel, beneath one of the mirrors, stood a French clock in alabaster decorated with gold. A miniature of Queen Wilhelmina, and two or three Sèvres vases completed the ornaments.

The wallpaper blended perfectly with the carpet and furnishings and to look at the ceiling while lying in bed was like taking a trip to fairyland. It showed a pale cream background ornamented with Cupids disporting themselves among a wealth of water-lilies.

The hangings of the casements that opened out upon window gardens of pink geraniums bordered by sweet alyssum, were delicate Brussels lace coming from beneath rich draperies of yellow satin brocade.

Our room was a nightly rendezvous for the Duchess and Kindchen, that is, when they had no engagement with Mr. Carlton and the Professor. Kindchen would sit and tell stories, similar to the "Arabian Nights" tales, by the hour. When we laughed at her flights of fancy she would say:

"This is just the place for the imaginative powers to be at their best. I have no doubt but the chamber of Scheherazade was similar to this one, except that the furniture of hers was of solid gold and the ornaments of precious stones. Why, you needn't be surprised if I have just such a palace as this one of these days. Stranger things than that have happened!"

"Yes," said the Duchess. "I can see you living in one at Cambridge when you settle down with your learned Professor."

"You can, can you? Don't be too sure of that, for there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught and they are not swimming up the noble Charles, either!"

To this the Princess said:

"I fancy that we should all be surprised if we could know what the future has in store for us."

"Well," said Kindchen, "I have studied palmistry somewhat, so suppose you let me see what Dame Fortune has planned for you."

Kindchen could assume a most serious expression upon occasion, so with all dignity she looked at the Princess's hand and said:

"You have a long life-line which seems to be nearly broken in two or three places. That may indicate that you had the measles unusually

hard or that you fell down stairs when an infant and barely escaped breaking your neck; in fact it may mean various incidents that are liable to occur in the life of any child. Yet the fact still remains that you will live long and be happy. Have you a good heart-line? I should say so. And, though it shows signs of having been tampered with, it is still unbroken. You laugh at the tales I have been weaving in fancy, but my dear lady," she continued, with the air of a fortune-teller, "I see something right here in your hand that will surpass them all. There is wealth; and better still, marriage with the man you love. Don't look so doubtful, that may spoil it all, for you know 'There nothing is but thinking makes it so.' I see other good things that I might mention but they will bring the more pleasure for not having been foretold. Then, too, it is getting late and I must run over the hand of the Duchess, who has seen fit to scorn the idea that I shall ever live in a palace." To the Duchess she said:

"No, my good lady, don't cross my palm with siller. You will need it some day, that is, if the lines of your hand tell true. Yes, you will live across the water. Now don't get excited, that may signify that your home will be in England, where I am sure you hope it to be; or if

by chance the handsome fur-dealer from Montreal happens around at an opportune time, you may settle on the westerly shore of Lake Champlain."

"Oh! aren't you horrid!" the Duchess exclaimed.

"Indeed I'm not. I am simply telling what I see in your hand; what else could I truthfully say? Very well! If you don't care to hear any more." Turning to me Kindchen said:

"Now, Miss Spencer, you have been so reticent about mentioning your love affairs that I am anxious to learn the little secrets which your palm will reveal."

"Oh, you are?" I asked. "Well, without any prevarication on my part, I will admit that my *affaires d'amour* have been of rather an unusual nature; so unusual, in fact, that they will require more time than we have at our disposal to-night. Therefore, the divulgence of them must necessarily be deferred till another sitting of the prophetess."

The Fletchers took but little interest in the hotel and its beautiful belongings. They spent much time in walking along the canal and in watching the wind-mills, seemingly fascinated by the gaunt arms reaching imploringly toward heaven. One day Mr. Fletcher said:

"Them's jes' like a tread-mill; for all they keep

a-goin' they don't 'pear t' git nowheres more'n a hoss does in a thrashin' machine."

"Yes," rejoined his wife, impatiently. "Them's jes' same's a woman dewin' haouse-work. For all she does it up one day it's the same thin' over the next day an' so on etarnully."

We greatly enjoyed the morning spent at Scheveningen. For a distance of three or four miles the shore is protected by a high embankment, which, like a conquering warrior, resists the impending foe. The beach, a great bathing place, is patrolled by sturdy men and women who upon occasion plunge into the surf and rescue any who are overcome and liable to drown. These women, in dark woollen suits with bright kerchiefs on their heads, are stalwart specimens of their kind. Their broad backs and buxom arms suggest their wonderful power of endurance.

At the Mauritshuis picture gallery we saw many fine paintings. The most famous, perhaps, was "The Young Bull," by Paul Potter. This represents a summer landscape with a hazy atmosphere lying over the surface of a lake in the distance. On the shore cattle and sheep are grazing. In the foreground a farmer, wearing an old slouched hat, leans against a fence, while his hand rests upon the trunk of a mammoth oak. Beneath the sheltering branches a cow, together

with a sheep and lamb, is lying, and at one side stands an old ram, looking very dignified with his curling horns that gracefully turn away from his forehead. At the other side a young Holstein bull ruminates his cud and seems well content with being monarch of all he surveys. A fly is represented as having lighted upon his white belt that is as smooth as glass where he has licked himself.

This painting delighted the eye of Mr. Fletcher. He exclaimed:

"Ain't thet caow a bute, mother? An' thet sheep'n' lamb ain't t' be sneezed at. An' if thet old ram don't feel his importance then I wouldn't say so. He's a Saouthdaown fast 'nough! Yer c'n tell thet by the length uv his wool. Yer can't take me in on sheep. I've summer'd an' winter'd um. I've hed all kinds on um, even t' the merinos with wool as fine as silk, but the' ain't nothin' thet comes up t' the real old-fashion'd Saouthdaown for growin' a good fair an' square fleece. Gee whiz! I don't blame a painter for makin' a picter uv thet bull. He sartin is a harnsome critter an' he'll make prime beef 'baout 'nother fall."

The "Poultry Yard," by Jan Steen, is a portrayal of hens, chickens and a cockerel strutting about in his shining coat. There are also ducks

and ducklings that look as if they might "quack, quack," at any moment.

"The Young Housekeeper," by Gerard Dou, brings early experiences to the mind of many an old housekeeper.

That the art of a country stands for the ideals of its people has been proven. That the poetry of every nation sings of the valour, religious inspiration and deeper sentiment of the people is equally true. Though the poetry of the Netherlands is less understood than that of France and Germany on account of the harshness of the language, many of her writers have contributed to the world sweet messages of loyalty, religious fervour and fond devotion.

Jacob Van Maerlant, born in Flanders in 1235, is honoured with the title of "father of the poets" of the Netherlands. I found nothing from him, however, which appealed to me.

Here I am running on about Dutch poetry and came near forgetting to mention our morning spent at "The House in the Woods." Though the Queen does not occupy this palace it is one of her estates. Situated in a beautiful park, it resembles the home of some English squire more than it does a royal residence. This was the birthplace of Napoleon Third, but what interested us more than that fact was to learn that the

first Peace Conference was held there. Though we were hurried on by the care-taker, who had the same story to relate to others already waiting, we reluctantly left this charming place.

The drive that leads to "The House in the Woods" is one of the chief delights of The Hague. This broad and beautiful road winds along through a deep forest. On either side a foot-path, with rustic seats at certain distances apart, is the trysting place for lovers. It is also a rendezvous for those who revel in the rhythmic notes of Nature.

It was our last day at The Hague and we had not been to Delft! This pleasure could not be foregone, so we were off on an electric launch which traverses the canal.

On one side there are pretty homes, each with its wind-mill slowly turning, or perhaps halting with one arm to the windward. Large herds of black and white cattle give another bit of colouring to the picture. Some, lying down and lazily chewing their cuds, are too sleepy to brush off the flies, while others stand in groups with their heads together as if whispering some secret. As usual, the "ranger" stands aloof with her head up, sniffing the air and looking across the canal as if to say:

"I am not content in this plot; the one across

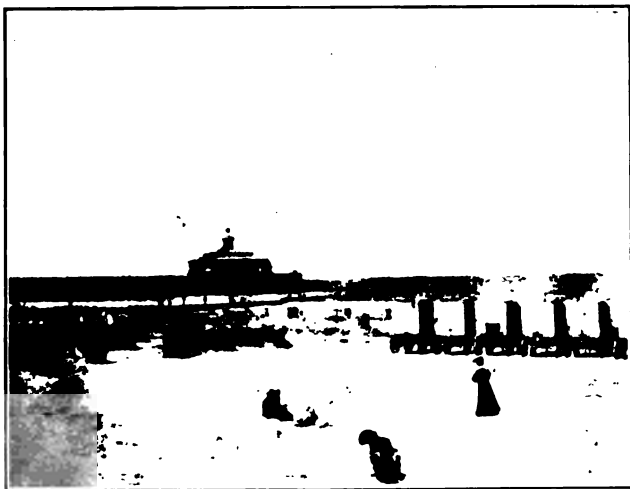
the way looks much fresher and I am sure the grass must be sweeter."

"There 'tis ag'in," says Mr. Fletcher, turning to his wife. "Ain't thet jes' like ol' Line? Yer can't keep her now'ers 'thaout a poke on! Put her in the medder w'ere the best fodder is an' durn'd if she's satisfied till she jumps int' the cabbage-patch! Human nater over agin! If yer should give some fo'ks the fust seat in heaven they'd be crannin' their necks 'raound t' see if the' wa'n't suthin' better."

When we reached Delft, home of the famous china, she was in holiday attire in honour of the Queen, who was expected the next day. The people love their beautiful sovereign, and though her young life is touched by unhappiness, her subjects are reticent about speaking of it to strangers.

The country-folk came in large numbers with baskets of flowers from their gardens, their faces beaming with joy at having something to contribute to the festal decorations. In the public square, bordered by stores, churches and the town hall, artistic designs were draped with bright coloured paper caught up with roses and other flowers made of the same delicate material. Long ropes of evergreen were festooned across the streets.

We tarried in Delft as long as our time allowed and the next day were off to Paris.



THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.




STREET SCENE, DELFT.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CHAPTER XI

PARIS

ICTOR HUGO says: "Paris is the synonym of Cosmos; Paris is Athens, Rome, Sybaris, Jerusalem and Pontin; all civilizations are found there abridged, but so are all barbarisms. To Paris there is no limit; it makes more than the laws, it sets the fashions. Its laugh is a crater of a volcano which bespatters the world, and its jokes are sparks of fire."

History tells us that long before the Christian era this city, then called Lutetia, or French Lutèce, was, by order of Cæsar, made the meeting place of deputies throughout Gaul. It then consisted of a small island in the Seine. Since, like an eagle spreading her wings to protect her young, it has reached out on either hand till the original outlines are nearly lost in the great metropolis that shelters more than three million souls.

The broad and beautiful streets, the fountains

whose waters bestrew the air with pearls, the fine statuary and noble arches and the charming parks, resplendent with bright flowers, are a delight.

The wheels of the lightning express came to a standstill and there we were in the midst of a throng moving hither and thither. With his usual alacrity the Professor hurried us into a bus and we were off for "The Normandy." We were scarcely seated when circulars came flying in at the windows, some bearing advertisements for toilet articles, confections and the like, and others for Pensions where visitors might be accommodated at less than half the price at a hotel. Others had pictures of dancing girls in gaudy attire, and the announcement of the time and place where they might be seen performing their cancons. Mr. Carlton and the Professor took no notice of the circulars, but when one fell into Mr. Fletcher's lap he read it carefully and said:

"Durn'd if I shouldn't like t' see um!"

Mrs. Fletcher, shocked at the thought of his witnessing such a performance, snatched the paper from him and tore it into shreds. She said:

"There, naow, Thomas Jerry, don't let me see no more uv yer weak-headedniss! Yer needn't begin readin' sech trash as thet jes' 'cause yer've



NORMANDY HOTEL.



RUE DE RIVOLI.

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gut t' this den uv 'niquity. Not by a long chalk be yer goin' t' fool yer time'n' money 'way on sech critters. Thet is, if I know myself, an' I guess I hain't lost all my nat'ral sense by takin' a sea-v'yge an' canterin' threw a few furrin countries so I was on a wild-geese chase."

While waiting in the reception-hall of the hotel for rooms to be assigned us, Mr. Fletcher gave a sudden start, and extended his hand to a man who seemed to be quite at home there. Mr. Fletcher was the first to speak. He exclaimed:

"Gerushi Spaviner! If yer ain't Sol Blumney fr'm Blumneyville then I'm a leetle off my base! W'at in the name uv the Northern Lights brung yer over here? I should as soon thought uv seein' St. Peter tew a hoss-race!"

"Yer wouldn't, would yer?" Mr. Blumney replied. "Wa'al, yer can't most allus tell w'at fo'ks'll dew next. I'm suthin' like a flea. W'en yer git yer finger on him ye're more'n likely t' find thet he ain't there. But, say, Fletcher, haow be yer? Ye're the last one thet I thought uv seein' in these furrin parts. Be yer here all by yer lonesome or hev yer gut yer better tew-thirds 'long with yer?"

"Nope, I ain't 'lone. There's Arabella, or my wife, settin' over there. She's the one with the false front on, but as she says, nobody'd ever

know it wa'n't her own hair if I'd keep my maouth shet. Come over'n I'll interduce yer tew her."

When Mr. Fletcher reached his wife he said to his friend:

"I'm more'n pleas'd t' hev the honour uv makin' yer 'quainted with my Arabella, the best woman on airth, leastways she's the best one I've ever hed."

"W'y, Mis' Fletcher," said Mr. Blumney, "glad t' see yer. Slick day this!"

Mr. Fletcher said, in an apologetic way:

"Naow, Blumney, I ain't up in all the fan-dangles uv perlite 'ciety but I guess I c'n tell yer 'nough, by an' large, 'baout these fo'ks so thet yer'll know um one from t'other. This fust gal thet ain't more'n knee-high t' a grasshopper is the one we call 'Kindchen,' dunno w'y, but the name seemed t' fit her like the daown on a duck's back. This one 't looks kind uv ser'us like is aour Princess, an' thet one with roses on her cheeks is the Duchess." Turning to me he said: "Land sakes, if I didn't come nigh forgittin' you, Miss Spencer!"

To Mr. Carlton he said:

"This is Mr. Solomon Uriah Blumney, one uv the pillars uv the Methodis' church in a nearby taown t' w're I live. He ain't only a pillar, he's the whole shootin' match; he gives more t' pay

the bills'n anybody else, an' blam'd if he don't lead the singin' w'en ol' knock-knee'd Smithers hes a spell uv inflewendwards. Yes, sir! My friend here has been hog-reeve an' s'lectman, an' he run for rep'sent'ive ten year or so. Sence then he's gut there 'thaout stirrin' aout uv his tracks. W'y, man alive! besides all thet he's gut rich in the milk business. Great Scott! Blum, keep off uv my corn-field. I hain't no idee uv sayin' nothin' 'baout thet ol' pump in your back room.

"Who's thet feller thet's flyin' raound like a hen with its head cut off? W'y, thet's the Perfesser 't we're travellin' with. He's the chap 't take yer raound! Jimminy! The' hain't nothin' happen'd to speak on, sence Adam cut his eye-teeth, thet he don't know 'baout. Land sakes! He c'n give yer pints 'baout the fust tree 't was planted in the Gard'n uv Eden, an' 'baout ev'ry thing else fr'm thet time on till next pres'dential 'lection!"

Mr. Carlton asked Mr. Blumney how he enjoyed travelling.

"I dunno," said he, "as I know jest w'at yer mean, but if crossin' the big pond in thet seasawin' ol' bo't is travellin' I mus' say thet I hain't gut no hankerin' for 'nother dose. I've heer'd fo'ks lāf 'baout maul-de-mare, an' feedin' the fishes but I never hed no idee w'at they meant till I

sot aout myself. Yer may not b'lieve it but I hedn't more'n gut my v'lise onpack'd an' my hat an' coat hung up w'en all to once the floor seem'd t' be cumin' right up int' my face, an' I'll be jiggered if the bed didn't start t' goin' raound and raound. W'en it was jest right, as I s'posed, I give a lunge for it, an' w'at d' yer think? I landed plumb ont' the floor! I know'd suthin' was wrong, but w'at, I couldn't tell. I took a dose uv Dr. Craig's Worm Sirup. Thet's w'at I allus turn tew w'en in daoubt. Then says I t' myself, says I, what's good for the inside is good for the aoutside an' I rubbed the rest uv it int' my back hair w'ere I hit my head on the consarn'd bunk. Dew any good? Wa'al, yer c'n jedge for yerself w'en I tell yer thet I wa'n't aout uv thet seven by nine room ag'in till the bo't was tackl'd t' the w'arf in Liverpool!"

Having received no mail since we left Amsterdam, we lost no time in going to the Thomas Cook office, where an abundance of it awaited us. The Princess examined her letters carefully and from the expression of disappointment on her face it was evident that the long looked for missive had not come. Kindchen and the Duchess were well remembered by their friends, and the Professor had an unusually large number of letters. While reading them he said:

"I hope the time will come when it will be compulsory for all letters to be typewritten. I am heartily sick of reading illegible hand-writing."

My mail was not heavy in bulk but what proved a timely addition to my monetary possessions came in the form of a check from my father.

Mr. Fletcher was delighted with his letter from the parson at the Plains, who again charged him not to miss the Venus of Milo.

"Miss thet Venus!" he said. "Not on yer life! Thet's hăf 't brung me over here. I sh'll call on her whe'er Milo's in or not!"

The Normandy Hotel at which we stopped is only two blocks from Rue de Rivoli.

"I s'pose it was nam'd thet 'cause it's so near the river," Mr. Fletcher remarked.

"Oh, no," said the Duchess. "It is so called from the name of a place where Napoleon gained one of his victories." She continued, saying:

"The Louvre, that building at the right, was the home of kings and queens till the palace at Versailles was erected. It was begun by Francis I, away back in 1541, and extended by his successors to the time of Louis XIV, who added the imposing east front with its elaborate Corinthian colonnade, five hundred and seventy feet in length."

"Holt on! holt on! My head is all uv a whirl!"

Mr. Fletcher exclaimed. "I might take thet in smaller doses, but t' hear 'baout fourteen Louis an' one Francis buildin' four hunderd and seventy collernades. Durn'd if I b'lieve it! Thet work wa'n't never done by no French swells dress'd up in silks an' satins same's I've seen um in pic-ters!"

When we neared the memorial to Gambetta, in a square, three sides of which are bordered by the Louvre, the Professor said:

"This was erected in memory of one who distinguished himself in 1870 by joining in the Proclamation of the Republic." As we came to the Tuileries the Princess said:

"One can scarcely realize that this beautiful park, bright with flowers, was once occupied by tile-kilns, and that later the home of the Duchess d'Angoulême, stood there." As we reached the Place de la Concorde the Duchess remarked:

"In spite of all this loveliness it makes me cringe to think that the beautiful Marie Antoinette and others of the nobility were beheaded here. That Egyptian obelisk was brought all the way from Luxor to mark the place of execution. It really seems as if these people take pride in their barbarisms."

Upon reaching the Champs Elysées Kindchen exclaimed:



GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.



ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"What a perfect paradise! And think of it! All this beauty is free for the public to enjoy. No wonder that this is the finest park in the world! Like pendants from a necklace of precious stones, the Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées each gives of its rare beauty."

The Princess said:

"Look at these graceful statues of white marble! They might be taken for guardian angels. And see that border of scarlet geraniums. I hope the spirit of Dickens is able to revisit the mundane sphere and revel in the abundant growth of his favourite flower. And these azaleas, pink and white, mingle their fragrance with the gentle breeze, while the bashful marguerite, with her petals still sparkling with the tears of night, shyly nods to the passer-by."

A drive through the Bois de Boulogne was restful after having spent many days about the city. The Professor said:

"This park contains more than two thousand acres and it goes without saying that it proves a rendezvous for lovers of nature. See how the tender saplings intertwine their branches beneath the larger trees; and these rustic seats afford resting places where the whisperings of love may be listened to without interruption."

"Wa'al," Mr. Fletcher replied, "this is all

right for them thet's gut prancin' hosses an' fine clo'es t' show off, an' for fellers thet hain't gut nowheres to pop the question only on the front steps, but give me the real nat'ral woods ev'ry time. There's w'ere a body gits as nigh heaven as he ever will this side uv Jordan. Think uv the pines on ol' Kinsman Maounting! I s'pose they've been singin' there sence the first furrer was turn'd over'n the Gardin uv Eden, an' haow much longer the Lord only knows. Then there's the beeches an' birches an' maples daown under the ridge. Their leaves turn all colours uv a rainbow ev'ry year 'fore the snow flies. I tell yer I like things w'at's gut the prints uv the Lord A'mighty's fingers right on um. 'Tain't on the tops uv trees 't they show most, guess not! Take a look daown t' the roots an' yer'll find harnsomer posies'n we've seen in any park. There's the little wind-flowers thet stick their noses acout the fust thing arter the snow begins t' melt off, some on um w'ite an' some on um pink; an' gold-thread with its leetle yeller flaowers. Ain't they purty though? An' think uv the columbines, or jacket-an-trousers as we use t' call um w'en I was a youngster, they're allus kind uv tremblin' like so they was 'fraid. Yes, siree! Them's w'at suits me an' I sha'n't be sorry w'en I git back tew um!"

One morning found us at the Luxembourg

Garden. This is another of the beautiful parks in which Paris abounds.

"It was here," said Kindchen, "that Cosette, the heroine of Victor Hugo's famous novel, first saw her lover, Marius. And how vividly the author portrays the slight, undeveloped girl who first attracted the young man by her devotion to one who appeared to be her father. Then too, how perfectly he describes the sly glances of Marius toward the maiden who, like a tender bud bursting forth, became a young woman. In fancy, I can see the handsome young student in his Sunday clothes with a book under his arm which he pretends to read."

"Yes," said the Princess. "And don't you remember how restless he was, sitting first in one place and then in another, and with each change coming a little nearer to the object of his affections? As steel is attracted to the magnet so Cosette was drawn to the fascinating young man. The electric spark called love, flashed from the dark eyes of Marius and was met by its complement from the blue eyes of Cosette. He ventured too near and, like a frightened faun, the bashful maid fled to a more secluded retreat."

The Luxembourg Museum contains many fine productions from living artists. The Princess called attention to "The Gleaners," by Breton.

A landscape with cattle, by Rosa Bonheur, attracted Mr. Fletcher and he seemed loath to leave it. The Duchess pointed to the "Dancing Girl," by Sargent, with considerable pride.

The "Consolation of the Virgin," by Bouguereau, is a touching scene. This portrays a young mother who brings her dead child to the Virgin and implores her to bring it back to life. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher stood as if spellbound before this painting and when they turned to go they each wiped away tears that stole down their cheeks.

Kindchen was delighted with the scenes at the Pantheon. Some of them portray incidents in the life of Joan of Arc. She said:

"I have read the story in German and it seems even more pathetic in that language than when told in English. I never could read the part where she bids adieu to her flocks and her native hills without weeping." When we were standing before the picture which represents an angel near the shepherdess, Mr. Fletcher remarked:

"Thet 'pears t' be purty fur fetch'd. We don't hev no spirits uv that kind naowdays."

Coming to the next one, which portrays her in armour, he exclaimed:

"Gee whiz! Wa'n't she the stuff though? Wa'n't 'fraid uv nothin'! Pity we don't hev more sech women naowdays. The' wouldn't

be so much golf-linksin' an' tennis-courtin' an' croquettin' goin' on!"

The third picture in the series represents the crowning of Charles the Seventh. Mr. Fletcher shook his fist and said:

"I should like t' knock thet feller so fur int' pectory thet he wouldn't hev no use for thet spotted cloak 'fore 'nother winter!"

Upon coming to the last painting, the one which depicts the young woman bound to a stake ready for execution, he said:

"There 'tis ag'in. The more onselfish a woman is the more abuse she gits. Looks like an angel, don't she though, with thet cross up to her lips? I tell yer w'at, the' must be suthin' in a religion thet stan's by like thet!"

We visited the old Palais Royal, which was erected by Richelieu. The fact that John Howard Paine wrote "Home Sweet Home" in one of the apartments of this structure makes it of special interest to Americans.

The Palais de Justice is another landmark, famous as having been the home of royalty. Like all royal residences built in early times, this has its Holy Chapel and prison cells.

"Oh! oh! what colouring!" exclaimed the Duchess, as we entered the Sainte-Chapelle, which is noted for its coloured glass windows. When

the Professor suggested going down into the cell once occupied by Marie Antoinette, Mr. Fletcher said to his wife:

“Naow, Arabella, yer ain’t in no ways equal t’ goin’ daown thet long pair uv stairs an’ climbin’ up agin! An’ ten t’ one it would set yer int’ one uv yer heart spells!”

Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Fletcher made no reply, but reaching into the depths of her petticoat-pocket she drew forth a bottle of white pellets and took two or three of them. Then with a defiant look on her face she said:

“I sh’ll go daown if yer dew! I ain’t a-goin’ t’ stay here in this pokey old place ’lone. Who knows but I should be whisk’d off t’ prison?”

We went down long flights of stairs and through narrow passages. Finally we came to the cell in which the beautiful Marie Antoinette spent the last months of her life under the watchful eye of her jailors. The Princess kept close to me as we went from this small apartment to the chapel where prisoners received their last communion. When the attendant pointed to the low arched doorway through which the condemned passed to execution, she said:

“I must leave this gruesome place or I shall faint.”

The guide pointed to a structure on the oppo-

site side of the court where other prisoners famous in history have been confined; among them Charlotte Corday, Marat's assassinator.

When the Grand Opera House in Paris was erected it was said to be the finest structure of the kind in the world. As we entered it Mr. Fletcher looked first to the right and then to the left, and stopping short he said:

"Naow, gals, take my advice an' don't try t' carry this buildin' off in yer note-books! Describe it! W'y, yer'd hev t' git books as thick as a choppin'-block an' a yard wide, an' it would take yer a month uv Sundays an' the holidays throw'd in!"

When we passed the monument that was erected in memory of the Revolution in 1830, the Professor said:

"This is the Column of July and the site upon which it stands was once occupied by the old Bastile."

One morning before the Professor had time to make plans for the day Kindchen suggested that we go to the Madeleine church and to Notre Dame. I was glad that the visit to these famous sanctuaries was not deferred longer lest something happen to prevent me from seeing them. The Professor remarked as we entered the Madeleine:

"One can scarcely conceive that this Greek

temple is more than three hundred feet in length and that it is nearly a hundred and fifty feet in width. It was erected by Napoleon First as a temple of victory. You will please notice the richly sculptured frieze; then, too, that colossal group of sculpture, which represents Christ as judge of the world, is a wonderful work of its kind."

At Notre Dame the Professor, in his most professorial way said:

"This edifice, four hundred and thirty-six feet in length, by one hundred and sixty-four in width, stands on the site once occupied by a temple to Jupiter, erected by the early Romans. The first stone in the present structure was laid by Charlemagne. The last one was laid by Philip Augustus. This, as you see, is in the Gothic style and has two tall square towers. There is an apse, a triforium and a clerestory."

Kindchen rejoined:

"Who can read Victor Hugo's 'Notre Dame' without seeing this church in every detail? In fancy, I see Quasimodo, the hunchback, crouching first in one corner and then in another. Why, I feel as if his ghost may appear at any moment, either hanging from some cornice or darting from behind the statue of some saint. I can see him watching Esmeralda, who dances like a fairy in the open square."

"I well remember her definition of love," said the Duchess. "She says, 'To be two, yet one; a man and a woman mingled into an angel; it is heaven.' " The Princess gave a deep sigh as she mused:

"I hope the apparition of Claude Frollo, the priest, won't come upon the scene. I think of him in his tower at midnight measuring out the minerals from which he hopes to produce the philosopher's stone. The most vivid picture is that of his stealthy entrance to Esmeralda's chamber. Fortunately she was guarded by the faithful Quasimodo who had delivered her from the executioners."

"Poor Esmeralda," said the Duchess. "Born in shame and then stolen by the gypsies. What could one expect of her? And to think that she should be arrested and condemned to death as a sorceress just because she earned her living by dancing and by exhibiting a white goat! But I remember of reading something more absurd even than that, in an account of provostry for 1466. It said that Gilbert Soubet and his sow were executed at Carbeil for their demerits; and Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire imposed severe punishment on fiery phantoms that saw fit to appear in the air."

On our way back to the hotel whom should we

meet but Mr. Blumney, Mr. Fletcher's acquaintance, walking with an attractive young woman. He was so absorbed in conversation that he did not see us. When he returned to the hotel, all out of breath, Mr. Fletcher said:

"Hie there! old gent! w'at yer been up tew? Gittin' consid'able sot up w'en yer don't know fo'ks thet yer meet on the ro'd."

Mr. Blumney was at his wit's end to know what he meant, but when the pretty girl was mentioned it dawned upon him that there might have been others out walking besides himself.

"Wa'al, Tom," he said. "I might's well make a clean breast on't. Yer see it was this way. I come 'crosst a nice lookin' young woman thet 'peared t' be daown on her luck. She was nigh 'baout cryin' an' w'en I ast her w'at the matter was, same's I would t' any onfortinit critter, she bust right aout an' cried like a baby. Thet broke me all up, an' I ast her if she didn't hev no fo'ks in taown. She said, 'No, I hain't gut a friend in the world.' Thet seem'd purty hard lines, Tom, right here w'ere fo'ks is comin' an' goin' in ev'ry direction. I walk'd 'long a piece with her an' look'd int' the store winders. She was interested in all the nice laces. A body'd know 't she come fr'm good stock by the way she took t' the harnsomet things an' 'peared t' know the prices on um! She

told me thet her father'n' mother was dead an' thet a lawyer cheated her aout uv the money they left her. She was so white thet I thought, 'pon my soul, she was goin' t' faint away. I felt kind uv sharkish myself so we went int' a rest-yer-ant an' hed a bite. We might ha' been there hăf an haour, more or less, an' w'at d'yer think? W'en I went t' pay the bill my spondulics was gone, all but a little change in my trousers pockit! I s'cused myself an' hurried home t' see if I didn't leave my wallet under the piller."

A mischievous twinkle came into Mr. Fletcher's eye as he asked Mr. Blumney what time it was. After some fumbling around he found that his watch, too, was missing. He stood as if riveted to the spot. The colour came and went in his face and finally he gathered himself and said:

"Tom, the' ain't no daoubt but I've been bamboozled this time. But say, don't blow on me for I sh'd never hear the last on it. Christopher Columbus! Ain't I lucky 't wa'n't yisterday mornin'? Then I hed 'baout a thaousand dollars, all told."

"Wa'al," replied Mr. Fletcher, "I cal'late yer've learnt a lesson. Yer won't be likely t' go huntin' up widders an' orfuns ag'in or be 'pintin' yerself presidunt uv any lend-a-hand s'cieties."

We counted it another bit of good fortune that we were in Paris during the three days' celebration which began the fourteenth of July. These holidays are the same to the French as the Fourth is to Americans. There are no explosives allowed, neither is there any confusion, but the days are one continuous round of merrymaking and the evenings are spent at places of amusement or in dancing upon the streets.

The Duchess and Kindchen came to our room one night after dinner and insisted that we all go out and watch the dancers. They accused the Princess and me of being altogether too prudish. They said:

"What is the use of being in Paris without the fun of seeing what Parisians do? Why!" said Kindchen, "you will both be regular mopes when you get home if you sit here every night coddling each other. There will be sufficient time to court morbidity in years to come. Make hay while the sun shines and then you won't mind if there is a rainy day now and again! Come on with us, just for a little fun; of course we don't think of going out unattended. Mr. Carlton and the Professor will accompany us."

Bunting, artistically festooned along on the buildings together with the floral decorations, gave another charm to the already beautiful city.

Some streets were given over to the dancers, and it was perfectly fascinating to watch the happy lads and lasses tripping the measures of a quadrille or whirling in a dizzy waltz. Before we knew it the Professor and the Duchess were taking a turn in a two-step. No sooner were they off than Mr. Carlton and Kindchen followed. The Princess and I were left to ourselves when who should appear on the scene but Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Blumney, arm in arm.

"Ho! ho!" said Mr. Fletcher. "Ain't this a leetle late for young gals t' be aout alone?"

"Why," said the Princess, "is this you, Mr. Fletcher?"

"Yes! yes! Me'n' my friend thought the' wouldn't be no harm'n seein' the sports as long's we didn't take no hand in um. P'raps 't will be jest as well if yer keep mum 'baout seein' us ol' fellers, for Arabella thinks thet I'm daown in the smokin' room. W'at she don't know won't injure her complexion."

"Say, wouldn't it be great fun to have a quadrille?" said Kindchen. "There are just four couples of us. It doesn't matter whether it is leap-year or not, I am going to take Mr. Blumney for my partner and Mr. Fletcher surely can't refuse to dance with the Duchess." Turning to the Professor and Mr. Carlton she said:

"I hope you gentlemen will see to it that the Princess and Miss Spencer have partners."

"What a flyaway you are, Kindchen," I said. "How do you know that the gentlemen care to dance?"

"Oh! I'm sure they do only they are too bashful to say so." Mr. Blumney said:

"Dunno's I've shook a huff sence I was a youngster, w'en Fletcher'n' me use t' go t' huskin's an' parin'-bees."

"Never mind," said the Duchess. "We can't let you off on any pretext whatever, so ladies balance to your partners!"

Before the first figure was half through both Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Blumney were panting for breath. Though the Professor enjoyed the sport, he knew that too much violent exercise might prove injurious to our phlegmatic elders and he suggested taking a little stroll. Mr. Fletcher touched Mr. Blumney on the shoulder and remarked:

"Naow, Blum, I let yer daown easy on the wid-ders an' qrfuns' businiss so yer better shaout the craowd."

"All right! All right! Nothin'd suit me better!"

The cafés were filled, the sidewalks were covered and hundreds of people were enjoying

themselves seated at tables out in the street. This was, indeed, a unique sight for Americans, but as we had already learned to follow the customs of whatever country we were in we sat down at the first unoccupied table.

As the boys would say, "Mr. Blumney done himself proud." Though Mr. Fletcher prided himself on his temperate habits he was prevailed upon to take a glass of wine, and that proved so refreshing that he decided to take another, and then that another still could do him no harm. He became unusually quiet and soon fell asleep.

"Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed Mr. Blumney. "This won't dew! Yer see he ain't use t' takin' nothin' uv the kind so he can't stan' it."

We were all anxious to shield Mr. Fletcher from being reprimanded by his wife, so we walked about with him till nearly midnight. That is not late in Paris for it is a veritable fact that midnight is just the shank of the evening there. The fresh air and the hilarity of the merrymakers brought Mr. Fletcher to himself again. He crept stealthily to his room and managed to get to bed without waking his wife.

While at breakfast the next morning it was with difficulty that we refrained from making any allusion to the previous evening.

While the gentlemen were enjoying their after-dinner smoke that night Mrs. Fletcher sat in the library with the young ladies. She was especially loquacious for her. She dwelt at length upon the crime in Paris, and gave us considerable motherly advice about going out alone. She said:

"Land sakes! I begun t' worrit 'bout Thomas Jerry las' night. Then says I t' myself, says I, 'the' ain't no use'n worritin', he'n Mr. Blumney is daown in the smokin'-room spinnin' their yarns, an' fore I know'd it I was asleep. Goodniss gracious! Yer couldn't hire Thomas Jerry t' go aout uv this haouse in the evenin' more'n yer could git him intew a lion's den. He's gut his ins an' his aouts as well's the rest on us, but galavantin' 'raound with women an' wine-bibbin' ain't 'mongst um. I smelt suthin' this mornin' thet seem'd like spirits uv some kind. W'en I took him to dew 'baout it he own'd right up an' said it must 'a' come fr'm a feller thet gut in late an' sot daown side uv him. I said, 'I'd keep desunt comp'ny if I was in your place if I hed t' shet myself up'n my room.' "

You can fancy the gale we had after Mrs. Fletcher left us to ourselves. We didn't realize how much confusion we were making till the parlour-maid came in, ostensibly to arrange the books on the centre table.



THE LOUVRE.



VERSAILLES.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

It is with pleasure that I recall the afternoon spent at Versailles. This palace is situated about eleven miles southwest of Paris, and is reached by trains which pass through Sèvres, home of the delicate china of that name. The structure, lacking the outlines of the French ideals, is plain to severity. The Professor said:

"This palace was erected by Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth and completed during the reign of Louis Philippe. This was the home of Marie Antoinette." Pointing to a window, he continued: "It was from this window that she looked out upon the infuriated mob. Terrified by the menacing looks of the throng, she escaped by a secret staircase and fled to Paris, whence she never returned."

When we came to the Hall of Battles, the walls of which are covered with mammoth paintings representing different stages of warfare, the Professor said:

"These portray the conflicts in which Napoleon was victorious; you will see no canvas bright with the carnage of Waterloo in this collection."

"This spacious apartment certainly is a fitting place to entertain royalty from other countries," remarked Mr. Carlton, "and I am told that the Hall of Mirrors is the finest room in existence."

If I mistake not it was here that King William of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor."

This palace is said to contain eighty rooms and from its huge proportions one might suppose it to have a hundred. The chamber of Marie Antoinette, in blue and gold, is in such perfect order and looks so habitable that one finds himself tiptoeing along as if she were, perhaps, in the next room and might appear at any moment.

We were surprised to find the sleeping apartment of Louis the Fourteenth so small. The hangings of the bed are of crimson velvet elaborately wrought with gold.

The gardens at Versailles are world-renowned for their monumental fountains decorated with groups of sculpture.

"Oh! these Parisian days! I would that I could hold them in abeyance, but like the pleasures of youth they pass all too soon," murmured the Princess.

"Wa'al," said Mr. Fletcher, "long 's yer can't holt on tew um yer might's well make the most on um while they're here. The Perfesser says thet we're goin' daown stream this arternoon so's t' see the taown fr'm the river. The taown may look all right but I ain't struck on the muddy water. 'Tain't much like ol' Ammernooosuck

with water as clear as a crystal an' ready t' drink 'thaout no strainin'."

Passing Billancourt on the right and several islands mid-stream we came to Bois de Boulogne on the right bank.

"Look," said the Duchess, "at those pretty villages on the opposite shore, and see how the rose-tinted clouds are mirrored upon the stream!"

"Yes," replied Kindchen. "And see the iridescent hues coming from beneath the purpling draperies that fringe the horizon. Why, the church spires of the city are becoming resplendent in golden sheen. Just look at the river. Like a chameleon, it is changing its sombre hues for those of a rainbow. It seems like a huge python seductively attracting victims into its toils."

At luncheon the following day the Professor asked:

"What do you think of taking a trip on the Seine in the opposite direction from which we went yesterday? The scenery is not as picturesque, but you will see the industrial sections and Ivry-sur-Seine."

We all agreed that another afternoon on the water would be ideal. Mr. Fletcher expressed his approval by saying:

"I should say we was insane if we didn't make the most uv an arternoon like this."

When we passed Ivry the Professor said:

"The forts here played an important part in the defence of Paris against the Germans in 1870 and '71, and also in the Communists' struggle in the second year."

When passing one of the mouths of the sewer the Duchess remarked:

"In fancy I see Jean Valjean emerging from the dark portals with the prostrate form of Marius on his shoulders and near at hand Threnedier watches him."

Returning, we passed the Morgue, situated on the river-bank. None of us cared to go in as we were not possessed of the morbid curiosity which leads hundreds to visit that charnel-house. The corpses lying there for identification are the remains of unfortunates who, weary of the struggle of life, seek refuge in the murky waters. The Princess said:

"This is the other side of life in every great city. Isn't it dreadful that while some are satiated with luxuries, others are battling for a mere existence? "

As we neared the burial-place of Napoleon, the Professor commented:

"Unlike the outcast buried in the potter's field without even a slab to mark his resting place, the man who caused more bloodshed for vain-

glory than any other one recorded on the pages of history, lies within this imposing sepulchre."

Kindchen added:

"I have always heard the name of Napoleon exalted, but I fail to appreciate his cold-blooded acts which were for his own glorification."

From the entrance of the tomb one is attracted by a magnificent altar on the opposite side.

"Yes," said the Duchess, "I should think he would require the prayers of all Christendom from now till doomsday."

A massive red marble sarcophagus in the crypt, some twenty feet in depth, gives sepulture to the famous warrior. Twelve white marble statues, commemorative of battles won by him, stand guard over his remains.

Of all the attractions in Paris nothing surpasses the art treasures of the Louvre. We went there again and again, with renewed interest at every visit. Among the most important figures in the hall of statuary are the "Winged Psyche," the "Venus of Milo" and "Diana of the Chase." When the Professor called attention to the "Venus of Milo," Mr. Fletcher exclaimed:

"Sho! 'Tain't nothin' but a marble figger 'thaout no arms, an' by the look uv her back I sh'd think it hed been broke tew er three

times! Guess I sh'll stan' it if I don't see Milo if he don't look no better'n she does."

At the landing of the staircase a huge stone in the shape of a ship's prow is surmounted by the "Winged Victory." Mrs. Fletcher turned to the Duchess and asked:

"Is thet a mare-maid?"

To pass on without making mention of some of the paintings would seem unappreciative. The Madonnas proved most interesting to the Princess. Kindchen and the Duchess found pleasure in comparing the merits of portraiture by different artists. Mr. Carlton admired the religious subjects while Mr. Fletcher and I revelled in the landscapes. Poor Mrs. Fletcher, absolutely satiated with sightseeing, evinced no special interest in what she termed "miles uv paint uv one kind or another."

Troyon's landscapes certainly are wonderful for their perfection of design and colour. One, that I was loath to leave, depicts a farmer, slowly plodding his homeward way, and with him are his oxen. One pair is beside him while the others dreamily saunter along in the rear. These animals are perfectly represented, their wide-spreading forelegs and dark hoofs, their broad chests, meek-looking eyes, short horns, shapely ears, the sloping curve of their backs, the high hip-bones,

the bushy tails, and even the breath of the creatures, in the midst of the twilight, is so perfectly pictured that one fancies he hears their respiration. Mr. Fletcher touched me on the shoulder and said:

"The' ain't no daoubt 'baout the breed uv them fellers. Thet colour comes fr'm the Jerseys an' them short horns fr'm the Durhams."

The farmer, clad in patched trousers, a loose blouse and an old broad-brimmed, slouched hat, carried a gourd in his hand. A peasant woman, leaning upon her hoe, may be seen in the distance. She, too, welcomes the season of rest and watches the setting sun while it covers the meadows with gold.

"Give me 'Une Matinee,' said the Duchess, "and Corot's dancing youths and maidens surpass your pictures of animals."

"I prefer the 'Gleaners' and the 'Angelus,'" Kindchen replied. "The brush of Millet as well as that of Corot was wielded by the French ideal." I said:

"Each one in itself is a delight and I wonder if you have noticed the difference of tone in the colouring? You see that landscape by Rousseau is unusually roseate, that one next to it has more blue than the others and so on, each artist seeming to have a style of colouring peculiar to himself."

On our coming to another collection of gems the Professor said:

"You must not fail to note this 'Madonna,' by Titian, this masterly portrayal of a 'Poor Boy' by Murillo, and the 'Girl with a Muff,' by Mme. Lebrun. Then there is 'Madame Recamier,' by David, and the portrait of a child, by Velasquez. To think of remembering all that you see here would be absurd, but it will always be a pleasure for you to recall some of the most famous productions."

Left to myself one evening, I gladly sought companionship among the books of the library. There I found wit and humour, a spirit of loyalty, sublime flights, tender pathos, and a well-spring of love expressed with richness born only in the heights of ideality in these French poems.

As we bade adieu to Paris the Professor said:

"The tales of destitution and famine caused by the invasion of the German army in 1870 and '71 are still remembered. From this subjugation Paris emerged almost dismantled of her dignity and, like Niobe, wept for the loss of her children; as the sun warms the great heart of Nature after the snows of winter melt away, so again returned the smile of prosperity to the city of the Seine."

"Yes," added the Princess. "And though

the Frenchman is called frivolous by his German cousins and scoffed at by his English neighbours for loving and respecting his mother, yet it is through the refined, cultured French people that Paris has assumed her present artistic beauty. As the weird strains of the baritone support and enrich the softer notes of the stringed instruments, so warfare wove the coarser fibres into the tapestry upon which this, the most magnificent city in the world, stands out a grand symphony composed of the real and ideal."

CHAPTER XII

THE CHATEAUX

IN going from Paris to Tours, a quaint old town in the Touraine district, we passed through Orleans. Tours has no chateaux within its domain, but the cathedral, erected in the thirteenth century, is an imposing structure. The Gothic architecture is set off by flying buttresses and noble twin towers. When some one spoke of the gargoyles, Mr. Fletcher said:

“Gargles! gargles! Is thet w’at yer call them cantankerous-lookin’ things? I’ll bate they ain’t nothin’ more nor less’n evil spirits thet’s been cast aout one time an’ another an’ gut stuck there on the eaves w’ile they was a-plannin’ up some other devilmunt.”

The Professor said:

“As we come to the graceful figures decorating the front entrance you will forget these grinning visages.”

Upon entering the church he called attention

to a beautiful tomb, with little angels at the head and foot, which is the burial-place of the children of Charles the Eighth.

From this interesting edifice we went to the tower of Charlemagne, which was erected in memory of his wife, more than a thousand years ago.

Near this ancient tower stands St. Martin's Church. Here, the sexton led the way down over a broad staircase to the sepulchre of the honoured saint. The floor and walls are tiled and the ceiling, of stone, is supported by groined arches. This apartment is dimly lighted by a lamp that never ceases to burn.

At St. Julian's Church we noted the clustered columns and richly coloured windows.

Tours was the birthplace of Balzac. Of course visitors go to see the house in which he was born and are interested in the monument erected in memory of this great writer of romance.

From Tours to Langeais it is two hours' ride by train. The chateau here is owned and occupied by Monsieur Siefried. The towers at the entrance stand like sentinels guarding the draw-bridge.

"This," said the Professor, "was closed in times of warfare by dropping the portcullis."

"I am thankful," remarked the Duchess as

we entered, " that the owner has not dismantled the apartments and refurnished with modern articles."

" If he had," said Kindchen, " these beautiful Gobelin tapestries would, no doubt, have been relegated to the attic, and these handsomely carved chests, filled with cast-off clothing, would be stowed away under the eaves."

The Princess spoke of the romance of Charles the Eighth and Anne of Brittany, which culminated in the marriage contract that was drawn up in 1491 in the great council hall of Langeais.

The Professor asked:

" Who can tell what two great events took place the following year? "

Kindchen, whose wits were never wool-gathering, immediately answered:

" Spain drove the Moors from Granada and America was discovered by Columbus." Mr. Carlton added:

" Charles the Eighth died in April, 1498, the same spring that Savonarola suffered martyrdom in Florence."

" I should think that Anne of Brittany lived on the corner of King Row and Easy Street," rejoined the Duchess. " According to the contract she was given the right to marry the next King

of France in case her husband died. This it seems he obligingly did, and she became the wife of Louis the Twelfth." Kindchen said:

"If Charles was as unattractive as historians picture him I don't imagine Anne spent much time mourning his loss. One really couldn't be so very much in love with a man who had large eyes that saw but weakly, an aquiline nose too large for his face, thick lips that were always apart and whose speech was slow and laboured."

As we entered the courtyard the Professor said:

"This vine-clad wall is the remains of a structure that was erected in the tenth century. The Black Prince, whose tomb you will see at Canterbury, lived here while making his campaign along the Loire."

In returning to Tours we saw the ruins of Cinq Mars nestled down among the trees upon a distant hill-top. Some one mentioned that this chateau was named for a youthful courtier who was beheaded at Lyons for conspiring against Cardinal Richelieu.

The train threaded its way over hill and dale, coming now and again to the river. In looking across from one bank to the other we seemed suspended in mid-air, so vividly were clouds and sky reflected in its meandering waters.

When the train stopped and Mr. Fletcher saw the name Tours on the station he exclaimed:

"This is the kind uv a taower for me, w're a body c'n set daown an' rest his face an' hands 'stid uv runnin' fr'm Dan t' Bersheeby an' all over the lot. I didn't care nothin' 'baout thet haouse thet we seen this arternoon. A lot uv ol' chairs an' trunks an' things thet look so they'd been through the wars. An' them beds! Jiminy! A body'd need a lahder t' git int' um. An' I wa'n't much took with the yarn 'baout thet woman 't hed a man homebly 'nough t' pull corn. An' as for the Black Prince, w'y, I jes' leves see w're a white one liv'd, thet is, if it was all the same t' the Perfesser!"

What a ride that was which we took the next morning in going from Tours to Azay-le-Rideau! We were about two hours in reaching the quaint little village. Having stopped at large hotels we had thus far avoided the unpleasant experiences related by many who travel through Europe with the thought of living as cheaply as possible. When we reached Azay Mr. Fletcher expressed himself as feeling "purty sharkish." The rest of us were in the same condition, though we might not have mentioned the fact. Walking up one narrow high-walled street and down another we finally came to what the inhabitants pointed out as a restaurant.

As we passed through the porch, where sat the habitues of the place, they cast "sheep's-eyes" at the girls and one of them had the impudence to wink at the Duchess.

A frousy-haired woman, with two or three children clinging to her skirts, led the way to the dining-room. The Professor remarked that, judging from the appearance of the landlady, we should have plenty of time to study the decorations of the room before luncheon would be ready.

Mrs. Fletcher was interested in the fantastic figures upon the beams overhead and her husband was equally attracted by the portrayal of a cock-fight that hung on the wall. Other incongruous pictures were those of battle-scenes. Kindchen remarked:

"I hope the viands will soon be forthcoming for I am getting as thin as a toothpick."

The waiter finally appeared and with many flourishes served us with potato salad. This was followed by small fish, which, as Mr. Fletcher remarked, "had seen their best days. As for the meat," he added, "let's fall tew an' eat it 'thaout askin' no questions, for the cook's sake."

A short walk and we were at the Chateau.

"This," said the Professor, "is in the style of the early Renaissance, untouched by the Italian influence of Primaticcio. The river upon which

it is situated is the Indre. These carp that you see dreamily floating in the shadow of the balcony, will, doubtless, be served on the table of the owner." Mr. Carlton said:

"That 'the beautiful is as useful as the useful and perhaps more so' must have been in the thought of Gilder Berthelot who erected this labyrinth of loveliness."

"And best of all," the Professor continued, "instead of being a monument to scenes of bloodshed, it is an art gallery, where we shall see the portraits of those who made the history of the larger chateaux."

The Princess exclaimed:

"Look at the tiling of the floor! It is like mosaics!"

"And is the carving upon this balustrade not beautiful?" asked the Duchess.

"Here we are," said Kindchen, "actually in the room of Francis the First. We may be sure of the fact from the salamander carved upon the mantel. That, as you know, was the badge of the artistic sovereign."

When we came to one of the guest chambers where hung the picture of Francis the First, Kindchen said:

"Look at his long nose, narrow brown eyes, and mouth curving at either corner. Hasn't he a satiri-



RUINS OF THE OLD CHATEAU OF LANGEAIS.



AZAY - LE - RIDEAU.

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cal expression? It seems incongruous that John Calvin, with his sombre face, should hang in the same room."

On coming to the salon we found a pleasant company. The sunny face of Marie Stuart, radiant with youth and happiness, was here, and the portrait of Charles the Ninth, taken in childhood, hung near it. The Princess remarked that one could hardly imagine this innocent child to have beneath his sweetness, a nature that led to the deplorable crimes which were perpetrated by him in later life.

"True," said Mr. Carlton. "But it would be too much to expect a lioness to bring forth lambs."

Anne of Austria, "showing the fairest hand and arm in France," greeted us. The changeful events of her life seemed to have left her beauty untouched. All ages of history looked down upon us from those panels.

In another guest chamber the beautiful Henriette of England looked benignly from the canvas, but she made no mention of having been driven into a remote corner of her kingdom to give birth to her last child, nor did she say a word of fleeing to France seventeen days later through fear of her rebellious people.

Near her is Mademoiselle de Montpensier, whose countenance is bright with the joy of youth.

One would never suspect her of having been self-willed, or of having the valour to lead armies in times of warfare. Scaling the walls of Orleans was one of the most daring acts of this handsome young French woman. In contrast to her the stately figure of Madame de Maintenon impressed us with her dignity.

"This gathering of famous characters," said the Professor, "whose voices never mingled beneath the same roof, is all that is left us to speak of the dead past. Each face tells its own story, whether good or bad, grave or gay."

Another chateau, some ten miles from Azay-le-Rideau, the name of which my note-book fails to give, was the next to claim our attention. It is charmingly situated near the junction of the Indre and the Loire. Large cypress trees shelter the roadway that winds along the hill-side. The chapel, noted for its richly coloured windows, was built in the sixteenth century. The gargoyles, projecting from the coving, represent human faces.

"Just look at these antlers of deer and elk," said Mr. Carlton, as we entered the chateau.

"Gorry!" exclaimed Mr. Fletcher. "Wouldn't I like a pair on um t' take home? Don't 'spose they sell um, dew they? "

When the others stepped into the salon to

see the pictures Mr. Fletcher said in an undertone:

"Blam'd if I hain't hed 'nough uv them durn'd things. Yer see one an' yer see um all. I'm a-goin' t' take a turn 'raound the field an' see if I c'n find the barn. I'll bate they've gut some number one hosses here. Course I wouldn't swap ol' Jim for the hull lot uv um but it's well 'nough t' see um jes' same."

He was out of sight before the Professor had time to tell him that visitors were not allowed about the grounds. Mrs. Fletcher was the first to discover his absence and the wail of distress that she sent up at the thought of his having been kidnapped was sufficient to call forth the dead whose portraits decorate the walls. She was no more excited than the care-taker, whose orders were not to allow any member of a party to remain outside while others were inspecting the interior of the chateau. It certainly did look dubious till after an absence of fifteen or twenty minutes, the Professor came in with Mr. Fletcher, who, as usual after one of his escapades, was panting for breath.

He had been pursued, from the hill-top to the river-bank and back to the height again, by a bull-dog that alternated his barking with gritting his teeth in a vicious manner. The canine had

torn the hem from the right leg of Mr. Fletcher's trousers and it was hanging by a thread. This was too much for his wife, and without waiting for any explanation she began to upbraid her husband. She said:

" I sh'll be glad w'en I git yer landed in 'Meriky, for no knowin' w'at yer'll dew next! Ye're gittin' fooler 'n' fooler ev'ry day! I dunno whe'er it's in the climit or if it's yer nat'ral pr'ensities croppin' aout. Bless yer! The fust yer know yer'll be shut up in an iron cage same as Dryfuse was, an' I dunno but 't would serve yer right! "

By this time Mr. Fletcher had sufficiently recovered himself to say:

" Ara — Arabella! If ye've gut any feelin' for yerself, holt on. If yer don't, no matter w'at happens in the futer yer won't hev a word left t' say! "

In passing through the room of Louis the Fourteenth the Princess said:

" Here again we see the crimson hangings like those in the other palaces which he occupied."

We found so much of interest that we lingered till sunset. We left the chateau just as the last shimmering rays pierced the cypress trees with shafts of gold.

Upon reaching the railway station Mr. Fletcher

found, to his dismay, that he had lost his pocket-book. It would be useless to describe the scene that followed and it goes without saying that Mrs. Fletcher was ready with words suited to the occasion.

When making ready to leave Tours the Professor said:

"This is one of the times when automobiles will prove the best means of conveyance."

The Fletchers had never ridden in what they termed a "flying devil." Mr. Fletcher had considerable anxiety about making the venture, but his wife laughed and said:

"W'y! all a body's gut t' dew is t' set still an' the merchine does the work."

"All right," said Mr. Fletcher. "I guess I'm eq'l tew it if you be!"

Our chauffeur, well knowing his business, started out slowly. It was delightful and all went well till he increased the speed. Then the Fletchers began to remonstrate with him for fast driving. Without understanding a word of English he took their gesticulations to mean that they wished to go faster, so, leaning forward till he and his goggles seemed a part of the machine, he let on full power and we just flew over the ground. Now and again we passed a clump of trees that were no more than sighted before they

were lost in the distance. All the while Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were trying to rise to their feet ready to jump, but failing in the attempt, Mr. Fletcher began to pray. He had gotten no farther than saying,

"Lord, forgive all my leetle measly sins thet ain't wuth mentionin' an' as many uv the bigger ones as yer c'n in yer wise jedgmunt overlook," when Mrs. Fletcher exclaimed:

"There goes yer hat! Yer 'nough sight better be tendin' t' things nigh tew'n to be pratin' to the Lord w'en there's so much rackit thet ten t' one he can't hear a word yer say! No. The ain't no use in goin' back. Prob'ly it's in the top uv a tree. 'A bird in the hand is better'n tew in the bush' an' I guess it's 'baout so with hats, least ways it 'pears t' be in this case."

A sudden turn, a short run, and we came to a stop. The driver called out, "Chenonceaux!"

We were greeted by a pleasant little French woman who lived in the lodge. This structure, which consists of but one room, is a picturesque bit that would please the eye of an artist. Nestled down beside the waters of the moat, it resembles a doll-house. The interior is decorated with bright pictures of rustic scenes, the floor is red brick and the crackling logs burning on the hearth are suggestive of good cheer. At one side of the

door a bed of pink geraniums give a touch of colour and from the other side comes the fragrant breath of tea-roses.

The custodian finally arrived, the rusty bolt receded and the ponderous gate swung back on its creaking hinges. We passed up the broad avenue bordered by mammoth trees and left our footprints in the same dust that was trod centuries ago by Marie Stuart, the fascinating Diana de Poitiers, the cruel Catherine de Medici and no end of conceited courtiers.

A long row of stables flanked the right and at the left, the terraced garden, constructed by the fair Diana, greets the eye. From the raised courtyard at one corner, rises a detached tower.

"This," said the Professor, "is the oldest part of the chateau. The main structure, with its symmetrical proportions and graceful tower, owes its beauty to Catherine Briconét, while the wing across the river was erected by Catherine de Medici. In early times a Roman villa occupied this site."

The vine-clad slopes creeping down to the water's edge, and the trees interlacing their branches along the border of the Cher, make a unique setting for one of the most beautiful dwellings ever fashioned by man. In giving a description of it one author says:

"Tourelles come from massive walls at points where they cease to suggest the flanking towers which they replace. Every turret, every pinnacle is crowned with some fantastic ornament; and the angles at which gables jut forth here and there from pierced and carved work, are selected with the intention of misleading the eye. The heavy crowns surmounting the larger towers thrust through the ornaments that flame about them and bring a sense of order into troubled places, even where every element of design seems absent."

Upon entering, the Professor said:

"You will see that the interior, with its halls, corridors and ante-rooms multiplying mysteriously, is no less remarkable than the outside."

"And this is the dining-room," said the Duchess. "What beautifully carved furniture! And to think of every square of the tiling in the floor having a different figure upon it!"

We all enjoyed the richly coloured windows in the chapel. The gentlemen were especially interested in the billiard-room, which is finished in gold and white. Kindchen and the Duchess were delighted with the inlaid cabinets in the next apartment, and the Princess stood enraptured before a Madonna in bronze. Beside this hung a portrait of Marie de Medici.

It was here that Marie Stuart and her husband,



CHENONCEAUX.



CHAUMONT.

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Francis the Second, spent their early married life. We cannot wonder at the crimes committed by the Scottish queen when we consider the evil influence with which she was surrounded at the French court.

"Here at Chenonceaux," the Professor said, "the atmosphere is more domestic than warlike and the attempt at fortification only adds to its picturesque style. The rich decorations of the room of Francis the First, the pictured faces along the gallery walls and the flashing light from the Cher all impress one with a sense of beauty and will leave him with pleasant memories."

By the time we were ready to resume our journey Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher had sufficiently regained their composure to rather enjoy riding in the automobile. We bowled along near the banks of the river and were soon at Chaumont, the name of which signifies, mountain of flame. Our courier said:

"This is another royal residence once occupied by Diana de Poitiers and Catherine de Medici. In former times this was an outpost of the Counts of Blois. The first castle erected here was destroyed in one of the wars with Henry Plantagenet. It was here that Henry the Second met Thomas à Becket for the last time before the archbishop was murdered."

"Though this structure is not to be compared with Chenonceaux," remarked Mr. Carlton. "It certainly is an imposing pile and delightfully situated. The towers at the entrance are noble structures that add to the grandeur of the edifice, and this one which extends down to the river-bank must have been a quiet retreat for the weary heads of royalty."

I noted the porcupine, the badge of Louis Twelfth, as we came through the wing that joins the entrance tower. Passing through the *salle des gardes*, hung with tapestries and having fire-dogs of wrought iron, we came to the room of Diana de Poitiers. When the Princess saw the portrait of this famous woman she exclaimed:

"What a passionless countenance! Still she seems to be looking down upon the three crescents with the royal 'H' which shines in the tiling of the floor."

In the chamber of Catherine de Medici, with its ancient bed and old prie-dieu (praying-desk), we were charmed with the beautiful tapestries wrought in old rose and pink. These portray knights and ladies playing upon mandolins. The background represents a stream flowing through green fields where children are disporting themselves among wild flowers.

"And now," said the Professor, "we come

to the apartment occupied by the astrologer who guided the movements of Catherine by his divination of the stars. This is known as the "Chambre de Ruggieri."

As we were leaving Chaumont a coach arrived with other visitors. When it passed us a young man looked out inquiringly. The Princess caught sight of his face and came near fainting. Mrs. Fletcher brought forth her smelling-salts and said:

"It's 'nough to make a body faint seein' so many uv these everlastin' hair-looms! I wonder she hain't been took sick afore this. I sh'll be glad for one t' git back w'ere I c'n see suthin' thet's been made within the last sent'ry, an' thet hain't been passed daown fr'm one fambly uv ghosts tew another."

We reached Blois in time for luncheon. The Princess was unusually quiet and scarcely tasted her food. When we were ready to start for Chambord she complained of headache and declined to accompany us. The question arose in my mind as to whether she really felt ill or did she hope, perchance, to see the young man at the sight of whom she had been overcome?

In going to Chambord we passed through the little village of Cheverny. Here we visited another interesting chateau, more modern than the others. This massive stone edifice, erected in the

sixteenth century, is conspicuous against the green shrubbery. I well remember the scorching that we got while waiting in the mid-day sun for the custodian to appear. When we entered the grand salon the Professor pointed to a portrait and said:

"This is the Comte de Cheverny, Councillor of France in the reign of Henry Fourth. This portrait opposite is the Countess and this picture which resembles a Scotch woman is their daughter."

In another room, furnished with carved mahogany, and tapestries of ancient design, hangs a portrait of Catherine of Aragon, wearing a cardinal robe with low neck and elbow sleeves.

This brought to mind the play of "Henry the Eighth," in which Ellen Terry so beautifully enacted the character of Catherine, who was divorced by the King that Anne Boleyn might take her place. Who that ever saw that death scene can forget it?

Here we saw another life-size painting of Anne of Austria.

"This," said the Professor, "is the room of Henry Fourth, and here is his beautifully carved praying-desk." Turning to a great chest, he continued, "This was used for the wedding trousseau of Margaret of Valois."



CHEVERNY.



CHAMBORD.

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In the apartment where implements of warfare are displayed we saw a tapestry that represents the "Rape of Helen of Troy." The fair dame is portrayed as being carried away by Paris. Penelope and Ulysses are portrayed upon another of these exquisite hangings. The furniture in this apartment is upholstered in needlework done by the women of the chateau.

The marble staircase is a wonderful piece of carving which represents a procession of human figures, together with animals and various heraldic emblems. Panels in the gallery and dining-room are decorated with scenes from "Don Quixote." Two hat-trees constructed of antlers are suggestive of large game and successful huntsmen. Off again at breakneck speed, we soon reached Chambord.

"That Francis First hunted wild boar here would be doubted by the visitor of to-day," said the Professor, "as the former hunting-ground has been depleted of its forests, leaving only scattering trees. This chateau is the largest of them all and as we came into closer proximity its turrets and towers assumed proportions in harmony with the massive structure that has been called 'a wilderness of stone.'"

"I am told," said Mr. Carlton, "that there are four hundred and forty rooms and fifty-two staircases in the chateau."

"Yes," replied the Professor. "And it is here that we shall see the famous spiral staircase, built by Francis First. It has been compared to two corkscrews, one within the other."

The donjon whence rises this unique structure has a large fire-place in each of three sides. The immensity of this stately hall is suggestive of the large companies that assembled here. One can well imagine Louis Fourteenth sitting by the hearth, solemn and bored during the performance of some play that displeased him, or perhaps smiling at a favourite courtier. When Mr. Fletcher heard the Professor mention Francis First as the builder of the staircase he said,

"I'll bate he throw'd up his hat w'en the last stun was laid! He couldn't 'a' gut a wink uv sleep while thet gimlet-shaped thing was squirmin' raound in his head!"

With the exception of a portrait of some famous character, seen now and again, the rooms are unfurnished and cheerless. The roof of Chambord is one of the chief attractions and here one is impressed by massive chimneys that assume monumental proportions, and lanterns that extend into towers, till he loses sight of the charming landscape.

Looking back upon Chambord with its pinnacles and spires resplendent in the golden sunset, we

were more deeply impressed with its grandeur than when our footsteps resounded within its spectral halls.

Some compare this chateau to the castles described in the "Arabian Nights." Henry James speaks of it as "an irresponsible, insoluble labyrinth." Michelet attributes the strangeness of the plan of Chambord to the state of mind in which Francis First returned from prison in Madrid. Mrs. Mark Patterson points out the danger of criticizing the chateau as it is at present.

"Robbed," says the writer, "by the mighty labours of Louis Fourteenth, weakened by the eight inspiring years at the hand of Stanislaus Leczinski and mutilated by Marshal Saxe, the Chambord which we go from Blois to visit is not the Chambord of Francis First. The broad foundations and hanging arches which rose from the moat, no longer impress the eye. The truncated mass squats ignobly upon the turf, the waters of the moat are gone, gone are the deep embankments crowned with pierced balustrades, gone is the no longer needed bridge with its guardian lions."

I had heard of flying machines but had never thought to be carried with such rapidity as we were in returning to Blois. A distance of twelve miles was made in less than twenty minutes. In

passing through small villages we feared lest some child might be injured, but the little ones, like the hens and chickens, recognized the sound of the snorting monster and gave it the right of way. Upon reaching the crowded streets of the city an officer called a halt and from thence we proceeded moderately.

The following morning found us at the Chateau Blois. When seen from the town the wing of Francis First is conspicuous. The entrance is at the left of the wing and is reached by a winding terrace that leads to a moss-grown square. An equestrian statue of Louis Twelfth surmounts the portal. A badge which represents the porcupine is beneath. This was taken from the shield worn by his father at Agincourt.

The first structure through which we passed was erected by Louis Twelfth, whose coat-of-arms is emblazoned with the porcupine. The next one adjoining was erected by order of Louis Ninth, in the thirteenth century. Then we came to the wing constructed by Francis First. The salamander, his badge of heraldry, is carved on the blocks of marble on the front and is also found in the other decorations. The spiral staircase here has curves identical with those of a sea-shell. The architect must have been a man of unusual imagination who studied beauty in

nature that he might transfer it to his handicraft. When we reached the salon of honour Kindchen exclaimed:

"What a marvel of beauty this mantel is! Look at the frieze across the top, in which sea-shells are represented as being held by Cupids!"

When we came to the apartments of Catherine de Medici, the Professor called attention to the panels opening from the library into secret closets.

Upon entering the room where the Duke of Guise was murdered the attendant gave a thrilling account of the incident and of crimes committed by different members of royalty who lived at the chateau. Mr. Fletcher was deeply interested in this dramatic rehearsal, and turning to the woman, he said:

"It must ha' been tryin' t' yer narves t' seen sech goin's on, but then I s'pose yer gut use tew it. They say 't a body c'n git use t' most anything. Blam'd if I b'lieve it though, for the more uv these blood-and-thunder stories I hear the more I congrat'late myself thet this is the last shatter daown on aour it-i-nit-ery." "

We were charmed with the splendour of these dwellings once occupied by kings and queens, but shocked at the infamous crimes perpetrated within their walls. In spite of this, months might

be profitably spent among the chateaux. They stand as monuments to those who lived in an age of wealth and luxury that ceased to exist when the Republic assumed the right to manage affairs of state in France.

CHAPTER XIII

FROM PARIS TO LONDON

PARIS, in its picturesque beauty, was delightful, and the Touraine district, rich in chateaux, was both enjoyable and instructive, but with all, we were glad to be on our way to Old England. The morning that we left Paris for Calais was all that could be desired. We passed through charming rustic scenes. Red roses were blushing and smiling through the tears of night that still clung to their petals. Homes of the peasantry gave another charm to the landscape; sloping roofs, low windows with simple draperies, vine-clad porches where rosy-cheeked children played, all gave evidence of thrift and happiness. This rural life was much enjoyed by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who, in his book entitled, "France and England in Comparison," well portrayed it.

In Boulogne we came to a most unattractive locality. On the left small scrub-pines grow in abundance, while a barren stretch of country,

resembling sand-hills, reaches out on the right. Mr. Fletcher said:

"This must be the desert uv Sara thet the Bible tells 'baout. Jiminy! The ain't fodder 'nough t' keep a good siz'd grasshopper, an' as for the haouses, they're as scase as hen's teeth!"

Upon reaching Calais the Professor said:

"This was once a place of great strength, but it would be unable to defend itself against modern artillery." Much to his disappointment he was unable to continue the detailed historical account of the place, as the boat for Dover was about to leave her moorings.

After considerable creaking of ropes we set sail. Who is there that has not heard more or less about the English Channel which separates John Bull from his not altogether congenial neighbours? Upon this channel some twenty miles wide, many battles have been fought and much blood shed. Still these waters, as smooth as those of an inland sea, tell no tales of warfare nor do they even whisper of the cross-current that flows beneath. The passage was apparently smooth the day we crossed, yet a certain indescribable motion caused some to go below and others to turn slightly pale. If this mantle of shimmering blue were in Germany authors would have ghosts and goblins sufficient to fill the pages of many novels. They



ON THE WAY TO CANTERBURY.



AN ENGLISH HEDGE.

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JAN 17 1971
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COMMERCE
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ANALYSIS

would tell of those who lie buried beneath the stream and who, to avenge their wrongs, haunt the shores by night. The chalk cliffs of Dover would assume the figures of spectres in ghostly apparel. Sailors would withdraw to the cabin in fear and vessels would drift upon the reefs and be dashed to pieces, as in Schiller's legend.

As our broad acres are inhabited by people from every land the American is surprised to see two countries, each inhabited by those who speak a different language and who are as unlike as possible, separated by this narrow waterway. One can scarcely imagine the feeling at leaving romantic France and its artistic people and landing upon English shores. The Anglo-Saxon, of whatever station in life, impresses one with his superior insular airs, his practicality and his puritanical notions.

Dover (the ancient Dubris) is situated on the opposite shore southeast of Calais and the chalk cliffs are the first object to greet the eye as one approaches the shore.

The ride to Canterbury was through a pleasant country where, on either hand, cattle and sheep were grazing. This was our first glimpse of English hedges. These carefully pruned thickets serve to separate estates and also give a decorative appearance to the landscape.

Truth to say, though we had committed no misdemeanour, we spent our first night at Canterbury in the "County House." It is a quaint old place, thoroughly English, even to the bar-maids, who look as innocent as Botticelli's *Madonnas*. These plebeian maidens wear clothing more attractive than that of the other servants. A short, dark skirt, a white waist and a bright bodice complete the costume. The hair is fashioned *à l'Anglais*, a pug worn low at the back of the head.

How did I know about bar-maids? The tap-room, a necessary appendage to most inns throughout the British Isles, is usually in a conspicuous place near the dining-room. There is no privacy in the matter and selling liquor to the guests is as legitimate as furnishing them with food. We saw nothing on the Continent, however, so perfectly shocking to Mr. Fletcher as the sight of these young girls dealing out beer, whiskey, gin and brandy with as much nonchalance as though it were ginger-ale.

"I don't feel right," said Mr. Fletcher to Mr. Carlton. "Stayin' in a place w'ere the's sech goin's-on." Pointing to one of the girls, he said, in an undertone, "Jes' look uv thet purty face. I don't s'pose it's more'n fourteen er fifteen year sence she cum int' the world, a little snivellin'

baby. Naow look uv 'er behind the bar sellin' thet devil-begut stuff 't makes men int' brutes. 'Tain't only the sons uv other fo'ks thet is ruin'd by it, but with ev'ry glass the gal sells a spot comes onto her soul an' 'fore long it'll be all spots an' her soul will be lost. Mix dirt with the purest water'n the world an' it'll be mud."

"Why," said Mr. Carlton, "I have lived in England all my life and have known of barmaids who became faithful wives and devoted mothers!"

"I s'pose there's 'ceptions," said Mr. Fletcher, "but yer needn't tell me 't a body's mind ain't purty nigh on a level with them 't they 'sociate with, an' hain't we been told, on the best 'thority, thet 'as a man thinks so is he?'"

I am not sure how long this moralizing would have continued if the Professor had not appeared on the scene and said:

"Though London is the largest city in the world, Canterbury is noted for occupying the site upon which once stood the Roman city Durovernum. Roads from three Kentish harbours converged here into the great military way, later called Watling Street." Mr. Carlton added:

"The history of the cathedral begins in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. The

ground upon which it stands was once the site of a Roman basilica, where possibly the story of the cross was preached long before the coming of Augustine. Christianity disappeared in Kent and it was to a heathen country that Pope Gregory sent his mission. A story which is, no doubt, familiar to you all, says that when but a young deacon, Gregory noted the bodies, fair faces and golden hair of youths who stood bound in the market-place at Rome. I venture to tell the old story once more. 'From what country do these slaves come?' he asked the trader who bought them. 'They are Angles,' the slave dealer replied. The deacon's pity veiled itself in poetic humour. 'Non Angli sed angeli' he said (with faces so angel like). 'From what country come they?' 'They come,' said the merchant, 'from Deire.' 'Deire' was the untranslatable word in reply. 'Aye, plucked from God's wrath and called to Christ's mercy! And what is the name of their king?' 'Aella' they told him, and Gregory seized upon the words as of good omen and said, 'Alleluia shall be sung in Aella's land.' It was in the latter part of the sixth century that Augustine landed in Kent and began the conversion of the king and his people."

This church is most impressive when seen from the southeast. The western twin towers, one

hundred and thirty-five feet in height, and the central one a hundred feet taller than these, stand out with imposing grandeur against the depth of blue. The front of the southwest porch is elaborately decorated with marble statues of saints and apostles standing beneath beautifully wrought tabernacle work. The interior, a description of which the Princess found in a treatise on English cathedrals, is equally attractive. A wealth of ivy tenderly clings to the Norman portals of the baptistery. Here we saw the tomb of the Black Prince, which memorial is a huge sarcophagus upon which lies the armour of the famous Edward. An enclosure of iron bars protects it from the vandalism of relic hunters.

"In historic interest," said the Professor, "this cathedral has few rivals, and in its association with famous Englishmen it stands first. What thrilling scenes are recalled by mention of only a few of the names; Augustine, Anselm, Langton, the Black Prince and Cranmer. But it is Thomas à Becket of London of whom we think when visiting Canterbury. After Becket's canonization as St. Thomas of Canterbury, thousands of pilgrims journeyed to his shrine. Miracles were said to have been wrought at his grave and in the crypt and at the well in which his garments were washed. A pilgrimage to Canterbury became not

only a religious exercise but a fashionable summer excursion."

The poet Chaucer has admirably described one of these companies, which consisted of doctors, lawyers, a knight, priests and nuns, together with many trades-people. The exact dress and the customs of each class of society are accurately pictured. In 1538 the shrine was destroyed and the bones of St. Thomas were burned by order of Henry the Eighth.

Somewhat more than half a mile from the cathedral stands the quaint old church of St. Martin. This picturesque structure, with ivy-mantled towers and ancient walls, is the oldest relic of British Christianity in the land. It was here that, in 597, Augustine found the Saxon Queen Bertha attending service under the ministry of Luidhard, a French bishop. King Ethelbert gave the missionaries liberty to preach the gospel and finally becoming converted, was baptized in the church where his wife worshipped.

Following the path we came to the west door. Here one may touch with reverence the walls built in the days of the Roman occupation, when the light of Christianity broke forth on the realm of pagan darkness.

It was there that we saw a hole through the wall of the church which is called "the squint."

This, the verger told us, was for those to look through and listen to the preaching, who had committed some crime that debarred them from entering the sanctuary. Since then I have read that it was for the use of lepers who by the nature of their disease were denied admission. The font is a noteworthy structure which consists of twenty-two separate blocks of marble fitted together by cunning workmanship.

Ten thousand pilgrims come annually to visit this glorious record of early Christianity, which is at once a monument of missionary effort and a memorial of the most ancient form of church building. Silent, solemn and grand it has stood, for thirteen centuries, a living witness of the great truth.

Kindchen said:

"I wonder what streets David Copperfield passed through when he came here with his aunt, Betsey Trotwood. And wouldn't it be amusing to see the inhabitants point out the house of Mr. Wickfield and of Uriah Heep?"

"I think it would be more interesting," said the Duchess, "to see the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and the twins stopped."

It was through a charming country that we passed in going from Canterbury to London. The precipitous heights of Italy, covered with

vineyards, are inspiring, the parti-coloured fields of Germany are charming, the green meadows of Holland are peaceful, but the English fields bordered by carefully pruned hedges and dotted with graceful elms, are a delight to the traveller's eye. Then, too, he is soothed by the breath of pale green hops with aroma like that of the poppy.

CHAPTER XIV

LONDON



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS says:
"London is so manifold that it would be desirable, if one could, to see it in a sort of severalty, and take it in the successive strata of its unfathomable interest."

He also says: "Beyond this suggestion I should like to offer a warning, and this is, that no matter with what devoted passion the American lover of London approach her, he must not hope for an exclusive possession of her heart. If she is unsurpassably the most interesting, the most fascinating of all cities that ever were, let him be sure that he is not the first to find it out. It is not for nothing that poets, novelists, historians and antiquaries have been born in England for ages; and not a palm's breadth of her sky, not a foot of her earth, not a stone or brick of her myriad wall-spaces but has been fondly noted, studied, and cherished in prose and celebrated in verse."

When as a child I read of this great metropolis it seemed as far distant as Mars and as inaccessible. The old magician, Time, who spins the warp and woof of destiny, works wonders. Lo and behold, one summer day I, unpretentious Ruth Spencer, actually stepped down from the train at Charing Cross. I pinched myself to make sure that I was not dreaming when the porter called out "London!" But such a different city from the one that I had pictured!

History tells us that it was brought into existence by a handful of sturdy Britons who built their fortifications upon a spongy morass. In fancy, I could see the Gauls coming up the Thames in their quaint skiffs, bringing weapons, clothing and ornaments which they exchanged with the Britons for skins and slaves. Then, too, I could see the barges slowly creeping along the shores laden with vegetables, meat, fish, grain and liquor. I thought of the suffering of the people when by invading Picts, Scots, and Saxons their supplies were cut off. They said:

"What is the use of marble baths and silken hangings, tessellated pavements and pictures, and books and statuary if there is no food to be had though we bid for it all the pictures in our houses?"

"The city," the Professor told us, "then called Augusta, became deserted and soon fell into

decay. Thus it was found by the Saxons and Danes, who rebuilt this chief metropolis of the world."

To return to what I was saying about our arrival in London, we had just stepped out of the train when a piping voice was heard to say,

"Ah! good morning, Professor! This is an unexpected pleasure, to meet you and your party again. If I mistake not my friend mentioned that you were at the same hotel with him in Paris."

This was the woman that we met in Venice and who proved so annoying to Kindchen and the Duchess and who took such a dislike to Mr. Fletcher. Instead of wearing her habiliments of woe she was dressed in the latest Parisian fashion.

A suit of pale blue with Eton jacket and clinging skirt was set off by French heeled boots and a picture hat that sat jauntily upon a pompadour and dark coils piled high upon her head. With plenty of cosmetics and a touch of rouge on her cheeks she really might have been taken for a girl of twenty. Fortunately, Time had dealt kindly with her figure and her waist-line was not more than an inch higher than the regulation mark. That didn't matter, however, as the empire style was just coming in.

Who was this companion of whom she spoke? Truth to say, it was none other than the philosophical Mr. Blumney, who, after wisely managing affairs of town and state, and accumulating a fortune, and having withstood the seductive charms of many a country lass, had at first sight fallen desperately in love with the "Woman in Black." Seeing her in widow's weeds proved so painful to him that she immediately abandoned them for bright colours.

When Mr. Blumney came out, bringing her wraps, umbrellas, and what not of packages and bags, he was somewhat chagrined at seeing us. No doubt he would have gladly escaped to some remote corner of the station had it been possible. My Lady, on the contrary, was in such ecstasy with her good fortune that she lost no time in telling me, confidentially, that the wedding day was already set.

"Just think of it," said Kindchen after they left us. "It is only a month since we left Mr. Blumney at 'The Normandy' with no thought of becoming a benedict!"

"Thet don't make no diffunce," said Mr. Fletcher. "Time an' tide don't wait for no man an' it's 'baout the same with widders w'en they find one with plenty uv spondulix!"

When Mr. Fletcher saw all the busses and street

cars decorated with advertising sheets in bright colours he exclaimed:

"Great Scott! W'at kind uv a show is this? It must be 't they're cel'bratin' 'cause we've come. But land! The taown would look 'nough sight better 'thaout sech trimmin's on the wagins. Look there naow. If thet ain't imprunce then I wouldn't say so. Drivin' reght long side uv us with a sign 't says 'Uneeda Biscuit.' I cal'late thet a cake uv Pear's soap'll be 'baout the fust thing 't I sh'll need arter we git w'ere we're goin' t' tie up."

When we came to Trafalgar Square some one spoke of the Nelson Monument. Mr. Fletcher craned his neck till he got a good view of the figure, then turning to the Duchess, he said:

"Gorry! He must ha' clumb a good many greas'd poles 'fore he tackled thet one. Yer don't s'pose he stays up there nights an' Sundays, dew yer?" Mrs. Fletcher gave him a nudge with her elbow which silenced him and just then we came to Morley's Hotel.

The Professor lost no time in going to Cook's Agency for the mail that had been accumulating since we left Paris. As usual, we were well remembered. Among the letters for the Princess there was one post-marked Paris. When she broke the seal and began to read she turned deathly

pale, but the colour came slowly back to her cheeks and she made some excuse to go to her room. It was not till we were alone that she told me this letter was from Howard Garland, her betrothed, who, as he said, had been vainly seeking her for weeks. She read a portion of it to me. Mr. Garland said:

“ I have sought you by day and dreamed of you by night. I have reached place after place to find that you had been there and gone; no one could tell me where. When crossing the Grand Canal at Venice I saw you in a gondola which was going at top-speed toward the railway station. I offered my boatman a month's wages if he would turn back, but no, there were others on board as insistent upon reaching the Adriatic Queen as I was in my desire to turn from her. Two weeks later the boat upon which you went from Bellaggio had just left her moorings when I reached the wharf. Imagine my feelings at being thwarted at every turn. Again at Chateau Chaumont, whose face did I see if it were not yours? Upon returning to Paris I find that your party has just left 'The Normandy' for England. On the supposition that you will stop in London I send this letter hap-hazard, hoping against hope that it may reach you. I can scarcely wait to tell you the singular incident by

which I found myself freed from the taint of crime, and again tell you that I am yours if you will accept me after all that has happened."

The Princess took more interest in sight-seeing after she received this letter, but she had suffered too much to forget the pain at once. Then, without knowing the facts, she was doubtful lest her lover had been deceived. Some days she was grave and thoughtful, others she was seemingly happy.

At the Morley Hotel we had an unobstructed view of Trafalgar Square and the fine equestrian statues near the fountain. Mr. Fletcher never tired of studying these figures. He rose early each morning to see the policeman on his rounds waking the homeless ones who slept out in the park, which operation deeply touched Mr. Fletcher's kind heart. One day he remarked that there was no need of lectures on race suicide as there were already more people than could be housed.

One morning I looked out just as the officer was waking a boy who had slept in an old packing-box that chanced to be left on the sidewalk. The lad rubbed his eyes and looked about as if he scarcely knew where he was. It seemed a pity to wake him, as perhaps he was dreaming of happier scenes. It might have been of a father around whose knee he had played, or of his gentle

mother who taught him to lisp the evening prayer, or of a fair-haired sister or a sturdy little brother left in some distant land. If, as Don Quixote says, "he dines who sleeps," surely these poor outcasts should have in abundance that which is denied to many a crowned head.

The day following our arrival was Sunday and despite the rain that came down in showers we attended morning service at Westminster Abbey. There were at least five rectors, bishops or whatever they are called, who took part in reading the prayers and responses. The choir consisted of some fifty boys who sang gloriously. The older ones wore white surplices over their black suits; the younger ones were clad in scarlet with broad white collars, but the striking colour of their garments was concealed beneath surplices during the service.

"Westminster Abbey," said the Professor, "is more imposing than St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Mark's at Venice, or even the Milan Cathedral with its two thousand marble statues. This noble sanctuary for the living and sepulchre for the dead must be seen many times to be fully appreciated. The magnificent chapels erected by different kings and the innumerable marble statues on every hand are bewildering at first."

It was like finding one's self in a large com-

pany of strangers; in order to appreciate the worth of each he must become familiar with all. It is here that coronations of kings and queens have taken place since the time of Edward the Confessor. Here, in the same apartment, lie the remains of Queen Elizabeth and those of Mary Stuart.

While standing beside the memorial of the unfortunate Mary I saw her, in fancy, a sweet and lovable child, reared in the lap of luxury. Then I saw her at Chenonceaux the girl-wife of Francis the Second, I heard the storm beating against the Scottish coast when she returned to her native land, and again, at Edinburgh Castle, I saw her the mother of a little son. Then came the horrible scene of Holy Rood Palace, where Rizzio was murdered. But the most pathetic scene in the life of this woman, more sinned against than sinning, was that of her meeting with Elizabeth whom she implored to spare her life. Who can wonder that the walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre constantly reecho with sighs of sympathy heard at the grave of her rival?

"One of the most imposing monuments here," said Mr. Carlton, "is that of William Gladstone. It is a stately figure of pure white marble; the graceful folds of the garments are beautifully wrought and the countenance is so faithfully

portrayed that the noble soul of the 'Grand Old Man' seems to shine through the features and light up the inflexible material."

It delights the hearts of Americans to see their beloved Longfellow in the poet's corner.

"This abbey," said the Professor, as we entered the Jerusalem Chamber, "was once the church of a Benedictine monastery, of which this room is the principal remains. It was here that both the Old and the New Testaments were revised. It was here also that Henry the Fourth died in 1423, on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land. Then, too, it was in this room that the magnificent banquet was given to the French ambassador in 1624, on the conclusion of the negotiations for the marriage of Princess Henriette of France with Charles the First, then Prince of Wales."

A description of the memorials at Westminster would consume too much time. Suffice it that so much which is noblest and best is represented there that it is sometimes called "Hall of the Gods." The great divine, Jeremy Taylor, says of this structure:

"Man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever was preached, if he shall but enter the sepulchre of kings. There, the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle

their dust and lay down their symbol of majesty; and tell all the world that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts easier, and our pains, as our crowns shall be less."

Volumes might be written about the churches of London. As the names of some commemorate facts of history and others are dedicated to different saints it is not remarkable that their appellations seem odd to the stranger. One of the most ancient and most interesting landmarks in London is a church on Fleet Street, bearing the name of St. Dunstan. It was here that the wife of Governor Bradford of Plymouth and several of the early emigrants were baptized; among them Master Willoughby, who established the shipyard at Charlestown, Massachusetts.

The morning that we started out for St. Paul's the Fletchers were not to be seen. When the Duchess went back and asked Mrs. Fletcher if they were going with us, she said:

"No! I ain't a-goin' t' wear myself aout on no more meetin'-haouses. I've seen so many on um naow 't it turns my stumick t' hear the bells ring. Seein' Merdonnas by the hunderd an' saints by the thaousand, specially them 't is stanin' raound on picks an' pinnuckles lookin' as though they didn't hev a friend on airth an' the Lord hated um, gits on my narves!"

We found St. Paul's very interesting. The old St. Paul's that stood on the site which the present one occupies, was not a place of worship only, but was also a meeting-place where people came to transact business. The broad middle aisle, or "Paul's Walk," was bordered with tables where learned scribes wrote letters for those requiring their services.

This sanctuary is the burial-place of many British worthies; among them may be seen the names of Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Millais and many others.

The remains of Wellington lie here in a huge sarcophagus wrought from a single piece of Cornish porphyry. The mortal parts of the noble Nelson were consigned to a coffin made from the mast of the French ship "*Orient*," taken at the battle of the Nile. The attendant half-chanted in a kind of sing-song tone: "This was deposited in a sarcophagus made by Cardinal Wolsey and intended for the burial of King Henry the Eighth."

Besant says:

"Let your vision of London under the Plantagenets be that of a city all spires and towers, great churches and stately convents with nobles' houses as great and splendid as Crosby Hall, scattered all about the city within the walls and



NELSON'S MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

RECEIVED
JUN 10 1964
U.S. AIR FORCE
OFFICE OF THE
JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
WASHINGTON, D.C.

RECEIVED
JUN 10 1964
U.S. AIR FORCE
OFFICE OF THE
JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
WASHINGTON, D.C.

lining the river-bank from Ludgate to Westminster."

"In the fifteenth century," said the Professor, "the wealth of London was obvious in the immense town houses where nobles sheltered their followers. The Earl of Warwick, called the King Maker, never came to London without at least five hundred men wearing his colours, all of whom had to be accommodated in the town house."

"Venice and Genoa had their palaces," said Mr. Carlton. "But London had in addition the town houses of all the nobles in the land."

The weather was unusually propitious during our stay, and although sometimes a slight shower came at night the days were exceptionally fine. One morning after one of these night rains we took the subway train for the Tower. I had seen pictures of this relic of barbarism, but had never dreamed of the awful sensation that took possession of me upon entering the enclosure and its buildings.

At the entrance we were compelled to leave every article which we did not wear. The attendant, though courteous, scrutinized us so closely that it was a question whether the ladies would not have to divest themselves of their traveller's pockets beneath their skirts.

Mr. Carlton was disappointed in not being able to take his camera inside the gates. He acquiesced in the rules, but upon coming out he thrust his kodak between the bars of the enclosure and got a fine picture of the Tower.

Once inside, we passed the guards, one after another. These custodians, striking specimens of humanity, are called "Beef-Eaters," to which I would add "and Beer-Drinkers." Their corpulency and florid faces would certainly suggest both appellations. The costumes worn by them are indeed unique. The trousers are of a deep blue material; to add to the ungainly proportion of the wearer the coats have a plain waist with a full skirt attached that reaches nearly to the knees and which is trimmed with narrow bands of red braid. The hat has a straight brim and a low crown around which there is a band of red. The Professor said that this style prevailed as far back as the time of Henry the Eighth.

Each of these men proudly wear several medals which have been awarded them for service done in the army. When Mr. Fletcher saw them stationed at certain distances apart he said:

"Gee Whittiker! W'at be them, tin soldiers?" The Professor said,

"Sh, sh, be careful how you speak! Those are the 'Beef-Eaters.'" Mr. Fletcher hesitated a

moment, and then taking his wife by the arm, he said:

"Come, mother, I guess the ain't nothin' wuth seein' here; we'll wait aoutside for the rest uv the fo'ks."

"Oh, no!" said the Professor. "You mustn't miss seeing the Tower now that you are here."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Fletcher, "s'pose we might 's well take aour chances, but if I'd a know'd thet we was goin' t' be show'd raound by these scare-crows I'd ha' staid t' home."

The Professor, never failing in his duty, proceeded to relate historical facts. He said:

"The Tower of London was erected by William the Conqueror. It was the King's Palace and the King's prison. It was the key to London and who held the Tower held the city. Hither were brought all state-prisoners; here they were confined; here they were executed. Every wall and every stone therein whispers of the sufferings and the tortures inflicted upon criminals and innocent victims."

Here we saw the Crown jewels. The King's crown is of royal purple velvet and nearly covered with diamonds interspersed with rubies, emeralds and sapphires of immense size. The sword of Henry the Fourth is among the treasures. This

is of gold and decorated from hilt to point with precious stones.

We passed out to the "Green," where, however, no blade of grass ever ventures to grow. A stone marks the spot where the scaffold used to stand. The "creeps" went down my back when the guide, like an automaton, called off the names of those who had been executed there. No doubt he sometimes wearies of the same old stories and adds a bit here and there to suit his fancy.

When returning to the hotel we stopped at the Bank of England. In the courtyard there stood a very tall, serious-looking individual whose business it was to direct people to whatever department of the institution they wished to visit. The costume of this personage was most striking. It consisted of a long, bright red robe that reached nearly to the ground, trimmed with bronze gimp put on in stripes across the sleeves and down the sides. A broad black velvet collar with a long point in front completed the embellishments of the garment. A tall black silk hat was worn upon his head. Kindchen remarked that he must be the reincarnation of Faust.

When we came to Goldsmith's grave Mr. Fletcher said:

"Wonder if he b'long'd to the fambly uv Goldsmiths w'ere I gut my specks mended t'other

day? Guess he didn't for if he charg'd tew shillin's for ev'ry ten minits' work he done he wouldn't be layin' here 'thaout nothin' but a common ev'ry-day stun to his head!"

"This gentleman," said the Professor, "wrote the beautiful poem 'The Deserted Village,' a monument that will never perish."

Thence we went to Temple Garden where it is said Henry the Eighth used to meet Anne Boleyn. However that may be it was here that tradition says the red rose, emblem of Lancaster, and the pure white rose of York were plucked.

It may have been the next day that we went to the "Old Curiosity Shop" and though it was nearly noon when we got there the keeper had not appeared upon the scene. Nothing daunted, we waited his arrival. He was a typical Dickens character; Quilp, Sampson Brass and the owner of Puck all in one. He was short in stature, somewhat corpulent and as tipsy as Dick Swiveller was the night that Quilp followed him home from the ale-house.

The inoffensive Mrs. Quilp was present, and endeavoured to make amends for the unsteady condition of her lord and master. I am not sure whether "Little Nell" was concealed in the attic or not, but it required only a slight touch of imagination to see the characters so vividly portrayed

by Dickens in his story which takes its name from this dilapidated building.

One of our red-letter days was spent in taking a trip to Stoke Pogis, where Thomas Gray wrote his famous "Elegy," a classic in English. We left the train at Slough and proceeded thence by carriage.

Why that beautiful suburb should have such a name attached to it is beyond me to conjecture.

Stoke Pogis is some two miles from Slough and is reached by a broad road that winds its way through a lovely country. A long avenue beneath an arch of sturdy trees leads to the churchyard where the "Elegy" was written. In one corner, and near the gateway, stands a typical English, stone cottage with ivy growing abundantly over it and nearly concealing its white walls.

A comely dame, with silvery hair and English roses in her cheeks, met us at the entrance and led the way to the church. The front entrance is sheltered by an immense yew tree, and it was beneath this tree that the author is said to have written his famous poem. Either the Duchess or the Princess asked the custodian for a sprig of the old tree and the good woman brought a handful of boughs, which had evidently been gathered in anticipation of such requests, and gave one to each of us, saying,



OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, LONDON.



CARLYLE'S HOME, CHELSEA.

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"They were picked from the original tree."

We took that with a grain of salt; but they were sprigs from some yew, either old or new.

One can readily see that the soul singer was inspired by the silence that pervades this country churchyard, —

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

A trip to Chelsea, the home of Thomas Carlyle gave us an afternoon of pleasure. We had a long wait for the small boat that was already nearly filled with tired mothers and worrisome children.

Upon reaching Chelsea we were not long in finding twenty-four Cheyne Row. This is an unpretentious structure and similar to the tenement houses beside it, yet the fact that Thomas Carlyle lived and died here adds sufficient prestige to attract visitors from many lands.

As a matter of course the reception-room and dining-room are on the first floor; above them are the sitting-room and chamber with a high-posted bed which was used by Mrs. Carlyle. Going up

another flight of stairs, we came to the author's study with his bed-chamber adjoining. After much annoyance by confusion from the street Mr. Carlyle built a room, still higher, in which he wrote his famous book, the "History of Frederick the Great." The vine-clad, walled enclosure at the rear of the house furnished a seclusion much enjoyed by the author in his declining years.

When, in all seriousness, we were examining the few articles of furniture and the portraits upon the walls, Kindchen turned to me and said:

"Wouldn't it have been interesting to have heard some of the harangues between the satirical Thomas and his shrewish Jane?"

Before I had time to reply the Professor commented:

"I doubt whether the differences of opinion in the Carlyle family, upon which writers have wasted so much ink, were unlike those in many other households where two unusually strong characters live beneath the same roof!"

"I wonder," added the Duchess as we came out, "if this is the locality where Sophy Wackles, Dick Swiveller's lady-love, kept her private school? Dickens tells us that this institution for learning was in Chelsea and that it was presided over by Miss Sophy, her two sisters and her mother. Miss Melissa and Miss Jane assisted in teaching while

the corporal punishment was administered by Mrs. Wackles."

When the Professor remarked one morning that we were going to the "Cheshire Cheese" Mr. Fletcher asked:

"W'at on airth is thet? Anything like a Cheshire cat?"

"Oh, no!" said the Professor, smiling. "It has really nothing to do with cats and very little to do with cheese. It is an old chop-house, a favourite resort of Samuel Johnson."

We made several visits to the British Museum. There one finds a collection of antiques unsurpassed elsewhere.

"You will do well to see these chronologically," said the Professor. "The Egyptian relics take precedence. The history of Egypt, as you know, extends back four thousand years before Christ. Even in that remote period her people were highly civilized and centuries must have elapsed during their development."

When we came to the various figures in wood, stone and bronze representing the earlier kings of Egypt, and the stone coffins and mummies, Mr. Fletcher exclaimed:

"Great Scott! Let us git aout uv here as quick 's ever we can for I ain't took with these mummers, as yer call um."

When we came to the "Rosetta Stone" the Professor remarked:

"The inscription upon this stone is a decree of the priests of Memphis, conferring divine honours on Ptolemy Fifth, Epiphanes, King of Egypt in 195 B. C. It is in three forms; the first is in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, writing of the priests, the second in the same language in demotic or writing of the people and the third is in the Greek language and characters. The key to the decipherment of the ancient language of Egypt was first obtained from this inscription. The stone takes its name from having been found near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Fletcher. "I'm glad t' know w'at they nam'd it for 'cause it looks 'baout as much like a rosette as a straight line does like the bung-hole in a cider-barrel; an' if I dew say it, I've gut an ol' Brama hen thet could discaount thet scratchin' w'at yer call the 'scription."

The Professor had much to say of the Babylonian and Assyrian relics and of the Phœnician people who were instrumental in the advancement of civilization through bringing the nations of the Mediterranean into communication. He said that the Phœnician language was derived from the Egyptian hieratic characters and, as the alphabet of the great trading nations of the

world, it was transmitted to other peoples. It thus became the mother-alphabet of Greek and Latin and eventually of the modern European alphabets.

Mr. Fletcher was somewhat chagrined that no mention was made of America. Turning to the Professor he said:

"Yer c'n say w'at yer like 'bout the Fromission language being d'riv'd fr'm 'Gyptians huratic characters an' the alfabut uv the tradin' nations bein' transfitted tew other fo'ks, but w'at 'bout 'Meriky? Fr'm w'at I hear, by an' large, the wa'n't nothin' done t' speak uv till the Decoration uv Inderpendunce was draw'd up by Ben Franklin an' signed by ol' John Hancock, an' George Washin'ton come aout uv the woods with his little hatchit. Think uv all thet fo'ks went threw in them times. There was John Smith, or Jones, I disremember which, an' it don't make no diffunce, thet hed papers took reght aout uv his boots, an' they would ha' kill'd him if it hedn't been for Pokerhuntus thet flung herself 'tween him an' the war-club uv her ol' dad! I wouldn't swear tew it but they say 't he married her arterwards."

Even the serious Professor was unable to refrain from smiling as Mr. Fletcher went on with his ejaculations.

" But thet ain't nothin' t' dew with the language. W'at I started t' say was haow the President uv the United States has took ontew himself, with all uv his other marster undertakin's, the job uv changin' aour spellin'. He calls it for-neckit or suthin' uv thet kind. Anyway words is a-goin' t' be spell'd the way they saound. Thet'll make it smoothe sledin' than it hes been long back. The won't be no more spellin' hoe same's though it was a shovel, or rake 's though 't was a tooth-brush."

By this time we came to a life-size marble statue of the "Thorn Extractor." I thought of the small marble figure of the same subject that I had brought all the way from Rome and wondered if it were still intact. Mr. Fletcher said:

" I should think thet feller was a leetle slow 'baout gittin' thet sliver aout! blam'd if he hain't been at it ever sence the day arter we struck bottom at Naples! "

We found the library another interesting feature of the British Museum. It is a collection of two million volumes with additional treasures consisting of cases filled with ancient manuscripts from different countries and dating back many centuries. Among these may be seen a manuscript of the Greek Bible written in the fifth century. Here we also saw the book of metrical



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



NATIONAL ART GALLERY.

psalms which is said to have been given by Queen Anne Boleyn, while on the scaffold, to one of her maids of honour. This volume is bound in gold wrought in open leaf tracery, and has rings at the top to attach to the girdle.

The "Doomsday Book," which I thought to find here, is at the bureau of public records. It is a work in Norman French and contains a record of ownership, extent and value of lands in England. It was originally spelled Domesday. The old epic poem "Beowulf" is preserved in a single manuscript at the department of the museum called the Cottonian Library.

Like other capital cities throughout Europe the wealth of London is not in her noble structures alone, nor in her antiquities. Her art galleries are treasure-houses where lovers of the beautiful may feast their souls before masterpieces from the hand of many a famous artist.

At the National Gallery one sees the works of Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Lawrence, Millais, Constable, Burne-Jones, Titian, Terburg, Perugino and of the great Raphael.

Mrs. Siddons, the great English actress, is in a half-length figure done by Gainsborough. This is a strikingly beautiful picture, upon which one looks and fancies that he sees the gentle but adroit Portia, the dignified Lady Macbeth, the

noble Queen Katherine, the grief-stricken Queen Constance, and an equal number of other characters that were perfectly enacted by this famous woman.

Kindchen, a lover of animals, was delighted with "Dignity and Impudence" and the "Two Lions," by Landseer. I was especially pleased with a picture of Venice, by Teniers. The "Village Festival," by Wilkie, is a typical rural scene enlivened by the bright colours in the costumes of the peasantry. The Princess admired "Venus and Adonis," by Titian.

The much talked of "Madonna," by Raphael, which cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is here. Though I admire his other paintings and was enraptured with his "Transfiguration" in the Pitti Gallery in Florence, yet I failed to appreciate this production.

It was at the Tate Gallery that we saw Orchardson's portrayal of Napoleon on ship-board. The Duchess was deeply touched by the picture of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, done by Andrea del Sarto. The "Country Fair" took the eye of Mr. Fletcher who turned to his wife and said:

"Gosh! mother, ain't thet the Grange Fair t' the Plains over agin! There's ol' Joe Bunker with 'is knock-knee'd mare, an' blest if there

ain't Sal Slocum with sum uv 'er home-knit stockin's for sale! Yer never see Sal 'thaout 'er stockin's."

"Course yer don't," said Mrs. Fletcher. "She's gut more modesty 'n thet."

The "Country Gossips" is true to life. This painting represents a farmer stopping by the wayside for a little chat with a neighbour. The farmyard scene is so perfect that one can almost hear the hens clucking to their chickens, and he really expects to see the geese spread their wings and fly to the stream across the way.

Those who have visited this gallery cannot fail to remember the "Knight Errant," by Millais; "St. Bartholomew's Day," by the same artist; "Beatrice," by Rossetti; "King and Beggar Maid," by Burne-Jones and many other gems of art. The fair Amy Robsart looked down upon us in one of the apartments of this collection.

He that comes away from London without seeing the Wallace Gallery misses some of the finest treasures in Europe. The choice articles there were selected by a connoisseur of art who had sufficient means to gratify his refined taste. There are exquisite bronzes, rare old china and magnificent cabinets, some of which are ebony inlaid with ivory, others are inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold. These receptacles contain hundreds of

articles once owned by famous personages. There are gold snuff-boxes, delicate lace fans inwrought with precious stones, and antique brooches set with expensive gems. Here, again, we see paintings from Gainsborough, Landseer, Reynolds, Botticelli, Teniers, and many others equally famous.

I was especially attracted by a small canvas upon which Metzsu, a Dutch artist, graphically portrayed a fish-wife. The subject of this picture is a middle-aged woman in Dutch costume; the bright blue skirt, the figured waist, the white cap and wooden sabots are as perfect as possible. The small fish, that she has upon a large platter, are so natural that Mr. Fletcher, upon seeing them, put up his hands and exclaimed:

“Woman alive! look aout or yer’ll hev them traouts onto the floor!”

I nearly forgot to mention the parks of London which prove a source of health and a means of pleasure to the thousands who daily visit them. The immense trees, the luxuriant shrubbery, the flowers and the softest carpet of green imaginable, — all are a delight.

Hyde Park, as every one knows, is the fashionable resort. Foreigners, like ourselves, go there to see the Albert Memorial; then there is the motley gathering of those who go either to see or

to be seen. One has a glimpse of royalty, of the aristocracy, of the middle classes and some of the less fortunate ones who are proud of their liege lords.

The ever passing show consists of ladies on horse-back, attended by their grooms; landaus, hansom, victorias, and no end of cabs coming and going. The penny chairs in the sacred close are occupied largely by young men in fashionable costumes set off by tall silk hats, kid gloves and huge walking-sticks; and by fair young girls who are also in their best gowns and dainty head-gear. Soft sunbeams creep stealthily through the bright parasols and add another bit of colour to the scene. We passed, now and again, rural lads and lasses who, having told their tales of love, sat holding hands and dreamily looking into space. There is no privacy in the love-making of these rustic swains, and they sit in fond embrace perfectly unconscious of the passer-by.

Like other tourists, we took rides on the tops of busses. After going miles into the suburbs there seemed to be just as much of London before us as there was when we started. The innumerable vehicles of every description constantly moving to and fro resembled, as Mr. Fletcher said, "a sar-punt wrigglin' along."

Nearing a square from which several streets diverge, the serpentine shape changed to that of an octopus with its creepy arms.

The quiet that pervades London on Sunday deeply impresses the stranger within her gates. It is as if some huge monster, becoming weary, had fallen asleep. Every wheel in the great metropolis has ceased to turn, every shop, throughout the marts of trade, is closed, and the shutters are as securely fastened as if the owners had gone out of business. The streets are thronged with church-goers. They, in their Sunday clothes, Sunday manners, and with their Testaments neatly folded in clean handkerchiefs, wear a peaceful, happy expression.

The soft yellow atmosphere of London brings a sense of repose. Looking out through the dreamy haze, one fancies himself on board an immense steamer sailing along in mid-ocean; tall spires that pierce the ethereal loveliness are the masts; the dull unceasing reverberation from the street are like the murmuring sea when, separated by the ship's prow, it spreads out on either side into crystal wings flecked with diamonds.

The charm of London has been chanted in song and is old in story, still I think of nothing more appropriate with which to close these pages of a

pleasant retrospect than Wordsworth's sonnet written at Westminster Bridge in early morning, —

“ Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of morning; silent, bare
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, nor felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!”

CHAPTER XV

WARWICK

THAT England is the mother of all English-speaking nations is well known; equally true it is that this ancient shire is the tender heart of that great nurturing mother. The feeling of rest and quiet that comes to the traveller who turns from the great metropolis toward the pastoral scenes of Warwick is inexplicable. The verdancy of the undulating landscape; the graceful elms, limes and yew-trees through which the sunbeams flicker; the carefully pruned hedges that border the roadways and separate estates; and the English daisies that bestrew the meadows, all whisper of love to the lover and refreshment to the weary.

On the way, the Professor, out of his full memory, talked to us as follows:

“The Earl of Warwick, called the ‘King-Maker,’ added prestige to this part of the country by his exploits in the War of the Roses. Warwick was the centre of many encounters. Warwick-

shire is noted for having been the birthplace of many illustrious personages, among them being the beloved Shakespeare, John Rogers, the martyr, Michael Drayton, the poet, Sir Walter Dugdale, the noted antiquary, Dr. Parr, Dr. Joseph Priestly, Walter Savage Landor and Mary Ann Evans, known to the world as 'George Eliot.' "

The castle is the pride of the town. It is the most magnificent feudal mansion of English nobility still occupied as a residence and is charmingly situated on the banks of the Avon. Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower, erected in the fifth century, are well preserved specimens of the strongholds of the feudal lords.

The high walls on either side of the castle close are covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy. As we passed through the gateway we came to an enchanting vista, a perfect fairy-land, fitting abode for wood-nymphs and airy sprites. Wandering along, we soon saw the castle through the trees and bracken by which it is partially concealed.

The bracken, or brake as we should call it, grows to a height of eight or ten feet, bringing to mind the lines in the "Lady of the Lake" which describe the fevered dreams of the wounded stranger. Kindchen, bubbling over with poetic inspiration, quoted the following stanza:

"Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast;
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains and woes.
His steed now flounders in the brake;
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now, leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honour lost."

The grounds are very extensive and the carpet of green velvet was interspersed by mounds of bright pinks, pale blue forget-me-nots and white azaleas. Peacocks wandered about at their own proud will. Miss Millington tells us that the peacock, with his tail spread, was once a favourite device in heraldry, especially in religious designs; and that Jupiter clothed himself in peacock's feathers. Pope Paul, sending Pepin a sword in token of regard, is said to have accompanied it with a mantle adorned with the plumage of the beautiful creatures. The mayor of Lynn entertained Edward the Third at a peacock feast, where the noble bird, "food for lovers and meat for lords," was served with all due honours.

A silver lakelet bordered by flowers occupies the centre of the grounds and near this, in the conservatory, we saw the famous vase which was found in a lake at Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli. It is of white marble wrought in Greek style and has capacity for one hundred and thirty-six gallons.

The Duchess admired the peacocks; the Princess was delighted with the flowers; Kindchen seated herself beneath a mammoth elm and began to take notes; Mr. Carlton, interested in the ancient towers, lost no time in adjusting his camera ready for use, but the attendant informed him that it was against the rules for visitors to take pictures within the gates of the park. Mr. Fletcher was enraptured with the scene and, taking his wife's arm within his own, he said:

"Come, mother, don't be in a hurry. We've gut all the time the' is an' we don't visit a carsle ev'ry day'n the week. Look a' them birds! Ain't they harnsome with all colours uv a rainbow spread aout on their tails?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher, "they look well 'nough but they'd suit me better in a pot-pie; an' as for thet jar thet they set so much by, if they wa'n't so slow over here they'd 'a' took it to keep their cider apple-sass in long ago!"

I may be a little old-fashioned in my tastes as well as the Fletchers and I still have a weakness for carpets. Here I saw some that were a delight. The chairs, ottomans, and divans are upholstered in rich brocade, or embossed velvet to match the carpets and hangings. The floor of the cedar drawing-room is covered with a carpet flecked with pale pink roses and this, together with the

delicate upholstery, makes a fitting background for the exquisite cabinets, Sèvres vases, ornaments in Limoges and cut glass, and for the paintings that grace the walls.

"This Florentine table, inlaid with lava from Vesuvius, came from Rome," said the Professor.

As we entered the red drawing-room we were before one of Raphael's masterpieces, the "Assumption of the Virgin." Beneath this stood a table of ancient design covered with choice vases, candelabra and different ornaments of inestimable value. In one of these rooms there is a life-size painting of Henry the Eighth. In another there is a head of the same subject when a child, done by Van Dyck. The expression depicted on the childish face gives no suggestion of the cruel nature of the man.

The Great Hall is rich in armorial bearings; there are implements of warfare, trophies of the chase and numberless ancient articles of domestic usage. Coats-of-mail, swords and broad antlers decorate the walls. Large chairs, sofas, ottomans and divans in modern style are interspersed by palms and tables containing books, which dispel the gloom of the warlike trappings and give a homelike air to the place. An old flax-wheel, despoiled of its distaff, stands at one side. Above one of the doors are suspended the antlers of a

deer which measure ten feet from tip to tip and are said to be two thousand years old. The attendant informed us that they were unearthed from a bog in Ireland.

"What a picture it must have been," the Princess commented, "when the Earl of Warwick, the 'King-Maker,' left this stately mansion for a sojourn in London, followed by five hundred men all in red coats and wearing his insignia! Stow says that at the Earl's London house six oxen were usually eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat, for who that had any acquaintance in his family should have as much sodden and roast as he could carry on a long dagger."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Fletcher. "By puttin' this an' thet together I guess I c'n figger aout, purty nigh, w'ere them beef-eaters come fr'm thet stan' raound in the Taower uv London."

"This Castle is now the home of Lady Warwick," said Mr. Carlton. "She is sometimes called Lady Brook. This noble, unselfish woman has been the object of severe criticism from her countrymen and countrywomen. As she did not explain her reason for opening a shop on Bond Street for the sale of needlework they said that she was an heiress before she married a rich husband, and asked why she, doubly rich, should

take the bread from the mouths of honest working-women? After venting their indignation they found, to their surprise, that the Countess appended her name to the shop only to increase the sale of articles which were made by poor women, tenants of her Essex estate."

"Guy's Cliff House, the present seat of Lord Algernon Percy, is also situated on the banks of the Avon," said the Professor. "It is not open to visitors but by going to Guy's Mill, near at hand, we can have a charming view of the mansion and its enchanting environs. It derives its name from the bold precipitous rocks upon which it stands and from the hero of our nursery tales, Guy, Earl of Warwick, who there concluded a life of adventure, in austerity and devotion, Leland says, in the time of Henry the Eighth. It is the abode of pleasure, a place for the Muses; there are natural cavities in the rocks, shady groves, clear and crystal streams, flowering meadows, mossy caverns, a gentle murmuring river running among the rocks, and to crown all, a solitude and quiet, friendly in so high a degree to the Muses."

During our stay in Warwick we were comfortably housed at the "Woolpack Inn." This is a rambling old place with large square rooms on the first floor. The stairway that leads to the upper rooms is narrow, but the frequent turns and



WARWICK CASTLE.



GUY'S CLIFF HOUSE.

landings render it easy of ascent. The walls are decorated with old-fashioned plates and platters in a variety of colouring, blue predominating. Upon reaching the spacious hall at the head of the stairs one might fancy himself in an antique shop. The decorations of china still prevail, together with many old steel engravings, antique chairs, flax-wheels and other furniture that has been passed down for generations. One could not pass all this array without giving some attention to it. A number of halls and spaces lead from this landing, but I made no attempt to discover the whence or the where of them; it was sufficient for me to puzzle out the intricate windings that brought me to my own chamber.

When Mr. Fletcher entered the "Woolpack" he dropped into the first chair that he came to and said:

"This is suthin' like! It's more like home'n any place 't we've struck b'fore." Turning to his wife he said:

"Look a' thet hair-cloth sofy, mother, ain't thet nat'ral though? Blest if it ain't the same patten as the one in aour fore-room." Turning to me he continued:

"There's w'ere we set w'en the parson comes an' w'en sum uv the gentry calls thet lives t' the Corner. Course sofys ain't very comfor'ble

things, but as my wife says, they make a good showin'. I never sot on aoun but once an' then it took me all the time t' keep fr'm slidin' on t' the floor. The parson was there and I thought she'd never git threw tellin' him 'baout her an-sisters; an' blam'd if she didn't wind up with tellin' 'baout settin' the old speckl'd hen on duck's aigs! W'at did he care w'at kind uv aigs she sot on 's long 's he gits all the chickens he wants for nothin'? I don't s'pose he knows whe'r it was the hen or the aig thet came int' the world fust more'n we dew!"

One pleasant feature at this house is the wealth of flowers growing luxuriantly in window-boxes. Bright scarlet geraniums peep out over clusters of white candytuft as if to see the waxen periwinkle interlacing its tendrils. The next receptacle may be filled with purple and white petunias that mingle their fragrance with the sweet breath of mignonette. These blossoms attract numberless bees that make themselves very friendly around the dining-tables.

For more than twenty years the owner of the "Woolpack," a woman, held the reins in single blessedness, but two or three years before we were there she took unto herself a help-mate. Whether the new member of the family is another half or another whole is a matter of conjecture. However,

the buxom dame appeared to be mistress of all, from the host down to Boots, with his tow-head and Yorkshire dialect. Mr. Fletcher said:

"If that carrit-top would put a leetle tarler on his hair he'd look better; an' if he'd take the hot pudden aout uv his maouth we might stan' some show uv findin' aout w'at he's talkin' baout."

In a walk that I took with Mr. Carlton and the Duchess one Sunday afternoon, I saw many bits of picturesque beauty that might have served for the scene of Albani's "*La Danza degli Amori*" (the Dance of Love), or the setting of Corot's "*Une Matinée*." The graceful elms whose trunks are concealed by a luxuriant growth of trailing vines, the sloping meadows that bathe their fringed banks in the gently flowing Avon, and the tender verdure that clothes every meadow can be depicted only by the master hand of a Troyon, a Millais or a Corot.

It was an afternoon drive that took us to Leamington, the once famous resort for invalids. The streets through which we passed are arched by mammoth trees and bordered by fine residences. Hawthorne speaks of it as "*New Leamington*" in comparison to the ancient town of Warwick. As I had only a bird's-eye view of the place I will, instead of giving any description, suggest the

reading of Hawthorne's "English Notes." He sojourned in this charming spot at different times and has given a delightful description of the borough and of the customs of the people.

On our return to Warwick we stopped at the "Leicester Hospital." This, one of the wood and plaster structures with innumerable gables and chimney-pots, is situated on the main street that passes through the town.

"In the Middle Ages this institution was a monastery," said the Professor. "When Henry the Eighth ascended the throne the priesthood of England was turned out of doors and it was granted to Sir Nicholas Lestrangle, but some years later it became the property of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, brother of the Earl of Warwick. Like one of the mayors of London, who established a hospital for poor blind men, the Earl of Leicester gave and endowed this institution for twelve old, disabled soldiers."

"One can but ask," remarked the Duchess, "if the benefaction was through real heartfelt kindness or if Dudley thought by this means to soothe his conscience into forgetfulness of his dastardly treatment of the beautiful Amy Robsart?"

"However that may be," said the Princess, "the fact is again verified that 'out of all evil there cometh some good'!"

The old veterans, wearing their long blue robes and the self-same badges that were presented to the first twelve, sit about on benches and bask in the sunshine. They swap yarns till it becomes a question who first told them and are, no doubt, happier than the earl who furnished means for their support. When one of the members is claimed by death another is chosen to fill the vacancy. The coming of a new member must be refreshing to the remaining eleven, as of course he brings with him a store of adventures and hair-breadth escapes to which they have not listened for the hundredth time.

Passing through a cloistered court-yard we came to the Chapel. Here the brethren gathered for daily prayers, each bringing his prayer-book with large type.

So much has been written both of fact and fiction regarding the ruins of Kenilworth Castle that there seems to be nothing left unsaid. That it stands a short distance from the road has been told again and again and that one finds here the ubiquitous seller of post-cards has been mentioned times without number, also that the stolid custodian expects a small fee from each visitor.

Nowhere have I ever seen ivy growing in such luxuriance as it does about these mouldering walls. Over the window-sills, around the graceful arches

and through every fissure where the mortar has left its wonted place this perennial vine creeps in and out and lovingly clings as if to conceal the decay of this once magnificent structure.

"Though only ruins mark this site the different styles of architecture are distinct," said the Professor. "This large square in the centre, over which the grass has grown, outlines the great banquet-hall. The immense oven in the kitchen is suggestive of the tempting viands served to the host of followers who belonged to Leicester's suite."

The tower where the beautiful Amy Robsart met her death at the hands of the villainous Varney, is rapidly crumbling and is supported on either side by large timbers.

Dark bronze clouds rose in the north, the wind moaned, and from the threatening clouds came great drops of rain, so we hurriedly bade adieu to "Kenilworth" and its unfortunate countess.

This imposing ruin failed to impress Mr. Fletcher. He said:

"I ain't a-goin' t' break my neck climbin' over thet pile uv rocks. I've seen 'nough sight better lookin' ones 'fore naow. But I wouldn't mind hevin' sum uv the ivry to plant 'long side uv aour back stoop w'ere the sun comes in so plaguey hot threw dog-days!"

While returning to the inn he said:

"I don't see w'at makes yer all s' daown in the maouth sence yer seen thet old cars'le. I cal'late thet caountis 't liv'd there was nigh 'baout as happy as most women be naow days, thet is, if a body c'n b'lieve w'at he hears! An' as for the Url uv Luster, he wa'n't no wus'n sum uv aour young chaps 't keep right on sowin' their wild oats jes' same arter they're married as they done b'fore! Human nater's 'baout the same naow 's fur 's I c'n find aout, as it was w'en Adam an' Eve was chankin' big red apples thet the Lord told um not t' tech."

One hazy, dreamy morning found us on the way to Stratford-on-Avon. I am not sure of the distance between Warwick and Stratford, and it doesn't matter when one has a comfortable carriage, steady horses, a careful driver and pleasant companions. I remember that it was a most beautiful cuntry through which we passed. The fields were a broad expanse of tender green flecked with daisies and bordered by green hedges that looked as if they were made to order. It might have been twelve o'clock when we reached our destination, but that doesn't matter either as we arrived in time for luncheon, which we had at the Red Horse Inn. Lest I forget to mention it later, I will say that this is the

house in which Washington Irving wrote the "Sketch Book."

Shakespeare's home is the first place to be visited by the traveller. This house has a frame of wood inlaid with an agglomeration of mortar and stones. Hawthorne compares this kind of architecture to a man with his ribs arranged on his outside, and his flesh seen through the interstices. We first enter the living-room, a small apartment on the street floor.

Adjoining this room was another of about the same size that served as the kitchen. One who remembers the old fire-place over which his grandmother prepared her New Year's dinner, can easily fancy that he sees the flames leaping up the throat of the enormous chimney in this apartment and also the vegetables dancing in a boiling pot that hangs on the crane, while "Sir Loin" spits and sputters before the fire and drops its savoury juice into the dripping-pan.

It is needless to go into details about the narrow winding stairway, the small front chamber and the autographs scratched upon the window-panes. They have been mentioned by so many writers that every school-boy knows that the famous author was born in this room and that a bust of him stands on the table.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S HOME.

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We were soon off to another part of the town to visit the home of Anne Hathaway.

When we came to the old-fashioned flower-garden in front of the ancient dwelling Mr. Fletcher exclaimed:

“Wa'al, I vum! A woman thet c'n raise sech posies es these orter hev her say 'baout things; blam'd if she hedn't! Look a' them hollerhocks as tall as the Northern Lights. An' don't them red porchlarkers look harnsome creepin' in 'raound them w'ite ones? Blést if here ain't the fust bachelder-button thet I've seen this summer.”

Picking two of the pale blue ones he put one in the top button-hole in Mr. Carlton's coat and the other one in that of the Professor's.

“There,” said he. “Wear thet, for w'en yer come this way agin yer may not be usin' thet kind.”

The living-room here is a small low-studded apartment with the inevitable fire-place. Near this stands the settle upon which the amorous youth sat with the bashful Anne, to whom he said:

“Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's leaves have all too short a date.

“Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

"Being your slave, what shall I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require."

Trinity Church is like a shrine. It is visited by thousands who love and revere the memory of the great soul-reader of mankind. The chancel projects toward the gently flowing stream where Dryden wrote the following lines:

"Thou soft-running Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would
dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head!"

The home of Marie Corelli is on one of the principal streets of Stratford-on-Avon. An abundance of trailing vines and roses decorate the front and distinguish it from the neighbouring houses. These sweet messengers of summer vie one with the other in luxuriance till they become a mass of perfect loveliness. Not far from this attractive residence we passed the place where Shakespeare went to school and also the house where John Harvard was born. We then came to the dwelling where, it is said, Dame Quickly lived when the jovial Prince Hal and Falstaff rented

apartments from her. "The day is done and the darkness falls from the wings of night," so we hurried away to Warwick, that on the morrow we might be up with the lark and off for "Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

CHAPTER XVI

EDINBURGH

EDINBURGH, queen of the northland, must have anticipated our coming, for she greeted us with clear skies and a gorgeous sunset; a more propitious reception than the tearful one accorded to Queen Mary when she returned from France.

In going from Warwick to Birmingham we chanced to see a delightful young couple from America that we met away back in Sorrento. We were on a little craft that takes passengers from the shore out to the steamer which plies between Naples and the Island of Capri. The sea was in a playful mood, much to the discomfort of some on board, and the young man from America and his wife were both alarmed lest they should have an attack of *mal-de-mer*. I offered them my remedy for prevention which they gladly accepted; thus it is that travellers become "hail fellow well met." Their route was different from ours, so when we met on the train

we had a pleasant hour comparing notes on the many places seen and enjoyed. The young man, full of his jokes, turned to Mr. Fletcher and said:

"I'll bet we've got more stickers on our grip than you have on yours."

"I'll bate yer hev tew!" replied Mr. Fletcher. "I tear the plaguey things off uv mine. I ain't no travellin' bill-board for these blam'd furiners!"

We changed cars at Birmingham and regretfully bade adieu to the affable couple.

Birmingham is a great manufacturing city, where it is said that everything is made, from a jack-knife to a locomotive.

The scenery from Warwick to Leeds is one continuous picture of rural beauty. Going northward, the country is less attractive; there are fewer trees, less shrubbery, and the estates are separated by stone walls instead of hedges. Toward night we came to the debatable lands which formed a boundary between the tenures of the English and those of the Scots. This is the most desolate place that one could imagine and the fields, scarcely fit for pasturage, are absolutely treeless. The few dwellings, at long distances apart, are small, shabby structures to which both sunshine and rain have free access.

It was nightfall when we reached Edinburgh;

the castle stood out in all its majesty and no Arabian Nights tale could describe the matchless beauty of that stately pile when kissed by the roseate breath of a mid-summer's evening. Pink and pearl and gold mingled their soft shades till blended to a royal purple. Then the noble castle paled from view, and Hesperus appeared with her galaxy of stars.

When nearing the hotel the Professor said:

"Edinburgh lies in the lap of Mid-Lothian on the sunny side of the Firth of Forth." With a sweeping gesture he continued: "There are the Salisbury Crags which resemble a couchant lion, Arthur's Seat is conspicuous on the horizon, while the Pentland Hills hold the southerly border intact.

"Previous to the seventh century this site was occupied by different tribes. About that time however, it was invaded by Teutons, called the race of Ida. They stealthily crept over hill and morass till they reached Castle Cliff. There they erected a fortress and named it Edwin's-berg, hence the present appellation."

"If I remember my history correctly," said Mr. Carlton, "that structure was at one time called Maiden Castle because of an early king sending his daughters there for safety during his absence in times of war."

Among the letters awaiting the Princess there were none from her lover. She was unusually thoughtful that night and as we sat by our smouldering fire she exclaimed:

“What a romantic story that is which tells of the coming of Queen Margaret, who was the first to introduce the Roman religion into this country! Think of her, the Etheling, sailing up the Forth in a vessel that, with its splendid trappings, was a wonder to the sturdy northmen. History tells of her beauty, and of the rude King Malcolm who, though a sovereign, was abashed before her when upon bended knee he asked her hand in marriage. It is said, ‘her life was full of moderation and gentleness, her speech contained the very salt of wisdom; even her silence was full of good thoughts.’ The story goes that though the king was unable to read and join in her devotions he loved her so deeply that he had some of her manuscripts bound in gold and ornamented with precious stones.”

When we entered the breakfast room the next morning we found Mr. Fletcher in a state of excitement. He was giving a detailed account of another of his adventures. “I gut up ’long ’baout four ’clock,” he said. “Leastways it ’peared t’ be. I gut my clo’es on in ’baout a jiffy. So fur so good. I slipp’d by the feller t’ the door w’en

he was takin' a nap. I didn't git more'n raound the corner 'fore I met a slick-lookin' chap with his hair parted in the middle an' shoes on thet a body could see his face in. He said:

" 'If yer don't mind, Cap'n, I'll go 'long with yer. I'm a stranger'n these parts an' thought I'd take a look 'raound 'fore other fo'ks was stirrin'."

" Suthin' seem'd t' tell me thet his hook-nose an' snaky black eyes hed some kind uv a sarpunt back on um, but I ain't one thet's allus lookin' for the wust in fo'ks so I didn't pay no 'tention tew it. I've been told thet w'at a body sees in others is a 'flection uv himself.

" 'I ain't no cap'n', sez I, 'but come on an' we'll dew up the taown an' take in the carsle 'fore bre'kfust.' I didn't feel like tacklin' carsle hill on an empty stumick, but he was dead sot on goin' there fust. Course I give in. I'm use t' thet. Blam'd if I wa'n't purty well winix'd 'fore I gut to the top.

" There was a lot uv soldiers, with w'ite co'ts an' shinin' caps runnin' hither an' yon as crazy as bed-bugs. The feller said: 'Don't mind them, they're only soldiers maneuverin' for practice.' 'Wa'al,' sez I, 'let um minuver er practise, it won't make no diffunce t' me.' We look'd raound a spell; didn't seem t' be nobody stirrin' so I said, 'W'at dew yer say t' goin' daown the ro'd tow'rds the

taown? I guess we sh'll be ready for sum " grub " by the time we git it!' He didn't seem in no hurry, but jest hung 'raound kind uv waitin' like. Arter a spell a hoss'n' wagin pull'd up 'long side an' the driver said, kind uv friendly: 'Hev a ride, mister?' 'I don't mind if I dew,' sez I. We hadn't more'n gut in 'fore thet consarn'd beast laid himself aout for all he was wuth an' run daown thet hill lickity split! 'Wa'al, Tom,' sez I t' myself, 'naow's the time t' test yer faith in the Lord!'"

Mrs. Fletcher, greatly excited, exclaimed:

"Yes, I guess yer did a lot! Yer put yer trust in the Lord w'en old Jim run daown Bradley Hill till the britchen brok', then I notice yer was the fust t' jump!"

Mr. Fletcher paid no attention to this rebuke but resumed his story, saying:

"The hoss know'd his businiss an' w'en we turn'd int' a narrer ro'd with old ramshackle haouses waged in on both sides he pull'd up easy 'nough. I know'd then thet it was the last go-daown. I'd either gut to make peace with my Heavenly Father or with them ruffi'ns that jes' lieves send me int' etarnity as t' drink a glass uv whiskey in hayin' time. W'en the chap with the greased hair put a pist'l under my nose an' said, 'Yer money or yer life,' I wa'n't long in takin'

my choice. Durn'd if they wa'n't raound the corner an' aout uv sight 'fore I could say Jack Robi'son. Yer bate I didn't hang' raound them diggin's long! I took t' my heels an' never stopp'd till I run smack int' a policeman. He grabb'd me by the collar 'n holler'd 'Stop thief!' W'en I told him thet I'd been robb'd he lăf'd an' said: 'I know a good many took thet way.' Then sez I, 'If Arabella was only here she'd tell yer thet I ain't no vagerbone.' He lăf'd laouder'n ever an' blow'd a w'istle. Gee whiz! It wa'n't more'n a minit 'fore hăf a dozen other policemen popp'd up as though they came right aout uv the graound. They put iron rings onto my wrists an' was snakin' me 'raound t' see if they was fasten'd w'en who should come 'long but the Perfesser an' Mr. Carltin!"

He could say no more. Mrs. Fletcher, with her arms around his neck, was weeping for joy at his timely escape, both from the robbers, and from the officers who, in a few moments, would have incarcerated him in prison.

Disengaging himself from the fond embrace of his wife Mr. Fletcher laughed and said:

"Guess them chaps hain't made 'nough aout uv me t' set up in business! The wan't more'n tew shillin's in thet wallet an' thet ol' bull's-eye never did go 'thaout bein' carri'd."

None of us had much appetite for breakfast after hearing this thrilling experience which might have proved more serious, but we laughed it off as another joke on our too credulous fellow traveller.

The Castle would have been the first place of interest to visit had Mr. Fletcher not met with such an unpleasant adventure. Considering that, the Professor suggested going to St. Giles Cathedral. It is here that one sees the fine memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, which is in bas-relief upon a greenish bronze, the noted author being represented in a reclining posture.

"It was at St. Giles," said the Professor, "that prisoners used to be taken to hear the last sermon before execution." This is also one of the many churches in which John Knox expounded his sulphureous doctrines.

It was near St. Giles that we saw a heart-shaped stone imbedded in the street marking the site where the old Tolbooth stood till the early part of the nineteenth century.

"It was in the sixteenth century, after the death of James the Fourth," said Mr. Carlton, "that a second high wall was constructed about the city and the small low buildings were displaced by larger and taller ones. Projections extending from the front of these formed unique alleys and by-ways."

It was in the midst of these that the old Tolbooth, or the Heart of Mid-Lothian found place. It was said to be "a sad heart, a close heart and a hard heart." Who that has read Scott's "Heart of Mid-Lothian" can look upon that sign without seeing in fancy the "Lily of St. Leonard's" tripping across the fields at twilight and singing,—

"The elfin knight sate on the brae,

The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair;

And by there came liting a lady so gay,

And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair."

Turning away, we came to a square in which a circle is outlined by stones, marking the place where at twelve o'clock daily there used to be a public sale of household goods belonging to poor debtors who were unable to pay the grocer, the landlord or perhaps the ale-house-keeper. By this means their bills were settled and they began life over again. Further on we saw a stone in the pavement shaped like a letter "S." This used to mark the place of sanctuary for criminals. If they could pass this sign they were safe from prosecution.

One morning, after Mr. Fletcher had fully recovered from the shock attendant upon his first stroll in Edinburgh, we visited the Castle. We, too, saw the soldiers drilling. Their white coats and shining caps, of which Mr. Fletcher spoke,

were a contrast to the sombre surroundings. Of course we went into St. Margaret's Chapel.

This, the oldest church in Scotland, is only sixteen feet in length and ten feet in width. It has three small windows of stained glass which represent saintly figures. Near the chapel stands the cannon, Mons Meg.

"This ancient piece of ordnance," said the Professor, "manufactured in Flanders during the reign of James the Fourth or Fifth, is very dear to the common people of Scotland. In some of the old records may be found charges for grease with which to oil the mouth of Mons Meg. As any school-boy knows, this was done to increase the loudness of the report. Then, too, she was bedecked with ribbons when taken from the Castle to accompany the Scottish army on distant expeditions."

We found the royal banquet hall in the Castle most interesting; the walls are hung with implements of warfare and with ancient flags that have been unfurled upon many battle-fields. A bright fire burning on the hearth gave warmth and colour to the decorated ceiling.

The room where James the Sixth first saw the light of day is of special interest to all mothers. This apartment, not more than twelve feet square, has a ceiling of wood and the walls are

finished with high panels. There is but one window and from this the young sovereign was lowered in a basket to one of the queen's friends that she might be sure of his having proper instruction in the Roman faith.

"While Queen Mary was languishing in imprisonment her son was being reared at Stirling Castle," said Mr. Carlton. "The learned Buchanan, formerly the queen's instructor, was one of his preceptors. It is said that the youth received no coddling from the stern master who spared not the rod when he deemed it a necessary means of discipline."

The Castle, in its sombre grandeur, elicited few comments from our young ladies, but Holyrood Palace was a joy to the imaginative Kindchen, a volume of history to the practical Duchess and a memorial of tragic events to the sensitive Princess.

"Think of it!" said Kindchen. "This is the palace in which the lovely Queen Mary actually lived! Look at these exquisite tapestries that greeted her eye as she woke from dreams of her happy childhood, or of her days in the fair land of romance."

"Or," said the Duchess, "from dreams of her lover Rizzio; and the plan for the murder of her husband, Darnley, may have been thought out here in the midst of all this luxury."



EDINBURGH CASTLE.



HOLYROOD PALACE.



"One couldn't blame her for putting such a tyrant out of the way," replied Kindchen. "If we can rely upon what historians say of his insolence to the queen, he only received his just dues."

"I sometimes doubt the truthfulness of chroniclers," said the Princess, "and think of Queen Mary and Darnley as neither of them being wholly bad or altogether good. They both, like other mortals, must have had some foibles."

"However that may be," said the Duchess, "there is no question but it was here in this chapel that the coronation of Charles the First took place. Little he thought, when surrounded by all the magnificence attending the ceremony, that his beautiful Henriette of France would one day be compelled to seek refuge among the common people, or that his own life would be taken by the headsman."

Only ruins mark the site of the chapel but many fine bits of architectural beauty still remain.

"Though Holyrood House was built for a monastery, King James the Fourth occupied it for his residence," remarked the Professor. "That was before the palace was erected." Continuing, he said:

"It was there that Donald, a Highland outlaw, appeared before the king one Easter morning while he was performing his religious devotions.

Donald was a barbarian, yet he wisely chose the time and place for begging the king's mercy and for imploring pardon from execution. Either through the influence of the holy hour or by the intercession of the good Queen Jane the sinner was allowed to depart unharmed."

"Is there a woman's heart that does not go out in pity for this noble queen of Scotland who saw her husband cruelly murdered before her face?" asked the Princess. "And is the sympathy not more tender for the reason that she was immediately separated from her young son? Who wonders that she planned a daring scheme to come into possession of the little king? You remember, the privilege of visiting her son at the Castle was granted by the Chancellor Crichton. After a few days the queen told the Chancellor that she purposed taking a journey to Whitekirk to pray for the repose of her husband's soul. She mentioned that it would be necessary for her to take two coffers filled with articles of clothing. The receptacles were carried to the ship; and fancy, if you can, the anxiety of that mother when you think that one of these chests contained a treasure no less valuable than the little king of Scotland."

"Scotland had five King Jameses who reigned successively," said the Professor.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Mr. Fletcher. "Thet was a good many Jimmies t' hev in one fambly!"

We came to the room where Rizzio is said to have been murdered. The guide pointed to a dark spot on the floor and declared it to be the blood of the unfortunate Italian.

"Here 'tis ag'in!" says Mr. Fletcher, with an air of incredulity. "'Nother yarn 'thaout no wool. W'y, 'Mericans are thet gullible if one uv these show-chaps should pint tew a knot-hole an' say it was a barn-door they'd swoller it daown an' ast no questions; or if he should pint tew the full-moon an' tell um it was the mornin' star they'd look at it, cov'tous like, an' say, 'W'at a pity thet we don't hev nothin' like it t' home.'"

One afternoon was spent in going to Roslin, where we visited the famous chapel. This suburb is seven miles from the city and is reached by means of barges that convey passengers from one point to the other over hill and dale through a most charming countryside.

"The chapel which is the centre of attraction," said the Professor, "was erected by the St. Clair family in the middle of the fifteenth century. It was the sanctuary of the St. Clair Castle, the site of which is marked only by ruins."

In all of the churches that we saw on the Continent there was nothing so delicate, both in de-

sign and workmanship, as the "Column of the Apprentice." Those who have seen this work of art cannot fail to remember the fluted pillar of pure white marble with broad sculptured wreaths of trailing vines and fruit twined around it. This column was done by an apprentice during the absence of his master. When the builder returned and found his work surpassed by another his anger knew no bounds and he rewarded the patient toiler by striking him dead.

Some chronicler says that Burns stopped at Roslin Inn one morning after a night of revelry at Edinburgh; and that before leaving the hospitable roof he addressed the following lines to the landlady:

" My blessing on ye, honest wife!
I ne'er was here before;
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife;
Heart could not wish for more.
Heav'n keep you clear o' sturt and strife
Till far ayont fourscore,
And by the Lord o' death and life,
I'll ne'er gae by your door!"

" Roslin is not far from Gilmerton, where the tragic scene was enacted which is so vividly described in Scott's poem entitled, 'The Grey Brother,'" said Mr. Carlton. " The story goes that the Abbot of Newbattle ruined the fair daughter

of the Baron of Gilmerton. The baron learned of the lovers' trysting place and during one of their stolen interviews he set fire to Burndale Grange where they were concealed. That the daughter was consumed by the flames there was no doubt, but the Abbot, more fortunate, or less so, than his victim, escaped and wended his way to Rome where he appeared at St. Peter's for the purpose of expiating his crime. Being denied absolution by the Pope, Scott says, —

“ Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland mountains blue.

“ Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruined grange.”

The sky was perfectly clear when we left Edinburgh; not even a suggestion of a cloud was to be seen, but as it is wont to do in the British Isles, a cold, drizzling rain set in. Despite the carriage robes and the heavy grey rug that was my constant companion, the Princess and I were drenched before we reached the hotel. They all, without regard to scruples, partook of the contents of my cognac bottle.

The National Art Gallery is one of the finest in Europe, but having visited so many on the Continent and several in London, we omitted this one for the out-of-door loveliness from fair "Edina's" magic wand.

The picturesque beauty of the city is largely due to the undulating ground upon which it is situated. Bridges connect the elevations and afford an extended view of the streets beneath and of the magnificent homes sheltered by graceful trees. The green slope that lies between the old town and the new, is a public park, decorated with mounds of blue forget-me-nots, pale pinks, dark red geraniums and an abundance of marigolds in their yellow jackets. When seen from a distance it resembles a carpet from a Persian loom.

"The University," said the Professor, "is a famous seat of learning which was founded by James the Sixth, in the later part of the sixteenth century. It comprises the faculties of arts, divinity, law and medicine.

"It was in the time of James the Fourth that the printing press was introduced into Edinburgh. Literature seems to have been among the arts practised here at that period. I have read that among the poets were Dunbar, Lord Kennedy and Gawin Douglas. Douglas wrote the 'Palace of Honour.' Dramatic poems written by Sir

David Lindsey were enacted on Calton Hill, which was also the place where heretics were burned."

The home of Allen Ramsey brings to mind the genial soul whose hours of wig-making were brightened by writing verses which later brought fame to the once uncouth rustic.

On account of the many literary characters who lived at Edinburgh in the eighteenth century it was called the modern Athens. What wonder that Sir Walter Scott, with his rare genius, was inspired by such associates? Stoddard says:

"The monument that Edinburgh has erected to Sir Walter Scott is probably the noblest tribute to purely literary genius that the world possesses."

It was in the great metropolis of the north-land that the plowman poet first met men of culture. The self-possession with which he met his peers surprised them. Sitting before the illustrious savants, he said:

"Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail;
And never envy blot their name!"

Sir David Wilkie, who began his studies in designing at Edinburgh and who became a noted artist, says:

“What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and Salsburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvietta and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples. Here, indeed, to the poetic fancy may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis.”

CHAPTER XVII

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

IT was in the later part of a summer day that we bade adieu to Edinburgh and started for the Highlands. Who has not been wakened from a pleasant dream and, closing his eyes, has not tried to take up the broken thread again? I had a similar feeling when I looked back upon Edinburgh, and its castled steep.

After crossing the famous Forth bridge we were soon in a country rich with verdure and bordered by hills pink with heather. Guido Reni's "Aurora" would not equal the splendour of that picture painted by Nature's artistic hand. We changed cars at Stirling and again at a less pretentious station before reaching Aberfoyle.

"Stirling Castle," said the Professor, "was the birthplace of James the Second of Scotland and the place where in 1452 he treacherously murdered William, eighth Earl of Douglas. It was here also that Mary, Queen of Scots, was crowned

when only nine months of age; and here, too, that her son, afterwards James the Sixth, was baptized according to the Roman Catholic ritual."

We found Aberfoyle a quaint little hamlet among the hills, beside the Forth River. We stopped at the Baillie Nicol Jarvie Hotel. A lengthy appellation, you will say, but when one recalls the exploits of Baillie Nicol Jarvie with the bold "Robin Hood" of the Highlands he will cease to wonder at anything that he hears or sees in this ancient town. Even the story of the poker that hangs upon a tree in front of the hostelry will not be doubted.

We were up early the next morning and off for the borderlands. They are reached by means of coaches; a pleasant change from railway trains, tram-cars and all sorts of modes of transit that one has from first to last in a trip through Europe.

After passing through the village, a mingling of the old with the new, the road to the Trosachs begins its winding ascent. We soon came to an old thatch-roofed cottage with its windows gone and walls crumbling, but it served to show what the dwellings of the ancient clachan were like. A plot in front of the ruin was partially enclosed by a dilapidated fence, propped at either corner by stakes.

We came to a rough, unused highway, the old

road to the Trosachs. There we had a fine view of the town and of the mountains, among which Craig Mhor is conspicuous.

The hills over which we passed were not wooded like ours, nor were they covered with vineyards like those in Italy, but a wealth of heather clothed them with a gorgeous mantle of crimson.

I must confess that the Trosachs, of which we had read and heard so much, is only an ordinary woodland road. Mr. Fletcher kept peering in among the saplings and finally he said:

“ 'Baout w'en be we comin' tew the Tro-sacks? ”

The Professor told him that we were already going through the famous pass.

“ Wa'al,” said he, “ I sh'd say it was a gre't hue an' cry' 'baout nothin'. If thet.ro'd daown threw my back parster wouldn't put this in the shade then I ain't no jedge uv w'at's harnsum! ”

By this time we were at Loch Katrine where we took passage across on the beautiful steamer “ Walter Scott.” By day, the shores, with their fringe of bracken and yellow furze, are so perfectly reflected that it is beyond the power of mortal eye to see the subtle thread that unites the real with its shadow in the mirage. We soon came to Ellen's Isle. This, of all places in the Highlands, is most interesting to admirers of the romantic story of the noble James Fitz-James and the fair

"Lady of the Lake." In fancy, one hears the huntsman's horn; and sees the maiden,

"With head up-raised, and look intent
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks fly back, and lips apart
Like monument of Grecian art."

Upon reaching Stronachlachar we took a coach for Inversnaid and soon passed Loch Arklet, a diminutive sheet of water. The ruins of an old stone cottage, the home of Helen MacGregor, wife of Rob Roy, stands on the opposite shore. The Professor told of the absurd superstitions of the early habitants of this wild north country. He said:

"They believed that demons wandered over the heath, both night and day. The shoulder-blade of a lamb was looked through to divine coming events. By this means wizards could tell the amount of money in the master's purse; then, too, illness and death coming to a family could be predicted. They could even foretell what cattle on the braes would be touched with disease."

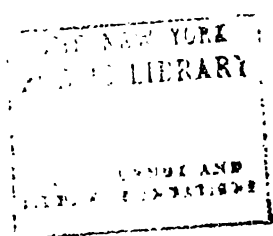
"Yes," said Mr. Carlton. "These credulous people also thought that the spirit of the dead hovered around the body till it was buried. The door of a room in which a corpse lay was never left ajar lest the spirit might escape. A story is



FORTH RIVER, ABERFOYLE.



INVERRNAID FALLS.



told of a good dame who, in her loneliness after the death of her husband, stood looking across the moor hoping to see some human being to sympathize with her. Turning, she saw the door of the death chamber open, and what do you think? There was the good man sitting bolt upright looking for his departed spirit!"

"That seems absurd, to be sure," said the Professor, "but no more so than some things believed in by many of us at the present time."

The overflow of the lake near which the MacGregor cottage stands, runs quietly through green meadows till within a mile or so of Loch Lomond, where it makes a sudden turn and rushes over rocks and boulders in sparkling cascades by the roadside. It was beside these falls that Wordsworth wrote his "Lines to a Highland Girl."

Upon reaching Inversnaid Rob Roy's cave was the first to be visited. This gave us a walk of two miles and good Scotch miles, indeed, they were. The path leading to it lies by the shore and is fringed with tall bracken interspersed with wild flowers. We went on and on, over fences, down stone steps and beside huge boulders. We passed many caves that might have served as hiding places for marauders. After climbing over crags and cliffs we finally reached what is said to be the veritable cave of the famous outlaw. Ferns and

shrubby concealed the entrance and spiders' webs gave evidence that no visitor had lately entered.

While sitting by the glowing fire in the hotel parlour that night the Princess remarked about the number of magazines upon the table and the daily papers, bringing news from all parts of the world; and about the interesting people that we saw there.

"One would scarcely suppose," said the Professor, "that the surrounding heath-clad hills and umbrageous vales were once inhabited by a rude uncivilized race, whose law was founded on

" 'The plan
That he shall take who has the power
And he shall keep who can.' "

Scott tells us that those sturdy Highlanders were unforgiving and revengeful; even the women often had hearts of stone. If the fathers, in their old age, were led to forego punishing their enemies the sons were admonished to mete out full measure to the offenders.

"Say what you will about Rob Roy," added the Professor, "the Highlands would cease to be of interest without the tales of his valour and adventures. True, he made his living by extorting money from the Lowlanders for the protection

of their property from his own followers, but he it said to his credit that in the frays that took place between the two factions he never allowed his men to use the points of their swords and far less their daggers in these feuds with their opponents whose only weapons were clubs, so, —

“ ‘ With many a stiff thwack and many a bang,
Hard crabtree and cold iron rang.’ ”

“ If we may believe the historian,” Mr. Carlton went on, “ the personal appearance of this bold outlaw was not altogether attractive! Low of stature, broad-shouldered and with unusually long arms, similar to those of the hunchback of Notre Dame, he must have been a grotesque character.”

“ Yes,” ventured Kindchen. “ Then, too, his high cheek-bones and his cold grey eyes, peering from beneath a shock of bristling red hair, must have given an uncanny look to his visage.”

“ In spite of his unlawful mode of life,” said the Professor, “ he was not deemed cruel. On the contrary he is said to have been kind to the poor. Scott says, ‘ This might have been a part of his policy, but the usual tradition of the country speaks of it to have risen from a better motive. All whom I have conversed with, and I have in my youth seen many who knew Rob Roy per-

sonally, and who gave him the character of a benevolent and kind man in his way.' "

"That Rob Roy visited his cousin who was a professor in King's College is no idle tale, but a veritable truth," said Mr. Carlton. "Imagine what the gentleman's feelings must have been when his Highland kinsman suggested taking his little son away with him that the child might be trained in a more profitable business than that of poring over books."

I was delighted with the conversation. Scottish history has always been interesting to me; especially that which tells of the MacGregors. They were, indeed, a courageous people, and why should they not be since they descended from Gregorian, third son of Alpine, King of Scotland? Despite their courage and bravado, we are told that they were finally subdued through a law brought about by the artifice of women.

The widows of the men who fell at the hands of the MacGregors in the battle between them and the forces of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, appeared before the king, all in deep mourning and mounted upon white palfreys. To make the spectacle more striking each carried the bloody shirt of her husband upon a spear above her head. This tangible evidence of the atrocities committed by the lawless clan had its effect, and they were.

under penalty of death, forbidden to call themselves MacGregors. Even the children were not permitted to assume the names of their parents.

"It would be preposterous to suppose that these dauntless knights of the border acquiesced without resistance," said Mr. Carlton, "and many a valley in the north and west could reveal sad tales of severe conflicts which took place at that time. Finally, as constant surveillance and continual lashing will subdue even the king of the forest, the pride and courage of Alaster MacGregor were broken by the sufferings of his people and he surrendered himself and his principal followers to the Earl of Argyle. According to Alaster's story the earl had sanctioned many of his unlawful acts and thus he expected some clemency. But as it was said, the earl kept a Highlander's promise with them, 'following it to the ear and breaking it to the sense.'"

A shower that came suddenly upon us the first afternoon that we were at Inversnaid, settled down into a rain-storm which lasted three days, except for the sun peering out long enough to tempt us forth to return with wet feet and bedraggled skirts. In spite of the wetness those were restful days. They were passed with taking a few much needed stitches; in going over our trip retrospectively and in making entries in our long

neglected note-books. We found the hotel so comfortable and pleasant that we were loath to leave it. Even Mr. Fletcher said:

"Blam'd if I know w'at 'tis 'baout the place but I kind uv hate t' pull up stakes an' go for all I've heer'd so much 'baout Rub Ry an' them infarnul Macragers."

It was an August morning that we sailed away from that charming spot. The steamer which plies between Inversnaid and Balloch gave us passage. Loch Lomond, long and narrow, seems like a river. The bordering shores are wooded with fragrant pines and the hills reaching up from them were crimson with blossoming heather. Crystal streams, threading their way down the green slopes of Ben Lomond, were like molten silver. Now and again a bit of blue sky ventured from beneath the clouds.

From Balloch to Glasgow our passage was by train. We crossed the Clyde River and went through Dunbarton. One of the people who boarded the train there, and who chanced to get into our compartment, was a typical Scotch woman. She was very loquacious and gave us much information about the old castle, the ruins of which we saw in the distance. Her face lighted with enthusiasm at the mention of Black Agnes of Dunbar, Countess of March. It was she who, with

the assistance of a member of the Douglas family, held the castle against an attack by the English under Montague, Earl of Salisbury. The unfortunate Queen Mary was mentioned in connection with the ancient structure. No doubt, the story would have been expatiated upon at length had it not been for the arrival of the train at Glasgow.

Thence we proceeded on our way toward the English Lakes. We passed through Dumfries, so often mentioned in Barrie's writings.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ENGLISH LAKE REGION



AS the train left Carlyle the Professor called Mr. Fletcher's attention to the broad fields, rich with golden grain.

"Yes! yes," said he, "an' w'at's the matter with them medders as green as Maria Huckinses weddin' gaown. Bless my soul! If the Lord didn't hev a corner on maountings over here then I wouldn't say so. Jes' look uv um over yender, mother! All pil'd in ev'ry which way jes' same as they be back 'n Scotland! "

It was at sunset when we reached Keswick. The atmosphere was laden with perfume of roses and permeated with that enchanting mist so admirably described by Wordsworth and so perfectly portrayed, in his own France, by the master hand of Corot.

Hotel Keswick, at which we stopped, is charmingly situated in extensive grounds bright with scarlet geraniums, pink begonias and no end of crimson and white portulacas. The entrance

from the station is through an arbour which is profusely decorated with smilax and ivy, and seats along either side are interspersed with flowering plants.

We were more pleased with the house than with the landlord, who, in reply to Mr. Fletcher's praise of his flowers, said:

"Yes, and every American woman that sees them exclaims, 'Ain't they lovely!'"

Though Mr. Fletcher was unable to detect the grammatical error the scornful tone touched his American pride, and turning to him, he quietly remarked:

"It's marster strange, sir, with all yer high-bornd airs an' edication 't yer hain't faound thet praise fr'm an honest heart is more 'ceptable to Him thet makes the posies'n any 'maount uv fine speeches be."

A flush, either of shame or indignation, overspread the would-be gentleman's cheeks and he made no further allusions to his cousins from across the sea.

Keswick lies in the lap of green hills whence come crystal streams that replenish Derwent-water Lake. The Professor informed us that this lake received its name from an ancient family that lived at Barrow until the time of Edward the Third. There are several islands, and many

tufts of grass that may be seen when the water is low are called floating islands. Greta River slowly winds its way through the town.

Greta Hall, the home of Southey, stands beside it.

"Beneath this hospitable roof many poets received a cordial welcome," remarked Mr. Carlton. "Coleridge married a sister of Southey's first wife, and therefore, he had no scruples about leaving his family here whenever he was pleased to sojourn elsewhere."

"Southey wrote on various subjects," remarked the Professor. "The 'Life of Nelson' is his most important work. Many of his long poems are seldom read, but the one entitled, 'How the Water Comes down at Lodore,' is remembered by its jingle. He was especially fond of this cascade and we are told that he would have built his house near it if he had had 'Fortunatus' Purse.'"

When we visited the falls Mr. Fletcher exclaimed:

"W'at consumit pervaricaters poets be! Land! Hæf a dozen sech falls wouldn't be a drop'n the buckit side uv them that comes daown over Wildcat Maounting an' we don't cal'late thet they're anything aout uv the ord'nery nuther. Lucky thet no poet hain't seen them for they'd pieter um so much bigger'n they act'ly be thet

fo'ks t' the Plains would be movin' aout for fear uv bein' draounded."

It matters not that Southey, like the rest of us, was deprived of some earthly desires as he now sleeps in St. Kentigen churchyard. A large sarcophagus marks his burial place and within the church may be seen his memorial, which represents the author reclining, with a book in one hand. It is of white marble and very beautiful.

It was Monday morning that we walked to the Druid stones. Presuming that you will wonder how I remember the day of the week, I will tell you. We once had an English house-maid who said that to brush the Sunday clothes and to polish the Sunday shoes of every member of the family is the first duty to be performed on Monday morning by the English house-wife.

Beside each porch stood long rows of shoes, ranging from the size worn by the two-year-old tot to those belonging to its father. The thrifty wives spared no pains in cleaning the foot-wear and took pride in comparing notes as to which one produced the finest polish.

While ascending the hill that is crowned with ancient Druidical ruins we saw a house in which Shelley once lived, and another that was once occupied by Hall Caine. It was a tiresome climb,

but our efforts were rewarded by the magnificent view from the eminence.

The Druid stones are in the form of a circle and similar ruins may be seen in different parts of England. Harriet Martineau says:

“The old legend of the last human sacrifice of the Druids may apply to any of these monuments.” According to the story, when some people settled in a clearing of the woods beside a river, somewhere to the south of the district, the priests took up their station farther north, among the mountains where there were plenty of rocks fit for their temple. After a time a fever laid waste the settlement; and the oracle demanded a human sacrifice to appease the divine wrath. The lot fell to a young girl who was betrothed; and on an appointed day, she was conveyed, with all ceremony, to the temple. A small hut of wicker-work like a bee-hive was found set up on the western side of the temple. The girl was led into the circle, and placed in the midst, while decorations proceeded. We are told that she was adorned with an oak garland, and held mistletoe in her hand. The Druids believed the oak to be the symbol of God and the mistletoe represented man clinging to it. The whole population was looking on from a distance; but it must have been within reasonable reach as every one was

required to contribute a stick to the fire. The wretched lover saw all from afar; and refused, let the god be as wrathful as he pleased, — to contribute so much as a twig to the burning of his beloved. She was seen to enter the door, which was next to the circle; and the priest closed it up and heaped dried leaves and sticks that were brought. The Arch-Druid meantime was procuring fire from two pieces of wood. He succeeded and set the pile in a blaze. In this moment of desperation the lover saw every mountain round give forth a great cataract, and all the flood gushed to the temple as to a crater, and made an island of the little hut, — retiring when it had extinguished the fire. The victim came forth with not a hair singed, and not a leaf of her garland withered. The Arch-Druid, skilled to interpret thunders, seemed to have understood, in this case, the voice of the waters; for he announced that, henceforth, the god would have no more human sacrifices."

"History tells us," said the Professor, "that the Druids ranked among the nobles and were exempt from taxation and labour; they were religious guides of the people and chief guardians of the law. Though the training for membership consumed twenty years this order was eagerly sought after by the youth of Gaul. The Druidical

religion was similar to that of the Persians, who were a superstitious race. Doubtless, the belief in omens, that still clings to the Celtic people, had its origin in this ancient creed."

It was high noon when we returned to the village. The ancient town hall is an interesting structure, having a bell within its tower that was cast nearly a thousand years ago. Then, too, the old market place is a unique building.

"The manufacture of lead-pencils is the principal industry here," remarked Mr. Carlton. "There is also a school of industrial arts. In the early days the woollen trade was the leading business of the town."

Looking across the street, he pointed to an inscription above the door of a tumble-down building which says:

"May God Almighty grant his aid
To Keswick and the woollen trade."

A typical English afternoon, with frequent showers interspersed with sunshine, found us on our way to Ambleside. The drive of fifteen miles was much enjoyed. Hills and dales, fresh with verdure, bordered the way. Leaving Derwent-water Lake in the distance, we ascended the elevation that separates the two boroughs.

An old cairn at the right attracted our attention.

"This mass of stones," explained the Professor, "marks the spot where a critical conflict took place in the year nine hundred and forty-five. The Anglo-Saxon King Edmund defeated and slew Dunmail, the British King of Cumbria or Cumberland, and then put out the eyes of the two sons of his murdered foe."

Mr. Carlton told us that the tarns or small lakes on the mountaintops in that region are natural reservoirs by which the lowlands are irrigated in times of drought.

"In the spring," said he, "during the rainy season the meadows are submerged, but the water soon drains off and except for the streams coming down from the hills the land would become parched and dry."

This was an opportune time for telling folklore that has been passed down from one generation to another. The Princess said:

"I have read of strange and mysterious things which occurred in this region." She related the following legend about a haunted house at Ambboth Fells.

"Lights were seen in it at night, the bells all set ringing and a large dog was seen swimming across the lake. The dishes rattled, and the table was spread by unseen hands. It was said these were preparations for a ghostly wedding feast

of a murdered bride who came up from her watery bed once a year to keep her terrible nuptials."

"For goodness sake," said Kindchen, "don't tell any more stories of that kind unless you wish me to go into hysterics."

Mr. Carlton supplemented the gruesome tale by mentioning other superstitions of the early settlers. He said:

"If disease appeared among their cattle, the poor creatures were supposed to be bewitched. Instead of giving them some natural remedy a portion of earth was brought from the nearest churchyard and placed in the cow-house. If the animals were not cured by this means they were driven through flames called the need fire. All the cattle, both diseased and sound, were driven through the flames. It is said, in a certain Cumberland dale, that when a farmer had driven all his stock through he proceeded to drive his wife after the cows, saying he should then be safe from all distemper."

The Duchess contributed her share of information by quoting what she read in an old magazine about the cheese once made in Cumberland.

"It was harder than buckhorn and in some places where men wore clogs shod with iron, it was no uncommon thing to supply the absence of

iron with a crust of cheese. A tuft of dry heather was said to have been set on fire by sparks produced by a cheese striking a stone as it rolled from a cart on the road above."

Coming to Helvellyn, Kindchen said:

"It was believed by the early settlers that to wash a child's arms before it was six months old would make it a thief. The hair and nails of infants were not cut till a much later time for fear of the same result. Yorkshire people used to say, 'Better have a bairn in a smoochy face than wash its nose off.' The most amusing of all is about a preacher in a little church who began to read his text, saying, 'Behold I come quickly!' Immediately the pulpit began to topple over and a portion of it fell upon an elderly woman who occupied one of the front seats. The worthy divine expressed regret that the accident had happened, but she refused all sympathy and said, 'If I'd been kilt I'd been reet serrat (served rightly), for ye said ye'd be comin' doon sune.'"

Our next visit was paid to Grasmere.

"This valley," remarked the Professor, "was once infested with wild boars that wallowed in the mire near the lake. In old Saxon they were called gries, hence the word Grasmere. This quiet, unpretentious town is famous as having been the

home of Harriet Martineau, Thomas Arnold, De Quincey, Coleridge and the beloved Wordsworth."

"This place seems strangely familiar to me," I said. Kindchen laughed and remarked that it might have been my place of abode before I was reincarnated. Mr. Carlton thought it a flight of imagination. Before the others had time to make further comment however I exclaimed:

"I have it! It must have been here that Bulwer-Lytton found his 'Eugene Aram.' You remember the author says, 'The hamlet, to which I shall give the name of Grassdale, is situated in a valley, which, for about the length of a mile, winds among gardens and orchards laden with fruit, between two chains of gentle and fertile hills.' Of the flowers he says: 'The jasmine here, there the rose or honeysuckle, clusters over the lattice and threshold, not so wildly as to testify neglect, but rather to sweeten the air.'"

"I am sure you are right," said the Duchess. "That certainly is a perfect description of this charming place."

"And who knows," rejoined the Princess, "but the inn called the 'Spotted Dog' stood beside this road? You remember it was there that Corporal Bunting and the landlord discussed their



GRETA RIVER, KESWICK.



ROAD IN GRASMERE.

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neighbours. 'The scholar,' as the Corporal was wont to call 'Eugene Aram,' came in for his share of criticism."

"Yes," remarked Kindchen, "and if you remember, the Corporal insisted that there must be something wrong about a man who wished to live without neighbours."

I wondered if it might not have been along on this street that Eugene Aram and Madeleine Lester sauntered up and down, talking of the stars, of the flowers blooming on either side, and last, but not least in importance to them, making plans for their wedding day.

Before we knew it we were at Ambleside. Wateredge Inn, on the shore of Lake Windermere, was our stopping place.

"Then this is Wateredge," exclaimed the Duchess when we alighted from the carriage.

"They didn't make no mistake 'baout the name," rejoined Mr. Fletcher. "A body couldn't git no nearer 'thout gittin' wet!"

"We shall get wet without going into the lake if we stand out here much longer," said Kindchen. "Those mare's-tails in the east don't portend fair weather."

"No," rejoined the Princess,

" 'Mackerel sky and mare's-tails
Make tall ships carry low sails.' "

The first morning after our arrival we drove to Grasmere. Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's early home, was the first to claim our attention. This vine-clad structure has only three rooms on the first floor; the living-room, the kitchen and the chamber of Dora Wordsworth, sister of the noted bard. At the landing of the narrow staircase there is a room containing books, manuscripts and letters of the poet. The library adjoins this and looks out upon the garden, which still has a profusion of white foxglove, Wordsworth's favourite flower, growing among the other plants. The study leads from the library, and there is another room not more than ten feet square which was occupied by Walter Scott when he made his frequent visits.

After Wordsworth's marriage, when with increasing family the cottage proved inadequate, they took a larger and more commodious house across the meadows. A few years spent there and he was enabled to purchase Rydal Mount, where he passed his declining years, attended by his loved ones and surrounded with scenes of picturesque beauty.

Rydal Mount is a large stone mansion nearly covered with ivy. The grounds have a wealth of flowering shrubs. The air was fragrant with acacia blossoms and lilacs, and trumpet

vines bordered the windows with their bright flowers.

The remains of the poet lie in the parish churchyard beside the murmuring Rothay. A short distance from his grave may be seen the tombstone of Hartley Coleridge, whose funeral the white-haired Wordsworth attended only a short time before his own death.

"Of Wordsworth the poet we know from his writings," said the Professor. "Of Wordsworth the man we learn from the pen of Rev. Robert Percival Graves, clergyman of Windermere parish for nearly thirty years. The close friendship that existed between these two gifted men gave the clergyman unusual opportunity to know the every-day life of the author. Dr. Graves says:

"In the home, Wordsworth was gentle and kind; and the stamp of truth was upon everything that he said and did. Persons and events, theories and projects, were estimated by a standard which was intended to determine not their conventional and temporary, but their real and permanent value.' He also says: 'Here was no merely amiable, no merely simple, or reverential or imaginative man, but one eminently masculine and strong, a man of strong intellect, of strong feelings and strong, massive individuality.'"

"The poet's humane and kindly feeling toward

even the poorest inhabitant was one of his distinctive traits of character," remarked Mr. Carlton. "He not only believed in, but practised plain living and high thinking. No intoxicant was used upon his table, and even Walter Scott confessed to having taken his daily drink of beer at the 'Swan,' a nearby inn."

In returning to Ambleside we went by way of a different road which passes the home of Thomas Arnold, once master at Rugby. Farther on we came to the home of Harriet Martineau. This is some distance from the road and is sheltered by an abundance of large elms. It is an old-fashioned structure and the paint, originally yellow, is somewhat worn. Altogether, it reminded me of an old New England homestead, many of which are seen in our rural districts.

During our visit to Grasmere Mr. Fletcher was unusually quiet, but on the way back to Ambleside he exclaimed:

"By Jeams Rice! It's jes' come t' me who Mr. Wodsworth is!" Turning to his wife he said, "Land! mother, ain't thet the name on the back uv thet book 't I read winter evenin's? The one 't the parson give me arter we hed thet talk 'baout haow I felt when I look'd at the new feather'd-aout trees in the spring, an' the maountings in the fall. I s'pose I've read thet book clean threw hăf

a dozen times, but I never took no notice who rote it. Thet's him 's sure 's yer a foot high! "

One afternoon was delightfully spent in taking a trip to Coniston, another quaint little town some seven miles from Ambleside. The road which connects the two villages winds its way over precipitous hills, gorgeous with wild flowers.

We were accompanied by a most interesting English woman and upon reaching Coniston we had a cup of tea with her. The table was spread beneath a large elm near the hotel. Here we had an unobstructed view of Lake Coniston and of "Brentwood," once occupied by Linton, a famous wood-carver, and later it was the home of Ruskin.

Naturally, the conversation turned to Ruskin, the beloved benefactor of his people. Our hostess recounted his deeds of charity, and related a pathetic episode which proved beyond a doubt that the loss of his wife was a great sorrow to him. She said:

" I knew Ruskin well, as he was a frequent visitor at my father's house. Soon after his wife left him to become the wife of Millais, he called at the home of my sister. The children were delighted to see him and gave him an affectionate welcome. The heartbroken man, with tears in his eyes, said: ' I cannot be as bad as I have been portrayed since

these innocent little ones give me such a cordial greeting.' "

This gave us another side of the man's nature. Since then I have doubted if he, through selfishness and ambition, neglected his companion whose lovely face is portrayed in the "Huguenot Lovers," painted by Millais.

Before leaving Coniston we went to the churchyard where Ruskin is buried. His grave is marked by a tall monument of dark marble. On the front, at the base, a musician is represented as holding a harpsichord in his hand, and immediately above the name and dates of birth and death of the illustrious man are engraved. Still higher, within a medallion, an artist is represented with a palette in hand and this in turn is surmounted by a portrayal of the lion of St. Mark. Deep within the smoothly cut marble above is engraved a seven-branched candle-stick. Upon the other side, the figure of St. Michael vanquishing the dragon, and St. Peter with the keys are in bas-relief. The meaning of this emblematic decoration was beyond the comprehension of Mr. Fletcher. He stood with arms akimbo and studied it from every possible angle. Finally, turning to his wife he said:

"Thet Ruskins wa'n't no chump! Look uv him givin' it t' thet wild beast. Land! Wa'n't

he a dabster? Know'd haow t' dew ev'ry thing. He must ha' been a painter an' a musiker an' a candle-stick maker; an' durn'd if he didn't holt the keys t' sum gre't instertootion int' the bargain! "

Our return to Ambleside was over another route that goes around the hills and passes Skell-with Falls. Our English friend entertained us with historical facts. She assured us, and turned to Mr. Carlton to corroborate her statement, that the first settlers around Lake Coniston were sturdy Britons; and that after them came the Norsemen, who were succeeded by the Saxons. Some two centuries later the Romans thought it a desirable locality and took possession by *cair a glaive* (right by sword). She also told us that the Romans introduced the char, that most toothsome of all fish, into Coniston waters.

In telling of our daily excursions I nearly forgot to mention the pleasant town of Ambleside, which has a charm all its own. There one finds the inhabitants living in peace and plenty, the stores are abundantly furnished with all necessary articles and by the law of supply and demand the tourist may please his fancy in selecting gifts for his friends at home.

Our last day on the lake-shore was to have been spent in taking a drive. The horses and driver

were already engaged, but the maker of English weather decreed otherwise and we were housed by a downpour of rain.

We profited by it, however, as we were enabled to more fully appreciate the comforts of Wateredge Inn, which as yet I have only incidentally mentioned. We stopped at large hotels in all the cities, but truth to say we found no place so comfortable and homelike as this old-fashioned cottage.

At the close of our rainy day we gathered in the dining-room, where a blazing fire leaped up the throat of the broad chimney. The antique chairs had recently donned a new covering of rose-coloured chintz; and the beautifully carved mahogany table would be worth its weight in gold if it were in America. The rose-coloured hangings at the windows lent another touch of warmth and completed the cheerful furnishings of this quaint old room finished in wainscoting.

The Professor busied himself with looking over his accounts. Mr. Carlton read aloud from Wordsworth's poems, while the Duchess, sad at the thought of leaving him the next day, was very attentive. Kindchen gave the finishing touch to her centre-piece, and Mr. Fletcher, completely exhausted with sight-seeing, dozed by the fire while his wife cast on the stitches for the last stocking of the third pair that she had knitted



RYDAL MOUNT.



WATEREDGE INN, AMBLESIDE.

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since she left home. It was no unusual sight to see her at the table of a hotel knitting away on her blue and white socks while she waited for her husband to make his appearance. As usual, I had gloves to mend, and that done, I drew an ottoman up to the hearth for a tête-à-tête with the fire. With all due respect to Mr. Carlton and the author of the "Highland Girl," I was soon lost in reverie.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were the first to retire; then the others joined me. There we sat, till, well, I wouldn't dare say how late, at first talking over the pleasant incidents of our journey and later different authors became the subject of conversation. Having just come from the border-land of Scotland, the magician of the North was spoken of in loving terms. Southey, historian and poet; Shelley, whose poetry takes us into that upper air where we hear the song of his "Skylark" and are borne along on the mist of "The Cloud;" Wordsworth, Nature's great seer and interpreter; Coleridge, to whom was given the vision of the "Ancient Mariner;" Thomas Arnold, philosopher and teacher; Harriet Martineau, Kindchen's special crony, whom she quoted on all occasions, opportune or otherwise; and Ruskin, author, artist and philanthropist, — all received their meed of appreciation.

The following day was radiant with sunshine, but the Duchess and Mr. Carlton were wholly unaware of the fact. Their hearts were too full of sadness at the thought of parting. There was no alternative; he must return to his home some ten miles from Ambleside and she must go back to America. They made the most of the morning, however, sauntering along the shore.

Mr. Carlton and the Duchess soon returned, their faces beaming with joy. They frankly said that they were really engaged and that the wedding would be at the home of the Duchess the following June.

I may as well say here that the marriage was celebrated at the appointed time and place and the Duchess returned to England with her husband. They took possession of an old estate which had been in the Carlton family for several generations. As the story-book would say, "They lived happily together ever afterwards."

As I said before, the day that we left Ambleside was pleasant. We took the boat at one o'clock and crossed the lake, stopping at a landing where we boarded the train for Liverpool. This sail of an hour or more was charming. The shores are fringed with green lawns which, creeping over the brink, are bathed in the crystal flood. Mrs. Hemans once lived at "Dove's Nest" on the

shore of Windermere. It was here that she wrote her lines "To Wordsworth."

It seems no longer the fashion to read Mrs. Hemans, but who that has read the beautiful poem entitled "Graves of a Household," can forget it?

CHAPTER XIX

IN CONCLUSION

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!
The western wind was wild and dark wi' foam,
And all alone went she."

THESE lines came vividly to mind as I rode along beside Morecambe Bay. The Irish Sea makes in there and with receding tide leaves a barren, sandy waste. From that desolate locality we came to a farming district interspersed by villages. After changing cars three times we finally reached Liverpool.

"This city," explained the Professor, "is said to have taken its name from a fabulous bird called liver, and from the pool which it frequented. The bird is represented as a cormorant on the coat-of-arms of the city."

The Liverpool docks, something like fifty in

number, are the wonder of the world. "St. George's Hall is the finest public building here," remarked the Professor. "In fact it is the finest structure of the kind in the provincial towns." The graceful Corinthian architecture is a well chosen background for the equestrian statues of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort; also that of Lord Beaconsfield, which stands between them.

It seems incongruous that concert-halls, court-rooms and prison-cells should be sheltered beneath the same roof, but such is the case at St. George's Hall. We went into the court-room where the famous Maybrick trial took place. We also visited the cell where the ill-fated Mrs. Maybrick spent many weary months awaiting her trial. The cells are large and airy, the walls are painted white, and the floors had a cleanly appearance. A long wooden bench serves for a bed and the food is passed through an aperture in the door. The Duchess asked the attendant how criminals appeared during their incarceration. He said:

"Nearly all of them are so hardened by crime that they take it as a matter of course."

He told us of two young girls, some sixteen or seventeen years of age, who were there about nine months awaiting trial for murder. According to his story, they laughed and sang and were as

happy as need be, but when they were sentenced to death one of them fainted and fell to the floor. They were finally reprieved and are now in prison serving a life sentence. Mr. Fletcher was deeply touched by this pathetic tale. He soliloquized, saying:

"Pore things, may the Lord hev mercy on their souls!" Turning to the Professor, he continued, "'Pears t' me it's purty hard t' know w're t' place the blame in sech cases. Prob'ly crime was bornd in um. Guess the writer uv the Good Book know'd w'at he was a-talkin' 'baout w'en he said, 'The sins uv the fathers shall be visited onto their children!'"

We, like many other travellers, spent only one night at Liverpool. Still we had time to visit the Art Gallery. Here we saw, "Flower Sellers," by Doré; and the famous painting, "Dante's Dream," by Rossetti. Beatrice, clad in white, is portrayed as in death. Both at the head and the foot of the heavily draped couch upon which she lies, stands a figure in grey. An angel, clothed in red, emblem of love, kneels beside her. Dante, in a long loose robe of bluish tint, stoops over and wistfully looks into her lifeless face.

While admiring this great painting I noticed that both the Princess and the Duchess were in tears. We immediately turned away and passed to an-

other room. Here we saw a picture that touched me more deeply than that of the bereaved lover. The name of it is "War Times." It portrays a woman absorbed in thought; at her breast lies her sleeping babe. Two older children are in bed; they, too, are in dreamland. Their clothes are upon a chair. The little blue socks belonging to the baby are on the floor as if they had just been kicked off. Even the tabby-cat is perfectly portrayed.

The beautiful Elaine, in her burial robes of white, floating down the stream, is an exquisite thing. Here again I saw the Princess and the Duchess stealthily wiping away their tears. This was too solemn for me and I suggested going back to the hotel. Kindchen wished to remain longer but she cheerfully acquiesced in the choice of the others.

The influence of two love-lorn maidens became depressing and by some pretext or other Kindchen and I absented ourselves from them for an hour or two. She said:

"Of course, I, having had no similar experience, cannot understand the feelings of the Princess and the Duchess, but this I do know, if I had more trouble at heart than I could kick off at the heel, I would make a bluff at being happy, and the world should never be the wiser for my suffering." She

quoted: "Always to court and never to wed is the happiest life that ever was led."

I am sure that we all would rather have remained in Europe a few weeks longer than have sailed for home. The Professor was quite content with having Kindchen at hand. The Duchess preferred to remain as near her lover as possible. The Princess was loath to return and meet her young friends, many of whom were doubtless wondering where she was and what she had been doing since she so unceremoniously left town; and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were in no hurry to take up the regular routine of household affairs.

What hurrying and scurrying there was among the porters and cabmen when we left the hotel. Then what hustling and bustling we found at the wharf. Finally, the proud ship took her place and we were soon on board. It is remarkable how quickly the traveller settles down in his state-room; after getting his packages in their respective places, he becomes as much at home as if he were born and brought up at sea.

So the Princess and I were soon ensconced in our comfortable apartment. The reading of steamer letters was just finished when by a bugle blast dinner was announced. We chanced to meet several people on deck that we had seen before; among them the "Woman in Black" and Mr.



ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.



BOARDING THE STEAMER.

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since she left home. It was no unusual sight to see her at the table of a hotel knitting away on her blue and white socks while she waited for her husband to make his appearance. As usual, I had gloves to mend, and that done, I drew an ottoman up to the hearth for a tête-à-tête with the fire. With all due respect to Mr. Carlton and the author of the "Highland Girl," I was soon lost in reverie.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were the first to retire; then the others joined me. There we sat, till, well, I wouldn't dare say how late, at first talking over the pleasant incidents of our journey and later different authors became the subject of conversation. Having just come from the border-land of Scotland, the magician of the North was spoken of in loving terms. Southey, historian and poet; Shelley, whose poetry takes us into that upper air where we hear the song of his "Skylark" and are borne along on the mist of "The Cloud;" Wordsworth, Nature's great seer and interpreter; Coleridge, to whom was given the vision of the "Ancient Mariner;" Thomas Arnold, philosopher and teacher; Harriet Martineau, Kindchen's special crony, whom she quoted on all occasions, opportune or otherwise; and Ruskin, author, artist and philanthropist, — all received their meed of appreciation.

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on the waves. We heard footsteps behind us, but thought nothing of it till they came nearer and nearer. The Princess was the first to turn. Who should it be but the stranger closely wrapped in his steamer-rug? Their eyes met and they stood motionless, as if riveted to the spot. A deathly paleness overspread her face. The gentleman exclaimed:

“Margaret!” and the Princess said:

“Can this be Howard?”

Our wits are liable to go wool-gathering in times of deep sorrow and in moments of excessive joy. So with the Princess the look of recognition had no more than passed between her and her lover, and the words of welcome been spoken when all the world beside was forgotten. It never occurred to her to introduce the Duchess, Kindchen and me to him. His arm slipped around her waist as easily as though it had been a daily custom. In less time than it takes for telling they were in a secluded recess; and the Princess was sheltered by the larger part of the green and brown wrap.

It would be needless to say that the Duchess, Kindchen and I retired from the scene as quickly as possible. It has remained a question in my mind ever since whether the Princess or her three friends were the happier in her meeting with her

betrothed. The episode certainly was exciting and we lost no time in carrying the good news, not to Ghent, but to the Professor, the Fletchers and the Blumneys, who were gathered in the salon. Mrs. Blumney exclaimed:

"Didn't I tell you, Hubby, that the young man had some love affair on his mind? In his delirium he talked of nothing but 'Margaret! Margaret!'"

The Professor, self-poised as usual, evinced no great surprise, but Mr. Fletcher bounded out of his chair and said:

"If thet ain't the beatumist yet! I allus told mother 't thet gal's head wa'n't made up uv rats an' mice. Her eyes allus hed kind uv a fur-offish look so she was a-huntin' for suthin' 't she didn't want t' find."

"Come! come! Thomas Jerry, don't git excited; if yer dew I sha'n't hev a wink uv sleep t'night," said his wife.

Soon after going to my stateroom the door opened, and there stood the erstwhile serious Princess transfigured. Her step was light, her cheeks were flushed and the purple-black hair, always a crown of glory, fell loosely about her forehead. Her large, lustrous eyes, that were formerly like those of a Madonna, or of some martyred saint, sparkled with joy.

The door had hardly closed before the Princess

was upon her knees before me with her face pillowed in the folds of my dress. There she sobbed like a child. The wave of excitement over, she rose and sat down on the couch beside me. Taking my hand in hers, she said:

" Since you have been my mother confessor for so long it is no more than right that you should be the first to hear of the strange incidents which, as in a fairy tale, have worked together for the reunion of two wretched souls.

" Howard said that he sold his business interests in New York as soon as possible after our engagement was broken, and started off, hardly knowing and little caring where he went. His first stop was at San Antonio, Texas. There he remained a few days, wandering aimlessly about the streets. He finally decided that a small cattle-ranch would furnish him with sufficient employment to occupy his time. He said there seemed to be no place among respectable people for a murderer's son, however honest he might be. At this I felt condemned that I had for a moment doubted his integrity. I begged him to make no further reference to the unpleasant subject.

" It seems that he found a small ranch which was for sale in a remote corner of the state and purchased it.

" Then he went on to say: ' Except for an old

Chinaman I was alone. He gathered soto plants for fuel and cooked the food; if such it could be called. He was little or no company and I welcomed the hour when the bellowing cattle came for their alfalfa and prairie grass that was stacked near the door.'

"I think Howard was deeply touched by living those wretched days over in retrospect. I saw him brush a tear from his cheek as he said:

" 'Yes, Margaret, prairie dogs and prairie chickens were my only neighbours. I made friends with them and they soon came for the crumbs from my table as regularly as the cattle came for their fodder. It was along in March that the first prairie warbler lighted upon my roof and began to sing. The lay was neither the chirping like that of an English sparrow, nor the plaintive notes of the pewee, but a happy soulful song that inspired me with hope.

" 'It was the first of April that I drove to San Antonio, thinking to exchange my ranch for a larger one. After consulting the agent in regard to doing so, he asked me if I had ever lived in Omaha. I told him that I had a faint recollection of being in some large city when I was a child. "But," said I, "my impressions of the happenings of my early childhood are so vague that I can scarcely separate facts from fancy."

“ “ And you say that your father was a clergyman? ”

“ “ Yes, he filled a pulpit in a New England village till about a year before his death.” Passing me a letter, he said:

“ “ Read that.” Then he went out and left me alone.

“ “ It was a letter from an attorney in San Francisco who is a friend of the agent. Among other things of no importance to me, the writer incidentally mentioned that a wealthy gentleman on the southern slope had recently died leaving his entire fortune to his nephew, Marcus Howard, the son of his deceased sister, who, against her father's wishes, married a worthless man by that name. He also said that in case the legitimate heir failed to prove his identity and claim the property within two years the whole amount would go to the state.

“ “ I read the letter again; and again I said “ Marcus Howard! that name seems familiar, but where have I heard it? ” Immediately it flashed across my mind that when, in my youth, I was reprimanded by Mr. Garland (I shall cease to speak of him as my father) for any misdemeanor he invariably addressed me as “ Sir Marcus.” I never ventured to ask him why he did so; that would have been a breach of good

manners which, to his way of thinking, would have merited severe punishment of one kind or another. The wretch was a connoisseur upon modes of torture, to all of which I was no stranger.

“ ‘ Little things that I heard from the school-children, and from what the parishioners said of my close resemblance to little Harriet — they always added in undertones, “ Though he is only adopted ” — led me to think that I was not the son of Mr. and Mrs. Garland. Whenever I questioned the dear woman regarding the matter she would caution me about becoming inquisitive and, with tears in her mild blue eyes, would ask: “ Am I not all that any mother could be to you? ” She always added, “ Don’t speak of such a thing to your father. ” ’ ”

“ Howard turned deathly pale at the mention of Mrs. Garland. He said: ‘ May God protect me from another ordeal like that through which I passed when at the hands of her brutal husband the dear woman came to an untimely death! Though the learned clergyman was petted and adored by his congregation, his unkindness at home was deplorable.

“ ‘ I was but fourteen years of age then, and it was upon the evidence which I innocently gave that the criminal was convicted.’

“ The ‘ creeps ’ went down my spine,” said the

Princess, "at the mention of such a dreadful act done by one who professed to be a righteous man. Howard noticed my nervousness and returned to the subject of the letter.

" 'Saying the name over,' said he, 'and recalling my early impression about not being Mr. Garland's son, I put this and that together, as the saying goes, and decided to ferret out the mystery by which my parentage had been concealed. I lost no time in taking measures to prove that I, the supposed son of a murderer, have honest blood in my veins, and that I am the rightful heir to my uncle's millions!'

" 'You must know,' said the Princess, "that I was overjoyed at the good news. I could scarcely wait to hear how he proved his right of ownership.

" Howard said that through old acquaintances of his foster-parents still living at Omaha, he learned that his mother, the wife of Marcus Howard, died while he was a babe. The father, only too glad to rid himself of all incumbrance, gave him to David Garland, at that time a prominent minister of the gospel.

" This done, Howard immediately returned to New York. From the Winchells he learned that I was travelling in Europe, but where they could not tell him. That I should be the first to know of

his good fortune, he left business affairs in the hands of his attorney and started out to find me. It certainly did seem like looking for a needle in a haymow, but nothing daunted, he sailed the last of June. He told me that the steamer upon which he took passage careened about like a water-nymph from the time she left her moorings till she docked at Naples. When I asked Howard if he were seasick he said: 'Indeed I was, but that was nothing in comparison to my heart-sickness at reaching place after place to find that you had been there and gone.'"¹

It was a merry company that gathered on deck the next morning. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were out an hour before breakfast time and it was not long before Mr. and Mrs. Blumney joined them. The Princess with having more "primping" to do than usual, was the last to put in an appearance.

Congratulations for the young people were in order. The Blumneys expressed all good wishes for their future happiness. The Professor must have ransacked his brain for unusual words with which to couch his language when he greeted them. A quotation from Addison's Essays, or from Caesar's appeal to the Romans would have

¹ The murder referred to in these pages actually occurred as set forth, as did also the broken engagement and the ultimate reunion of the persons concerned.

been no more serious. The Duchess was profuse in her good wishes, and turning to the Princess she said: "This proves beyond a doubt that palmistry tells, not the past only, but reveals coming events. Don't you remember what Kindchen told you at The Hague, about your having wealth; and that you would marry the man after your own heart?"

Mrs. Fletcher told them, in doleful tones, not to let any one make them believe that married life would be a bed of roses. "Even if it is," said she, "there'll be thorns an' plenty on um."

"Naow, naow, mother," said her husband, "don't be throwin' no wet blankits ont' the young fo'ks. They'll soon larn for themselves haow t' marster the little diffikilties thet's baound t' come whe'er a body's married or single!"

When it came Mr. Fletcher's turn to be introduced to the stranger he said:

"Good mornin', sir! Haow be yer arter gittin' over yer 'tack?"

"W'en I started aout," he continued, "I didn't cal'late t' let no grass grow under my feet till I'd took in purty nigh all the was in 'Urop, but blam'd if I plann'd on j'inin' a love-feast! It's been one though, ever sence these three gals come 'board! Durn'd if it hain't! It wa'n't no time 'fore the Perfesser here fell head-over-heels

in love with Kindchen. Then Mr. Carltin, yer hain't met him, hedn't seen the Duchess more'n three times 'fore he was satisfied if he didn't see nothin' but her. An' you, Miss Princess, are the beatumist! Playin' 'possum all the time! I don't blame yer though. I'm beginnin' t' think thet the man w'at said, 'Love's the greatist thing'n the world 'is 'baout right! "

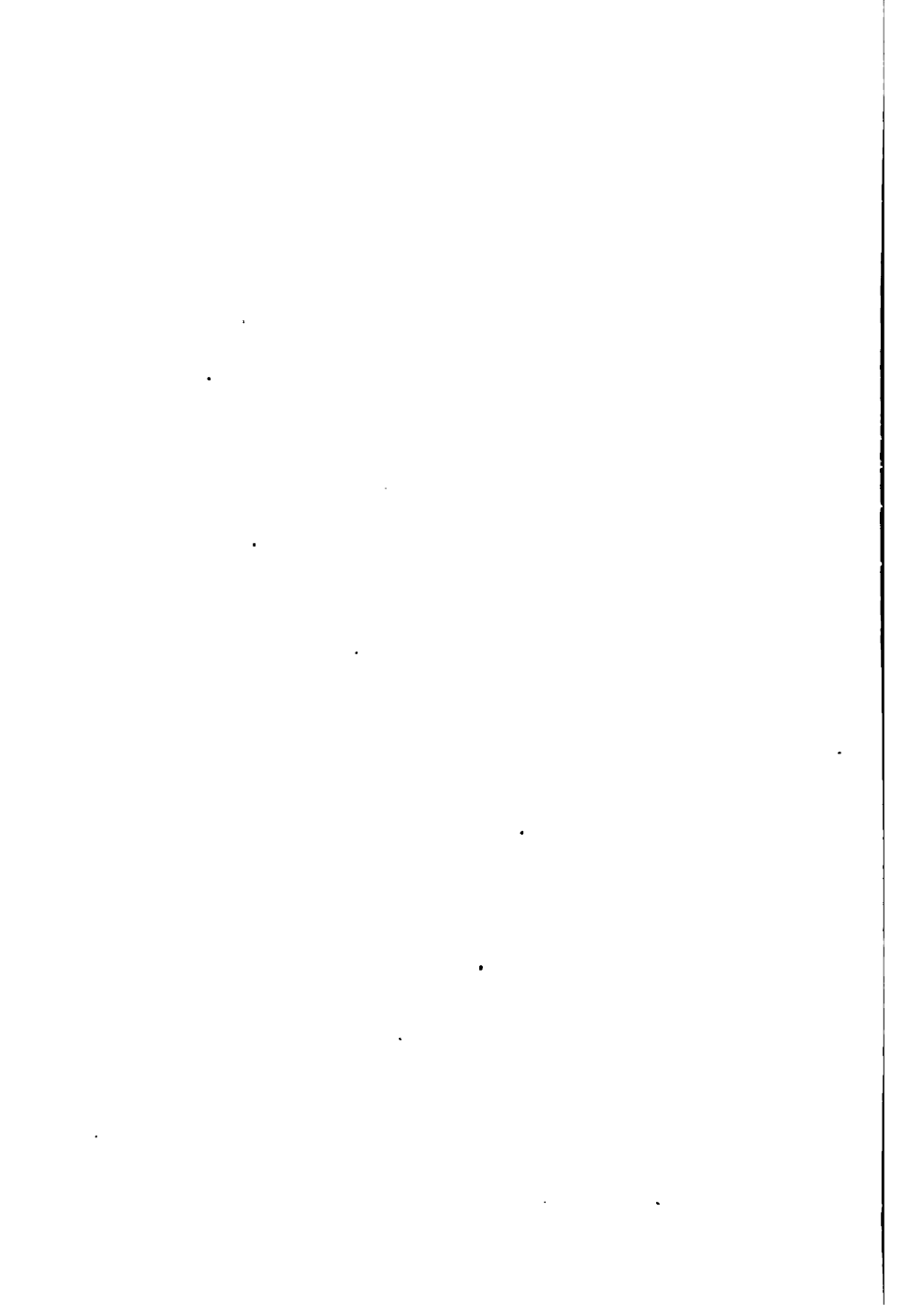
"I am sure he is," rejoined Kindchen, "and who was it that said, —

" 'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.' "

"I dunno nothin' 'baout thet, but in my Wodsworth book it says, —

" 'Sarene will be aour days an' bright,
An' happy will aour nater be,
W'en love is unerrin' light,
An' joy its own sarenitee.' "

THE END.



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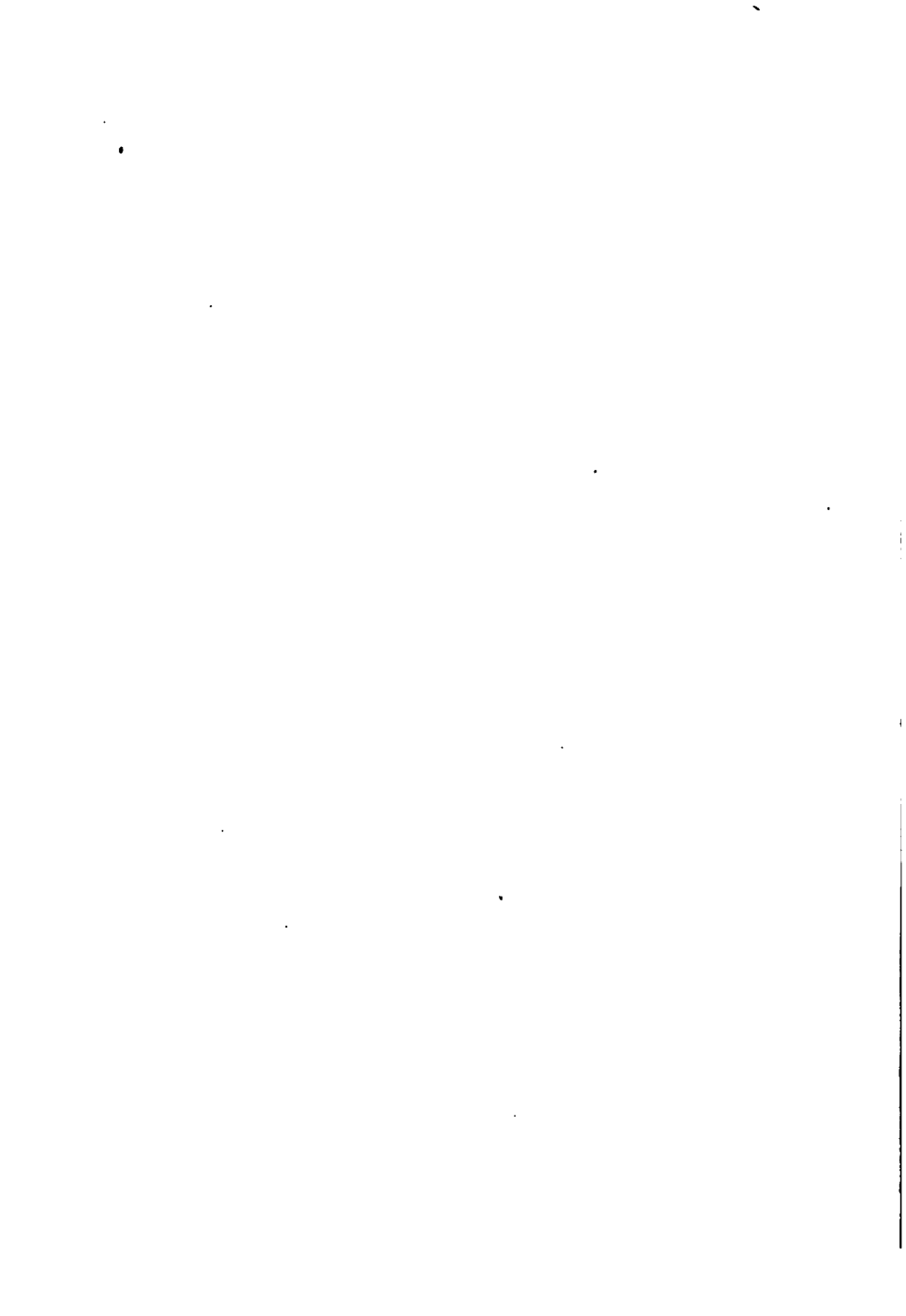
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